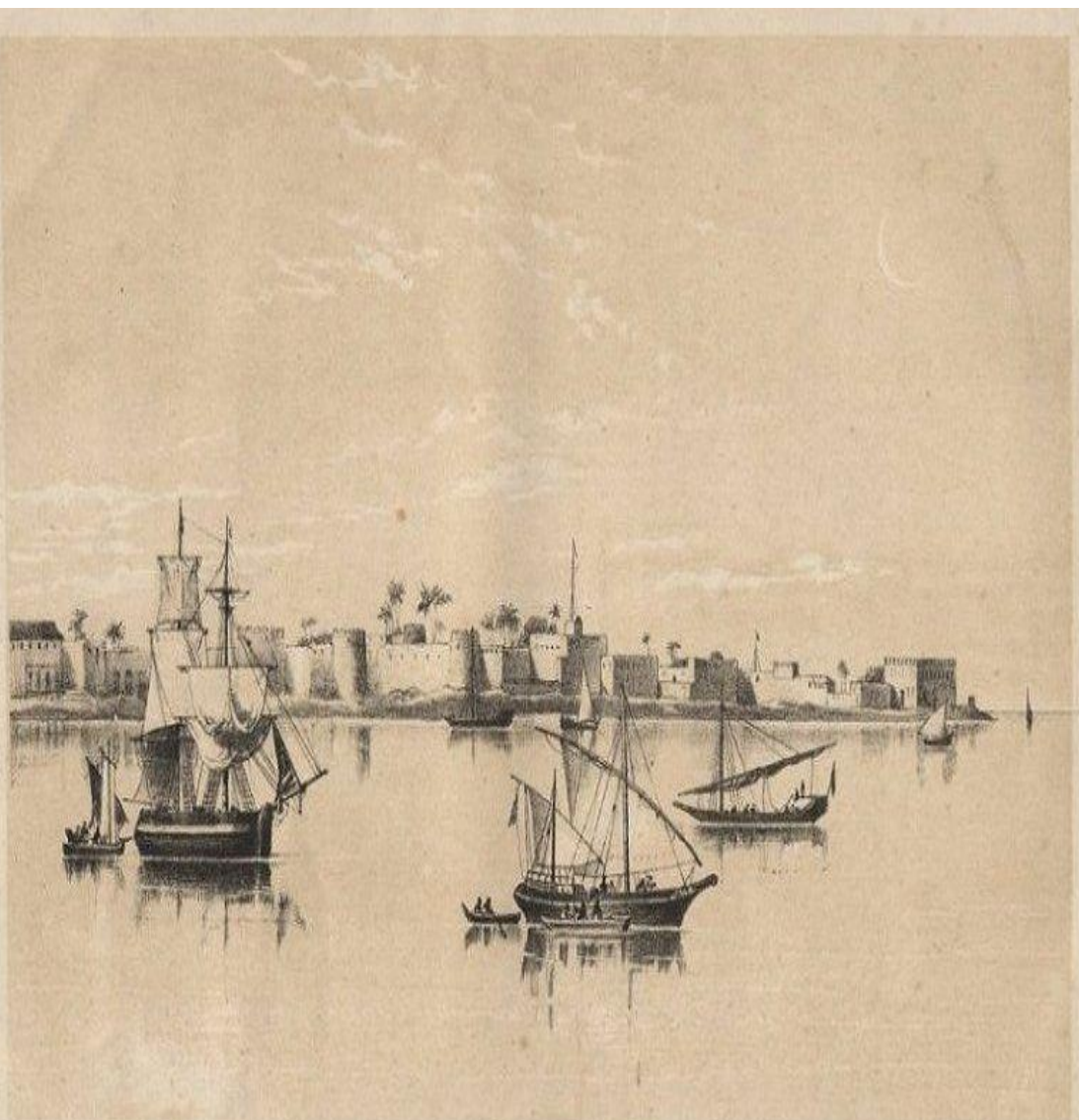




After a drawing by Mr. J. H. R. S. P.

ZANZIBAR FROM THE SEA

PRINCES OF ZINJ

By the same author

IN THE WAKE OF DA AMA

Princes of Zinj

THE RULERS OF ZANZIBAR

GENESTA HAMILTON

HUTCHINSON OF LONDON

Foreword by

ELSPETH HUXLEY



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To
Claud David Hamilton



Sayyid Saïd Bin Sultan Al BuSaïdy

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Contents

Foreword	13
1 News from Oman	19
2 The Intransigent Island of War	34
3 Seyyid Saïd's First Visit to Zanzibar	51
4 The Royal Homes	67
5 Early Attacks on the Slave Trade	8i
6 Said Leaves his Home	102
7 A Palace Revolution	117
8 Barghash's Reign Begins	134
9 Barghash Visits Europe	145
10 Barghash's Troubles and Death	161
n He Who Blinks	175
12 Bushiri's Rising	190
13 The Witu Murders	205
14 Island Ways	219
15 Bombardment	230
16 Present Peace	253
Bibliography	263
Index	265

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Illustrations

(refer to the last pages of the book)

The coral reef at Likoni opposite Island	Mombasa <i>Frontispiece</i>
Woman of the harem	<i>Facing page 64</i>
Zanzibar in the last century	64
A view of Zanzibar	65
Zanzibar today	65
A brass-studded door	80
Detail of carving	80
A sheikh of Zanzibar	81
Tippoo Tib, he who blinks	176
Seyyid Barghash-bin-Saïd	176
Seyyidah Salme-binti-Saïd	177
Three sheikhs	177
A sailor from Oman	192
A dhow at sunset	193
The carved stern of a two-masted dhow	193

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Foreword

Whereas geography has linked the countries of West Africa with the Western world, the other side of the continent has its affinities with the countries of Asia. It was the Arabs who explored, settled and ruled Azania (as the East African coast was then called) and its adjacent islands, including Zanzibar. The Portuguese, for just over two hundred years, during their great maritime expansion, held the Azanian coast below the Horn of Africa as far south as Mozambique, but the Arabs regained their mastery over all of it save a narrow strip in the southern extremity.

In her previous book, *In the Wake of da Gama*, Lady Claude Hamilton has recounted that Portuguese interlude, which left its mark in the shape of several thick-walled forts, a few monuments, a tradition, certain words, and a strain of inheritance. Now she takes up the story at the point of the Portuguese withdrawal, in the middle of the eighteenth century, and carries the tale of Arab rule over Zanzibar and the semi-independent city-states of the Azanian coast to the arrival of the British and the Germans at the end of the nineteenth century.

It is a fascinating tale, full of wars and treachery, passion and ambition, legend and tragedy, and readers of Lady Claude Hamilton's first book will be sure that she has done it full justice. The hero is undoubtedly Seyyid Saïd bin Sultan, a son of that Imam of Oman (the nominal ruler of Zanzibar and all the East African domains) who restored order to a land torn and divided between warring factions. Seyyid Saïdre-imposed the suzerainty of Oman over the East African islands and city-states, and brought the independent, quarrelsome and proud ruling families of Mombasa, Lamu and Zanzibar under his authority.

It was to enlist help against Seyyid Saïd that the rulers of Mombasa invited the first British officer to figure in East African history, Captain Vidal of H.M.S. *Barracuda*, to hoist the Union Jack over Fort Jesus. Captain Vidal, knowing Seyyid Saïd to be Britain's ally, had the good sense to refuse; but Captain Owen of H.M.S. *Leven* was less cautious. When he sailed away having

Foreword

(as he thought) made peace between Seyyid Saïd's emissaries and Mombasa's ruling family, he left behind Lieutenant John Reitz as a temporary Governor. A few months later this young man of twenty-one died of fever, giving his name to a point and establishing himself as the first Englishman to occupy a position of authority on the East African mainland. Four years later Seyyid Said subdued Mombasa and paid his first visit to Zanzibar. Its green and fertile appearance, its mild climate, its fruitfulness and its charm won his heart. Some years later he moved his capital to the island and it remained the headquarters of his empire until his death at sea, at the age of sixty-five, in 1856.

Much of the history of the nineteenth century in this part of the world is the history of the steady, prolonged and increasingly effective pressure of the British Government on the Sultan of the day, exercised partly through diplomatic means and partly through the Royal Navy, at first to modify and finally to suppress the slave trade, on which Arab economy and dominion was so largely founded. Throughout the long negotiations first Seyyid Saïd, and then his successor Barghash, were always ready to meet the British Government so far as they could, in face of the profound opposition of their people. Had lesser men ruled in Oman and in Zanzibar, the end of slavery would surely have come about in a much more painful, violent and embittered way.

Zanzibar is not often in the news, yet the revolutionary changes which are sweeping over Africa have reached this island of coconuts and cloves. Today it has a semi-democratic constitution with elected Legislative Councilors and a multi racial government. The Sultan is no longer an absolute ruler and Africans from the mainland, not to mention the offspring of Indian merchants, greatly outnumber an Arab population which has lost much of its power and wealth, though not its dignity, its faith or its proud tradition. The mainland towns, once subject to Zanzibar, are now irrevocably, it would seem, part and parcel of the countries in which they lie Somalia, Kenya and Tanganyika. Although the Sultan's red flag flies over Mombasa, which in theory is only leased from him by the British Government, in practice no one supposes this to be the sort of lease that can be ended, and possession resumed. The old Arab empire has broken up for good and only Zanzibar remains

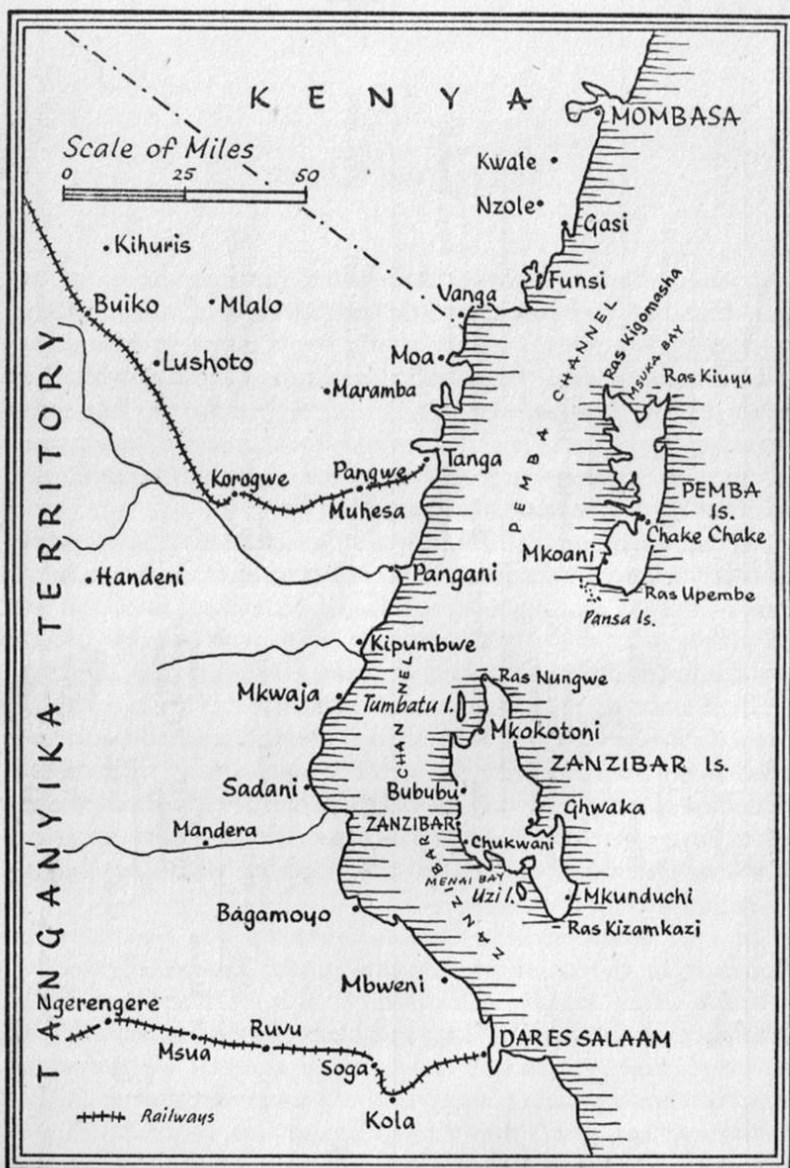
Foreword

even nominally subject to the Sultan; the link with Oman has been severed long ago.

The past, nevertheless, lives on in many ways: in the language, the faith, the architecture, the song, the tradition. In racial composition, the population of Zanzibar and its ex-satellites is scarcely Arab at all. Culturally, Arab influence remains strong. While the dhows still come in from Muscat during the monsoon with their proud-faced, swarthy captains wearing the crooked-handled *jembia* in their belts, while the faithful are still called to prayer by the chanting imam at the dawn of each new day, it is unlikely that this influence will disappear.

No better introduction to the subject could be found than in this book, written by one who has travelled and lived in Lamu, Mombasa, Zanzibar and elsewhere up and down the coast of Azania, and whose imagination has been fired by its romance and by the human stories of the great rulers of the past. These men were often cruel, quarrelsome, grasping and obstinate, but very seldom tame or dull. In their day the race was to the swiftest and most ruthless, not to the democratic or most glib. They would never have adorned the Welfare State nor called themselves common men. They enjoyed wars, plots and all kinds of excesses; they were probably unkind to animals and severe with children, they kept harems and slaves. Thorough scoundrels, in fact but all the better for that to read about, the devil still having the best tunes. Lady Claude Hamilton has made our path easy. Her lively narrative will help to recall the spicy air, the languid warmth and the friendly atmosphere of the isle of cloves to the memories of those who have been there, and to delight the mind's eye of those who have not.

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I

News from Oman

SMALL fleet of dhows came sailing through the 'door' in the coral reef past the battle-scarred walls of Fort Jesus, the old Portuguese castle guarding the entrance to Mombasa. Their pennants were flying and their horns blowing, while the crews joyfully stamped, sang and clapped their hands. The ships carried dates and salt, jewelled weapons and rugs for barter, and the men brought news from the home of their overlord, the Imam of Muscat, capital of Oman.

Their stories were almost always the same, of treachery and murder, changes in the Imam ship, and confusion in the country. This was good hearing to the Arabs of Mombasa, since the last thing they wished for was order in Oman, with possible consequent interference in their own domain.

Ever since the last handful of Portuguese troops had hauled down their flag from the fortress their forerunners had built, and sailed away to Mozambique in the South, the inhabitants of Mombasa and the other towns had existed in a state of unrest and disturbance now owing allegiance to Muscat—now asserting their own independence; and forever fighting with their neighbours and among themselves.

In 1741 Muhammed-bin-Osman-el-Mazrui was Governor of Mombasa in the name of Seif-bin-Sultan. He belonged to a powerful Arab family, early settlers from Oman, and long established in the island. They had been formidable enemies of the Portuguese, perpetually urging their kinsmen in Muscat to come to their rescue against the white men; but now that the Portuguese had gone, they turned against the Northern Arabs and were dangerous and unreliable subjects of the Imams. An arrogant and turbulent lot, they looked upon themselves as rulers of Mombasa, not simply as governors acting for the Imams. Though the Imams were overlords of the coast and islands as far as Cape Delgado, two hundred and fifty miles beyond Zanzibar,

Princes of Zinj

very few of them managed to visit their southern territories, and the Mazrui felt they had nothing to fear from them. Fighting in Oman never ceased, every man's hand was against his brother's; for centuries there had been a rapid succession of Imams, as cousin murdered cousin, brother murdered brother, and son murdered father; each one becoming possessed of the coveted title for a short time, until he, in his turn, came to a violent end. So the news brought by the dhows was always of battle and death. Now the chaos was even greater than before, since Persian hordes, summoned to his aid by the foolish and unhappy Seif-bin-Sultan, had been ravaging the country for years, while the Imam starved in the prison to which his allies had committed him, and where he presently died.

Now, in 1741, a man stronger than the others arose in Oman. His name was Ahmed-bin-Said-el-Ba-Saida. He commanded the fortress of Sohar, the only stronghold which still resisted the Persians, who for nine months had been besieging it with 60,000 men; pouring three thousand shots a day into the beleaguered town. But Ahmed-bin-Said would not yield, and at last the siege was raised.

The Persians, however, held Muscat, the capital city of Oman, but they were tired of the war and wanted to go home. They were prepared to discuss terms with Ahmed, who rode to Muscat to meet them, and gracefully agreed to all their demands. He prepared a great feast to celebrate the end of the fighting, courteously inviting the Persian commander and his officers and men to accept such poor hospitality as he and his Arabs had to offer. .

The banquet took several days to prepare, but at last all was ready. Fifty Persian officers, entered the castle, sitting down with Ahmed and his friends, while the soldiers of both armies feasted outside. What followed was a foregone conclusion; it is surprising that the Persians had not realized their danger. A roll of drums sounded suddenly through the hall; inside and outside the building the Muscat Arabs drew their swords, rushed upon their unarmed guests, and massacred them. Two hundred soldiers who escaped the slaughter were put on board a ship to be sent home, but when the ship reached the open sea she was set alight, and all were either burnt or drowned.

Ahmed, Prince of Warriors, Saviour of Oman, was hailed

News from Oman

with wild joy by the populace, and on him was conferred the title of Imam. But he still had many enemies. Although the Persians were eliminated, and Imam Seif-bin-Sultan was dead, there arose various claimants to the throne who were of the true royal blood, and who regarded Ahmed as a usurper. Though all had their followers, Ahmed was too strong and too clever for them; many died, he finally disposed of the last by marrying the Seyyidah Ya'arubin, daughter of the dead Seif, and herself a royal princess.

Ahmed-bin-Said was now Imam of Oman and ruler of the coasts and islands of the Azanian Sea. But he had no time to visit his southern kingdom. He was fully occupied in delivering his country from bandits, and his fleets from the pirates which preyed upon all shipping. Of these pirates, there was one family in particular whose fame and traditions had continued for several generations.

A century before, an Arab dhow from Muscat was wrecked off the coast of India, near Rajapore. The captain was killed, the crew enslaved. Among these men there was one of outstanding courage and personality, the sort of man who will always rise to the top, no matter what the handicaps. He was a half-bred Arab, and his name was Sambhoo Angria. Before long he gained his release, and became, as so many freed slaves did, a pirate. His was a successful career, he made much money, captured many ships, and was famous as a great leader and a fine sailor. He founded a pirate dynasty which controlled that particular part of the Indian Ocean for over a hundred years. He was killed fighting the Moghul's troops thirty-two years after he had crawled ashore, half drowned, from the wreck of the Muscat dhow. His son was also a great and successful pirate, and also died fighting.

His grandson, Kanowja, the most famous of the Angria family, perpetually harried not only Muscat and Indian dhows, but also the English ships which frequently sailed between England and Bombay.

The English determined to put a stop to his, and to destroy Kanowja and his fleet; but for a long time, they were unable to succeed. Kanowja had taken up a very strong position in the old fort of Geriah, which he garrisoned with brave men, well-armed, well-fed, and devoted to him. It was easy to hide his ships among the creeks which intersected the coast, and the natives, some

Princes of Zinj

through fear, and some through indifference, were all on the side of the pirates. Although several expeditions were sent from Bombay by the East India Company, none succeeded in destroying the pirates' stronghold. After Kanowja's death, his two sons carried on their family's proud tradition as the terrors of the Indian Ocean.

But the British, true to their time-honoured custom of losing many battles, though not the last one, finally pulled themselves together and delivered a strong, combined naval and military attack on the pirates' fort. In 1756 Admiral "Watson and Colonel Clive set out with fourteen ships of war and a large body of soldiers, captured Geriah, and harried the pirate vessels from all their watery dens and hiding-places until the family and fleet of the Angrias were totally destroyed.

This was the golden age of the highwaymen of the sea. From the farthest west to the farthest east; from the sparkling, sapphire waters of the Caribbean to the hot airless creeks of the Indian Ocean, the Skull and Crossbones flew gaily over the ships of European sea-raiders; while the long, dark dhows of Persian pirates prowled around like waterborne 'hosts of Gideon' preying on traders, pilgrim ships and private vessels. Sometimes the pirates pulled into the lovely bays and creeks of the coral islands dotted about the Indian Ocean. In these small havens they careened and re-provisioned their ships, rested their crews and stretched their legs ashore.

The famous Devonshire pirate, Henry Avery of the *Fancy*, was cruising one day between India and the Gulf of Oman, when he had the luck to capture a ship of no guns which belonged to no less a person than the Malik-al-Tagar of Surat.

The ship, which offered no resistance, carried 1,500 people, mostly pilgrims bound for Jeddah. Many of them had brought all their worldly goods; and the whole of this rich haul of moneybags and jewels fell into the hands of Avery, besides £30,000 in cash, the subsidy money which the Great Mogul annually sent to the Shereef of Mecca.

Avery's profits from this one ship were very considerable. Not only this, but he also found on board a pretty young Indian girl of good family, whom he married, and by whom he had a son called Mulatto Tom.

Avery's headquarters were at St. Mary's Cape in Madagascar

News from Oman

There, on a lonely spit of land jutting into the sea, he built himself a fine house and lived in great style with his Indian lady and the child.

In 1696 Avery found himself at St. Thomas, in the Bahamas, where he succeeded in bribing the Governor to allow him and his crew to land, and dispose of their wealth. After a time, homesick, like wanderers sometimes are, for the cool, damp airs of England, he returned to his native isle. But here he met his match in the shrewd merchants of Bristol, who soon tricked him out of what was left of his money. He died, poor and neglected, at Biddeford, not far from the city of Plymouth, where he was born, and whence he had emerged long ago as a penniless youth, to lead such a varied, adventurous and successful life.

His place as Pirate King of the Indian Ocean was taken by John Plantain, a Jamaican. In the course of time, John retired to Antongil, or Ranger Bay, just north of St. Mary's, where he lived in great comfort with a large harem. He rebuilt Avery's dilapidated fort at St. Mary's, and was soon known as the King of Ranger Bay. He and Mulatto Tom were great friends, and between them they successfully carried on the traditions of their famous predecessor.

Plantain cast his eyes on a pretty Madagascan girl named Eleanor Brown, who was the grand-daughter of a native chief. The chief, however, did not think the Pirate King a good enough match for one of his family, and he refused to part with her. But pirates are not people to be argued with. Plantain simply killed the old man and carried off the girl.

Another famous pirate of the Indian Ocean was Captain England, under whom John Plantain had sailed on several cruises, and whose ship had the same name as Avery's, the *Fancy*. He carried out several profitable raids in the Indian Ocean, and captured many rich Indian merchantmen. In one such vessel there happened to be a number of Indian ladies, whom England generously distributed among his crew, keeping only two for his own use. For a long time, the pirate fraternity of the Indian Ocean had lived pleasant and profitable lives, but their regime was ended when Captain Ogle fought and beat Bartholomew Roberts off the Guinea Coast in 1722.

Ships of the Royal Navy were frequent visitors to the islands of the Indian Ocean; their officers and men made a great

Princes of Zinj

impression on the natives, who hastened to accord them the sincerest form of flattery. When Captain Basil Hall landed at the Comoro Islands, where English ships had called for many years, he found the sultans, sheikhs and headmen were named Lord Rodney, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Augustus Fitzroy, Mr. Pitt and Admiral Blankett. The ceremonial greeting, delivered in English, went like this:

'How do you do, sir? Very glad to see you damn your eyes. Johanna man like English very much, God damn. Dat very good, eh? Devilish hot, sir! What news? Hope your ship stay too long while, very, damn my eyes. Very fine day, God damn.'

These friendly and sincere islanders were among the first to sign an anti-slavery treaty.

Ahmed-bin-Said-el-Ba-Saida was a strong man, as ruthless as his predecessors and far more intelligent. He had even succeeded in establishing law and order of a sort in Oman. Though he never managed to visit his southern domains, the weight of his authority was felt by the various sultans and sheikhs and governors, who ruled in his name. For many years and through many reigns they had lived in almost complete independence, accountable to no-one but themselves for their actions, and frequently not even sending the tribute-money expected of them annually by the Imam of Oman.

Suddenly, they found they had to answer not only for what they did, but also for the wealth that passed through their hands from the lucrative traffic in slaves, ivory and rhinoceros horn, spices, salt and metals. They had to bow the head, touch brow and breast, when word came from their new master. They did not like it, but most of them, bred of a lethargic race cradled for generations in the soft and languorous airs of the southern islands, found it less trouble to obey.

Not so the men of Mombasa—named long ago by the Portuguese 'the Cavaliers of Mombasa'; whose island was known as the Island of War. Mohamed-bin-Osman-el-Mazrui was all defiance, and stood on his dignity as the leader of a powerful clan and Governor of the island. The people of Mombasa prepared to fight; day after day they watched the bright sea for the fleet of war-dhows from the north, which they constantly expected. But Ahmed-bin-Said was far too clever, and also too busy, to embark on an expensive campaign against a disobedient servant. He

News from Oman

employed quicker, simpler methods; Mohamed bin Osman was murdered.

At once Mohamed's brother Ali seized Fort Jesus, beheaded the murderer and proclaimed himself the Ruler of Mombasa, independent of Oman. This bold action encouraged some of the other towns and islands to follow suit, but Zerka, Zanzibar and Kiloa remained loyal to Ahmed. Pemba, Pate and several other places declared themselves free from the intolerable burden of Arab rule, just as, in the past, they would declare themselves free from the intolerable burden of Portuguese rule, and call on the Arabs to rescue them—only to turn, when the mood took them, once more to the Portuguese; and beg to be saved from the brutal Muscat Arabs.

But now there were no Portuguese to turn to, for they had all been driven away.

The towns of the Azanian coast stood alone, and chaos reigned supreme. Mohamed's brother, Ali, was soon murdered by his relations, and another Mazrui cousin seized the position of Governor of Mombasa. No more than those of Muscat could the Arabs of the coast keep from quarrelling among themselves, and the Africans who got caught up in their disputes suffered accordingly. But for those not involved in the Arab wars, or ravaged by disease or famine, life proceeded uneventfully.

The fishermen set forth before dawn in their long canoes, balanced by outriggers; and with their little sails hoisted, they skimmed across the still water inside the reef, looking like water beetles with outspread legs. They hung their nets from boat to boat, and in due course hauled the leaping, gleaming cargo into the shore. Others went to their fishing grounds inside the reef, where, armed with home-made spears, they slipped over the side and dived into the translucent water. Far below they flashed about, moving nearly as fast as their prey, frequently emerging with a big fish, or even a small shark, impaled on their spears. Perhaps they would see a crawfish among the coral rocks, and then there would be great activity in the depths of the pale green, glass-clear pool, as the fishermen rushed after it, and often succeeded in catching it, or pulling it out of its hole. They used small octopuses as we use ferrets, for the crawfish dreads the octopus and will bolt from one of its holes in the rock as soon as the octopus begins squirming his way into another entrance.

Princes of Zinj

Very small boys would take tiny canoes out to where great rollers crashed upon the reef, and sit there alone, rocking between sea and sky, singing some sad, tuneless sea-shanty of their own, to the roar of the breaking surf.

While the young men were fishing, the very old ones walked among the rocks and pools near the shore, collecting little octopuses, clams whose strong jaws can imprison a man's foot, sea slugs and all sorts of creatures—revolting to look at but delicious to eat, and which added variety to their menu.

Some of the coconut groves were owned by Swahili families, natives of the coast, and some by Arabs. In many of them, spirits and devils, and sometimes enormous snakes, not of this world, had their homes. Here the natives came to pray, leaving little scraps of coloured rags fluttering among the trees which hid the ruins of a former age—deserted, lonely relics of the Portuguese occupation; and others, older still, fallen temples of Shirazi Persians, or of some nameless people who had lived here when the Pharaohs were masters of Egypt.

The native women worked in their groves and gardens, moving slowly because of the soft and humid air. They lived from day to day, and took no thought for the future. They never troubled to grow more food than was enough for their immediate needs. Although before their eyes stood many remains of the fine stone houses built by the Portuguese—their villas, hospitals and churches—besides Arab buildings of varying grandeur, the unambitious Africans never bothered to copy these more advanced races, and make themselves homes which would last. They were quite content with their ramshackle huts of coconut leaves, reinforced with mud and roofed with coconut fronds. Their huts kept out the sun and the rain, and the sea spray, during the monsoons; and when they got old and leaky nothing in the world was easier than to abandon them and build some more.

While the Swahilis fished and cultivated their gardens, and the Indian merchants lent money and traded from their little booths packed side by side in the narrow streets of Mombasa; and groups of handsome, haughty Somalis from the North stalked among these softer people, with herds of black-headed sheep, hump-backed cattle, and grumbling, bubbling camels—

News from Oman

each with a perpetual sneer on its lips—for sale; the huge slave population worked in their owners' shops and ships, gardens and houses—not ill-treated, not unhappy, and able to attain their freedom, should they so desire, after a certain number of years. Kindness to slaves, and the granting of their freedom are two of the rules laid down in the Koran which the devout Arabs of the coast punctiliously observed.

The pageantry of nature was richly displayed along the verdant seashore. Low, rolling hills covered in bush; groves of palm trees, their feathery crowns blowing in the wind, and huge dark mango trees, made of the coast-line a green tapestry backdrop for the blue sea whose arms lay among the hills.

No wonder the Seyyids of Muscat looked longingly towards the South, each one hoping to bring enough order among his unruly tribes to be able to sail to Mombasa or Zanzibar, and there rest in the gentler, softer airs.

Seyyid Ahmed-bin-Said died in January 1775, having reigned through much storm and trouble for thirty-four years. His southern kingdom was in its usual state of turmoil; but the Abu-Saïddynasty was firmly established in Muscat, and later a descendant of Ahmed-bin-Said's came to live and reign in Zanzibar, thus establishing there, to the great benefit of the people of the Island of Cloves, the present Royal Family.

After Ahmed's death one of his sons, Seyyid Saïd-bin-Ahmed was declared Imam, and in this year also there anchored at Muscat, H.M. Frigate *Seahorse*, bearing on board a small, quiet midshipman, whose name was Horatio Nelson.

Soon the usual family feuds and quarrels broke out in Oman all over again, and Saïd, idle and weak, was forced by one of his sons, Ahmed, to surrender all power, though he retained the title of Imam. The energetic Ahmed-bin-Said appointed himself Regent and, trying to consolidate his father's kingdom, he sent an expedition south in 1784, demanding the obedience of the coast towns.

For two years there were battles, sieges and murders, until the people of the coast, suddenly tired of defiance, independence and a situation which had become boring, everywhere acknowledged the Imam of Muscat as overlord, quietly accepting the governors he appointed. Even Mombasa, for once, made no trouble; when a solitary ship from Muscat arrived, the Mazrui

Princes of Zinj

Governor signed a deed of surrender; after which the Island of War settled down to a short honeymoon period of agreement with Oman.

Four years later an English scientific vessel arrived off Zanzibar; commanded by Captain Bissell, R.N., who set up an observatory and began making astronomical studies.

By 1791 the Regent Ahmed was dead, and Oman was again in an upheaval while Imam Saïd's brother, Sultan-bin-Ahmed, attacked the Imam, imprisoned him in the fortress of Rustak, and became ruler—though not Imam—of Oman. Imam Saïd remained a prisoner until he died in 1802. He was the 48th and last Imam.

The title had, for a thousand years, denoted the spiritual and temporal head of the kingdom of Oman, elected by the people, though usually the 'election' was preceded by a show of force and an expenditure of blood which never failed to popularize the victor with the excitable Omanis.

Imam Saïd had been elected over the head of his elder brother, the sickly Hilal, but after his death no more elections took place, so that, technically speaking, the Imamship came to an end, although later, Sultans of Zanzibar frequently called themselves Imam.

Sultan-bin-Ahmed had inherited much of the strength and ability of his father. He reigned for fourteen years. During that time, wild things were happening in Europe, for the fires of Revolution burst out in France; first the aristocracy and then the intellectuals were slaughtered; and the primitive, murderous Arabs heard with amazement of the killings and chaos in faraway Europe, where they had imagined life was always peaceful and stable—not to say dull.

When the massacres culminated in the murders first of the king, and then of the queen, the name of France grew small in Arab eyes, and they regarded her as having become—almost overnight as it were—a second-rate power, a country of no account. They were quite used to killing their Imams, but they did not murder women; and they were shocked. Then suddenly, the scene changed; French soldiers appeared as conquerors in Egypt; and a young general—not French, it is true, but Corsican—led them to one victory after another. Soon his name was on everyone's lips as he began in a blaze of military glory, and a rage

News from Oman

of domestic jealousy and sorrow, the meteoric career which was to dazzle and appall the world.

Bonaparte dreamt of the East; he planned to march through Syria, Mesopotamia and Persia, to the conquest of India. He wished to imitate and surpass the triumphs of Alexander—as others before and after him have longed to do; he sought to penetrate new countries in the disguise of a deliverer; and two letters which he wrote to two contemporary rulers were worded almost identically with those sent a hundred and forty years later by Hitler, Stalin and Mao-tse-Tung, the Chinese Communist General, to the people they meant to conquer. His, Napoleon proclaimed, was a compassionate crusade, a march of freedom. To the Seyyid Sultan-bin-Ahmed, Imam of Oman, he wrote:

'Cairo, 25th January, 1799. I write you this letter to inform you of the arrival of the French Army in Egypt. As you have always been friendly you must be convinced of our desire to protect all the merchant vessels you may send to Suez.

I also beg you will forward the enclosed letter to Tippoo Sahib by the first opportunity.

Bonaparte.'

To Tippoo Sahib, the pro-French Sultan of Mysore, he wrote:

'Cairo, 25th January, 1799. You have already been informed of my arrival on the shores of the Red Sea, with a numerous and invincible army, animated with the desire of delivering you from the iron yoke of England. I hasten to inform you of my desire to receive news with regard to the political position in which you find yourself placed. I even desire you will send to Suez some competent person who enjoys your confidence, and with whom I can confer.

Bonaparte.'

Tippoo Sahib had for many years been begging the French for aid against the British, but so disorganized was the state of

Princes of Zinj

France that he always begged in vain. Now the English were retaliating for the defeats he had inflicted on them, and Tippoo Sahib, since 1779, had been closely besieged in Seringapatam. Napoleon's letters never reached their destinations, for both were intercepted by Captain S. Wilson, the British Agent in Mocha, who sent them to the Government in India.

Four months later Seringapatam was stormed, and Tippoo Sahib died as his city fell.

The Marquis of Wellesley, Governor-General of India, took swift steps to counteract Bonaparte's designs. He instructed the new British Resident at Bishire, Mirza-Mehdi-Ali-Khan, to visit Muscat, and to come to an agreement with Seyyid Sultan.

This Mirza did so successfully that the Imam signed a treaty with England excluding Frenchmen from his territories, and French ships from his ports, during the duration of our war with France; and allowing the East India Company to establish a factory at Bandar Abbas in the Persian Gulf, with a guard of seven or eight hundred Indian soldiers. Sultan, impressed with the strength of Britain, also privately asked that a British officer should come to live permanently in Muscat on behalf of the Company, to act as his adviser.

So Ahmed-bin-Saïd's wise and far-seeing son became the first of the Princes of Oman to enter into an alliance with Great Britain—an alliance which has survived through stress and wars to this very day.

Mombasa had, long ago, once more thrown off the shackles of Oman. But Sultan had an ingenious mind, and he believed that cunning would serve where force might fail.

Sailing one year to Zanzibar, he put in at Mombasa, and landed with a strong force of well-armed men. He was not recognized. His gold-hiked dagger and embroidered turban were not particularly conspicuous among the crowds of richly dressed Northern Arabs who sauntered along the streets, taking a few days ashore for rest and trade.

Sultan and his men walked slowly up the road which led to Fort Jesus, and seeing the gate open, went straight in. The doorkeeper thought they were traders from a dhow, and took no notice of them.

The Governor, ignorant of the presence of his overlord in the island, was holding a levee. He had only a handful of soldiers with

News from Oman

him, and when Sultan suddenly strode up to him, followed by his formidable group of retainers, he was horror-stricken.

But he kept his presence of mind, rose and salaamed, showing the King of Oman every respect, and bowing him into the place of honour.

Sultan seated himself, while his followers stood round the walls and leant against the closed door, their hands lightly resting on the hilts of their daggers and swords.

The King and the Governor conversed. They wished upon each other the peace of Allah, asked after each other's health, enquired politely for each other's news and received the replies with displays of great pleasure.

Then suddenly Sultan came to the point. 'Whose fort is this?' he demanded, looking directly and unsmilingly into the Mazrui's frightened eyes. 'The fort is your Highness's; all that we have is his.'

'Good. I desire,' said the Sultan, 'that you give into my hand a certificate, in which you shall write what you have just said. Thus there shall be peace among my people,' he finished in a hard voice, glancing significantly from his fierce-eyed men to the softer, fatter faces of the islanders.

The Governor hastened to obey, and very soon Sultan held a paper, written in the Governor's own hand, saying that Mombasa belonged to the kingdom of Oman, and that he, the chief of the Mazrui clan, was Governor in the name of Sultan-bin-Ahmed-el-Ba-Saida, his master and overlord.

Sultan arose to take his leave; accompanied by the Governor, he left the fort, walking through the narrow streets towards the harbour. As they went, crowds of well-armed Muscat Arabs joined them, and any lingering hopes that may have lurked in the Mazrui's mind, of a quick massacre of the visitors, faded away.

Arrived at the quay, Sultan presented his beautiful dagger to the Governor as a parting gift, he inwardly smiled as he thought how it must have irked the Mazrui to receive into his hand such a sharp weapon, only to be denied the pleasure of thrusting it into his overlord's body.

The Arabs sailed away, very well pleased with themselves.

And then the wretched Mazrui had to face his furious relations.

Back in the fort they clustered round him, all shouting at once

Princes of Zinj

at the tops of their voices, shaking their fists in the air, turning away with angry swishes of their walking-sticks, rounding again on the unhappy man with a fresh stream of invective and reproaches.

When at last he could make himself heard, he explained as best he could:

'There was nothing else I could do! He came in here unannounced, appearing suddenly with a huge, heavily armed crowd of soldiers. Had I not given him that paper, he would have seized the fort, barricaded the gate, and kept the place for himself. Where were you? Is it my fault that you do not attend my levee, that you pay me so little honour that I sit here alone, so that those hundreds of Muscat Arabs can force me to do their will, because you stay away from me? Look at the harbour! Full of his dhows! Even now he might return and then what could we do? We are not ready to fight today.

'So now, my brothers and friends, prepare yourselves. Next time the Sultan comes we will receive him in a different fashion.

'We are grown men and each one has his weapons.'

But Sultan-bin-Ahmed came no more to Mombasa, and the precious document was kept safely in Muscat.

The ruler of Oman met his death in 1804. He was killed in one of those sporting—almost chivalrous—sea-fights so typical of the Omani Arabs.

Many years before, the Sultan of Turkey, in gratitude for the destruction of the Persian fleet by Ahmed-bin-Said, had arranged for an annual tribute to be paid to the Imam of Oman at Basra, the scene of the Arabs' victory.

Seyyid Sultan, having received the tribute, was returning from Basra in a frigate, when he decided to put into Bandar Abbas, so he transshipped into one of his smaller boats, and proceeded alone.

In the light of the midnight stars the Arabs saw approaching them three strange dhows, who hailed the Seyyid's ship, discovered themselves as belonging to certain enemies of his, and challenged him to fight. Naturally the challenge was accepted, and then the opponents mutually agreed to await the dawn.

The four dhows passed the rest of the night quietly, just as if they were not going to do their best to sink each other and kill all

News from Oman

on board as soon as daylight came. The battle began before sunrise, and so well did Seyyid Sultan's one small boat acquit herself, so valiantly did his crew fight, that the three enemy dhows were soon driven away, much the worse for wear, and leaving many corpses floating in the sea where they had been thrown.

At the very last moment, one of the enemy Arabs turned and fired a parting shot, which struck the Seyyid and killed him instantly.

Thus, a chance bullet altered the history of Oman and Zanzibar, for Sultan's son and ultimate successor, Seyyid Said-bin-Sultan, the greatest Arab of them all, was only thirteen when his father died. Forced at this early age to fend for himself, and fated soon to commit a family murder, he became a man before his time, and his character was quickly formed—strong, determined and fearless.

The Intransigent Island of War

SEYYID SAÏD-BIN-SULTAN, a younger son of the great Imam, was born at Semail in 1791. When his father was killed, he and his elder brother Salim jointly inherited the kingdom of Oman. Salim was gentle and idle and weak, but Said was the reverse. The two young boys were at first content to let their affairs and their kingdom be managed by their cousin, Bedr-bin-Seif. They also had an aunt to guide and advise them, a formidable lady known as the Binti Imam, who was a female counterpart of her brother, Sultan. The Binti did not trust Bedr. She knew he had plotted against her brother and she believed he meant now to get rid of his two young cousins, and himself seize the throne and the power. She contemplated warning Salim, but realizing the weakness of his character she turned instead to Said.

A friend of hers, an Arab nobleman named Khalfan bin Muhaisan, began to urge upon the youth, who was still only sixteen years old, the realization of the danger in which he and his brother stood, and the absolute necessity of killing Bedr before they were themselves destroyed. Binti Imam used all her influence and all her powers of persuasion to strengthen Saïd's will and incline him to murder. Saïdknew they were right, but he was still a boy, he shrank from what was asked of him, and begged Khalfan to do the killing himself. Khalfan refused. It was not his life and throne which were in peril, and the most he would promise was to help Said when the moment came.

This was on July 31st, 1806. Seyyid Bedr had arranged to hold a reception, which the princes and nobles were to attend; and that was the moment, Said was forced to admit to himself, to remove this dangerous Regent. He prayed to Allah for strength, called on all his courage, and made his plans with Khalfan and his aunt.

As one of the rulers of Oman, his place at the gathering was beside that of his cousin; and Khalfan, also, stood near. While the reception was taking place, Khalfan made flattering remarks

The Intransigent Island of War

about the scabbard of the dagger which hung at Bedr's waist, a magnificent affair of chased and embossed gold, studded with semi-precious stones. Even finer, he said, must be the blade within, but he himself had also lately acquired a dagger of surpassing beauty, and he begged Bedr to lend him his, that he might compare the two. As the unsuspecting Bedr gave his weapon into Khalfan's hand, young Saïdleapt to his feet, and plunged his own knife into the Regent's body.

Screaming with pain and shock, Bedr jumped through the window into the courtyard below, where the horses stood tethered. His leg was broken in his fall, but he still managed to clamber on to a horse, and galloped away towards the desert. Binti Imam, watching from her window, cried out to the mounted men who set off after him—urging them on, commanding them at all costs to catch and kill him.

The wounded Regent clung on for a while, his broken leg dangling agonizingly, and blood pouring from his wound, but he did not get far; just as his pursuers caught up with him, he fell helpless and hardly conscious to the ground, where they killed him.

On September 14th Saïdwas proclaimed sole ruler of Oman and the coast and islands of the south. The Muscat Arabs hailed with joy this fierce, brave prince, who came to the throne so young, and yet with hands already stained with blood. Just as they looked upon his great forbear, Ahmed-bin-Saïd, as their beloved saviour after the treacherous slaughter of his Persian guests, so now they wildly acclaimed Saïd, almost worshipping him for his cunning and violence.

He was a Lion of Oman, strong, terrible and ruthless, the sort they understood, and wanted for their king. But though Saïdwas now the darling of the Muscat Arabs, his way was difficult and full of danger. Many enemies must be conquered before the dream which filled his heart could come true—to sail to the enchanted islands in the south.

For twenty years he fought and worked to establish order in Oman and on her borders. Some of his worst enemies were members of a religious cult called Wahabi; fanatical Puritans of Islam, whose lives were even harder and more austere than those of the other desert-dwellers, and who were determined to kill all those not of their sect.

Princes of Zinj

More than once they nearly overwhelmed Saïd, and in the end he had to come to terms with them, and pay them tribute.

England became a friend of his. English penetration of the East was going forward in the English way; not with aggressive wars or seizing of territory; but gently and politely; by making treaties, establishing missions, building hospitals and trading centres; and protecting caravan routes and the sea's approaches. Once the danger of Bonaparte's advances to the potentates of the Orient was perceived, England took still more pains to keep them on her side. Seyyid Saïd, from his earliest years, had a farsightedness and political shrewdness which were surprising in one whose whole short life had been spent in the narrow and primitive surroundings of the peninsula of Oman, amid the clash of arms and the strain of perpetual danger; he was very glad to follow the policy of his wise father, and make friends with the all-powerful British.

In 1809 they came to his help with men and ships; and again in 1820, when the Beni Bu Ali Arabs, fierce, piratical people from one of the outer provinces, rebelled against him.

In this engagement Seyyid Said displayed great courage trying to save the life of a British artilleryman, and was shot through the hand. The grateful government of England rewarded him with a sword of honour.

Some years later, the English once more showed their friendship, even to the extent of disowning the conduct of some officers in the Royal Navy.

Although many of the African coast towns had submitted to Seyyid Saïd, accepting the Governors he appointed, unchanging Mombasa remained a thorn in his side. In 1814 the Mazrui Governor had died, and his son Abdullah-bin-Ahmed became Governor in his stead. The new Governor should have sent tribute to his overlord in Muscat; but he preferred defiance, dispatching to him instead 'a little powder and shot with a shirt of mail, and a Kibaba, or small measure for corn'.

This piece of insolence puts one in mind of the box of tennis balls sent to Henry V of England by the Dauphin of France; and the ultimate result to the Cavaliers of Mombasa was very much the same as that which came to the Chivalry of France, at the Battle of Agincourt. But Said had his hands full for the present;

The Intransigent Island of War

lie said nothing when the insult was revealed to him—like any other Arab he was capable of biding his time.

Meanwhile Abdullah, truculent and defiant, not realizing the greatness of Saïd's allies and his growing power, putting all his faith in the massive walls of Fort Jesus, prepared for war.

For eight years nothing happened. Said was strengthening his position in Oman, and a great vengeance was slowly building up against rebellious Mombasa. By 1822 Saïd's position in Oman was as strong and secure as it would ever be. Although till the end of his life sporadic rebellions broke out in his northern domains he managed, though often with difficulty, to subdue them. The lawless Arabs from the hot, red hills of Oman, the merchants of the coast towns, the fishermen and traders of the sea, and even the few remaining pirates of the Indian Ocean, had met their master.

The towns and islands of Azania, Zanzibar, Pemba, Pate, and the rest, were content, at present, to obey his orders.

In the remote and lonely island of Lamu, where for centuries the people had fought either with their neighbours or among themselves, where, even now, human skulls and bones appear from time to time among the sand-dunes—the elders begged Seyyid Said to help them against Mombasa, whose people continually harried them.

One of the great warriors at this time was a young Arab called Mbaruk, of the Mazrui clan. He was celebrated in song and story, and his name lives in the folklore of the coast to the present day.

During one of the sieges of Lamu, he lifted his soldiers up on his shoulders, in a vain attempt to enter the town. It so happened that inside the walls Mbaruk had a lady-love, who was not concerned with politics and wars, but only with the nearness of her lover.

Somebody brought Mbaruk a present of a chicken, killed and ready for the pot; but inside the animal was found a small note bearing these words: 'I hear that under our walls is a person named Abdullah; if he be the man I love, he will not remain so near me without claiming my hospitality.'

The resourceful Mbaruk was not to be denied. That night he slipped into the enemy town, and out again at dawn. Then he

Princes of Zinj

sent a message to the Governor of Lamu, saying simply, 'Last night I slept in Lamu, and right soon I will sleep in it with all my men.' He was as good as his word; before long the men of Mombasa had defeated the defenders of Lamu, and taken the town.

Eventually Seyyid Saïdbuilt there a small, strong fort, manned it with Arab and Baluchi soldiers. (This fort still stands, and is now used as a prison. With its cool, airy cells and corridors, its tubs of growing flowers in the courtyard, its view across the shady market-place to the sea, it must be one of the most attractive gaols in the world.)

But still Mombasa refused obedience to Oman. The Mazrui, who combined to a most remarkable degree a limitless conceit and ambition with obstinate stupidity and short-sightedness, could not resist attacking the rulers and governors of the other islands, whenever an opportunity, however unsuitable, presented itself. In 1823 they sent an expedition to capture Pemba, the devil-haunted little island lying a few miles north of Zanzibar, and living under the protection of Zanzibar's fleet and garrison.

No sooner had the Mombasa men landed on Pemba than the Zanzibaris appeared in force and captured all their ships. With foolish generosity they allowed the invaders to return unharmed to Mombasa, trusting in their promise to give up all further claim to Pemba.

Naturally, no sooner had the Mazrui caught their breath and assembled some more fighting-dhows, than they broke their word and returned to the attack. This time the angry Zanzibaris fought them, beat them, and drove the survivors off.

So heart-broken was the Mazrui leader, Abdullah-bin-Ahmed, he of the insolent gifts, at the failure of his plans, that he died of grief and frustration. He was succeeded as Governor by an old man named Sulaiman-bin-Ali, formerly Governor of Pemba, and now the leader of the Mazrui.

Among the people of the coast towns, murders and kidnappings were everyday happenings, for they could not live without excitement and intrigue, and the prize was to him with the most tortuous mind, as well as the strongest arm.

In Lamu one section of the populace seized a youth, half of Lamu and half of Pate blood, and forced him to be their ruler.

The Intransigent Island of War

After a time they tired of him and gave him poison. His aunt in Fate* conducted the mourning ceremonies, and in honour of the Occasion she made up a little verse:

A good Lamu man has a thousand wiles, So a bad Lamu
man, what will he be like?

The quarrels and the little wars went on, but Seyyid Saïd's power and reputation were increasing all the time, and it slowly dawned on the Mombasa people that they badly needed allies. They began to look around for help.

As though in answer to their prayers, Captain Vidal, in H.M. brig *Barracuda*, of the surveying fleet, sailed into Mombasa harbour and dropped anchor, on December 4th, 1823.

This British ship and her sailors seemed like a gift from Allah to the worried Mazrui. They quickly decided to put themselves under the protection of the British flag, and in due course Mbaruk the hero, nephew of Sulaiman-bin-Ali, head of the Mazrui, appeared on the quay, with a retinue of twenty-six persons, asking to be allowed on board the *Barracuda*, to welcome the Englishmen to Mombasa.

The Arabs were dressed in their best. They wore heavy turbans embroidered in coloured silks and gold thread. Their long white robes fell to the ground, and their black coats were worked with gold and silver braid. Their belts were made of squares of solid silver, jointed together, each square enriched with a turquoise or a lump of amber. At their waists hung splendid Arab daggers studded with semi-precious stones, and every man carried an amber-headed walking-stick.

These dignified and magnificent people were escorted to the edge of the quay by slaves carrying parasols and also by a motley crowd of Arabs and Swahili, most of whom remained on shore while their betters boarded the English ship.

There were bows and salaams, mutual compliments and flowery sentences conveyed through interpreters. The Arab gentlemen were ushered into the officers' saloon, where the eldest seated themselves rather awkwardly and self-consciously on chairs, hardly refraining from folding their legs under them; while the younger ones stood in silence round the walls. The lesser fry, some of whom had ventured out in canoes, were taken

Princes of Zinj

charge of by British sailors, who, by dint of smiles and gestures and speaking English very loudly, managed to entertain and delight their guests, and even to establish a certain amount of understanding, in the mysterious and immemorial way of the British Other Ranks.

Among the sedate group in the officers' quarters coffee, water and little things to eat were circulated. Each guest accepted coffee three times, then shook his cup gently to indicate that he needed no more. All the food and drink was taken with the right hand only, in the polite Arab fashion. Conversation flowed easily, through interpreters, for the sea-going Englishmen and the coast-bred Arabs had many subjects of mutual interest.

At last the leading Mazrui steered the talk into the direction he so much desired it to follow. This was a heart-rending account of all the ills the wretched Arabs of the coast had suffered from the hands of the brutal Arabs of the North. In almost identical words the ancestors of these same men had appealed for help to the Northern Arabs in their struggles against the oppressive Portuguese, just as they thankfully welcomed back the Portuguese when they came to free them from the rapacious and cruel men of Muscat. Now they had a new kind of listener, and the harrowing old tales were told again. They lost nothing in the telling, the English officers were greatly impressed. They felt pity and admiration for their guests, who had fought for so long, alone, against the whole weight and might of Seyyid Saïd's army and navy. Captain Vidal, however, did not lose his head or his sense of proportion. When the Mazrui told him that they were making a present of Mombasa to England, and that they had prepared a Union Jack themselves, which they wished him to hoist over Fort Jesus, he felt it was time to pause and consider. Seeing his hesitation, the Mazrui became even more urgent and eloquent.

'Beneath its protecting shade'—said Mbaruk grandiloquently, through the interpreter, 'we may defy our enemies; as the lamb trembles at the lion's roar, so will the Imam shrink from that which is the terror of the world.'

But Captain Vidal was politely and gently adamant. He said he must have time to consider this request, which was one of the first importance, and that he would send Lieutenant Boteler ashore next morning with his answer. Rather crestfallen, but still hoping, the Arabs withdrew, and the Englishmen stood leaning

The Intransigent Island of Wa

on the rail of their wooden ship, watching the gaudy, untidy procession wind its way through the narrow street which led up the hill to the castle. Captain Vidal and his officers discussed the offer of Mombasa to Great Britain, and reluctantly came to the conclusion that since England was an ally of Seyyid Saïd, they could not take upon themselves the great responsibility of hoisting the Union Jack over the fort, without implicit instructions from their Government.

Next day Boteler and a companion were sent ashore to convey this decision to the Arabs. As they walked through the town they saw many strange and fascinating sights. The narrow, dirty streets were lined with booths where Indian and Swahili merchants displayed their wares. Some had bales of bright-coloured cotton and silk, some had handsome daggers, amulet cases, belts of silver plaques, necklaces of silver and amber, and tall chased silver scent sprinklers, such as the Arabs used at their weddings and parties, to sprinkle their guests with essence of rose or jasmine. Some had only heaps of fruit and vegetables arranged in neat pyramids; but these were bright and decorative, for there were chillies of scarlet and emerald green, golden oranges, yellow mangoes and pawpaw and other strange things such as the Orientals turn into sweet and spicy dishes. The people in the streets were a motley collection. The better-class Swahili women were swathed from head to foot in black, only their eyes were visible. Those of the lower orders wore gaudy cotton clothes wrapped tightly round their magnificent bodies, from above the breasts down to the feet. They moved with slow stateliness, many of them carrying heavy loads on their heads. They were very black, with ready smiles and rolling eyes.

A great contrast were the Arab ladies, of whom only a glimpse might be had sometimes, while they were in a shop. Their rich dresses were also hidden beneath all-enveloping black garments, but on their heads they wore small, white, flat-topped hats, from which hung very thick openwork screens of white braid, fringed with little gold and silver balls. These completely hid their faces from the common gaze; only if they lifted them to examine some object closely could a glimpse be had of their pale, aristocratic faces, with fine features, thin lips and large, soft eyes.

But the crowds of poorer people, dressed in rags and tatters, made a bad impression on the young officers. They felt that

Princes of Zinj

despite their fine appearance the ruling Arabs were not administering this small island in such a way as to make the most of its wealth, and to distribute its resources among the population.

A large crowd accompanied Boteler and his companion on the walk from the quay to the castle. They had already given their curiosity full rein while the Englishmen were waiting for their escort. They fingered and pulled at their clothes, their hats, their swords; the buttons and braid on their uniforms. Once inside the fort, the officers were relieved of their followers, for the Arabs brought them into a private room, and shut the doors. Two old-fashioned, three-cornered and rather dilapidated chairs were produced for the visitors, while their hosts sat, their feet folded under them, on stone benches built round the walls and covered with rugs. The Governor was a tall, thin old man, with a thoughtful and intelligent face. With him were several close relatives, and the 'Prince of Maleenda', who sported a silver moustache. They all besought and implored Boteler and his companion to take possession of Mombasa in the name of England, and to hoist the English flag which they had made. Their version of a Union Jack may not have been quite orthodox, but to them it meant the magic of a Protecting Power.

'For,' said the sheikh, 'even allowing that this is not seconded by an armed force, still under it we may defy the Imam's power.' The two Englishmen could not but be pleased at this tribute to their country's greatness and goodness. But, though they were touched, they had their orders, and steadfastly refused to hoist the flag. In their surprise and chagrin, the Arabs grew more and more excited and insistent. At last Lieutenant Boteler began to think they would make him hoist it by force, but their natural good manners restrained them from passing the bounds of decorum, and perhaps, also, his personality had impressed them. The Englishmen returned to their ship, and three days later the *Barracuda* sailed away for Pemba. The people of Mombasa were bitterly disappointed, for they knew that retribution would soon descend upon them from their flouted overlord at Muscat. They had so hoped to be under the protection of Great Britain, by the time Seyyid Saïd's fleet of war-dhows arrived. But, despite all their eloquence, the British had refused to help them, and, once more, they were alone. Consumed with self-pity, they raised the Union Jack and prepared to fight. Meanwhile Saïd's men

The Intransigent Island of War

were gathering in Muscat and his ships were assembling off the coast.

Early in 1824 the Northern Arabs set sail under the command of Abdullah-bin-Sleyum. During the journey south, while the dhows fought their way through the tumultuous monsoon seas, Abdullah-bin-Sleyum and his officers spent many pleasant hours dreaming of the forthcoming sack of Mombasa. They expected a fight, but the Arabs of the North had always considered themselves more than a match for the Arabs of the South, even taking into consideration the thousands of Swahili and coast natives who were the latter's allies. Though the men of Mombasa were braver and more determined than their fellows along the coast, the soft climate had somewhat quenched their fire, while the men of Oman, bred in a harsh, hot country perpetually swept by desert winds, and buffeted by wild seas through which they often had to sail, were possessed of a fierceness, a fanaticism, and a hardy spirit, which more than made up for their lack of numbers.

While Said's war-dhows were on their way, Said himself was receiving a visit from Captain Owen of H.M.S. *Leven*, twenty-eight guns, which, together with the *Barracuda*, had been making a survey of the coasts of Africa and Arabia. This intense and deeply religious young Welshman had been appalled beyond measure at the sufferings endured by slaves in transit from the African coast towns to the markets where they were sold. In Bombay he had met some Swahili from Mombasa who filled his ears with pathetic stories, such as they rightly guessed would appeal to his emotional nature, and arouse his indignation against the Muscat Arabs. They nearly wept as they described the horrors of life under the devilish Northern Arabs; and their brave and ceaseless struggles for freedom. The trusting Owen believed every word they said. He was of the type who see themselves as the divinely appointed champion of the under-privileged. He was determined to free these poor, brave people from their cruel oppressor, the Imam of Muscat; and having tried, though somewhat unsuccessfully, to enlist the sympathies of the Governor of Bombay in his project, he set sail for Muscat, in order to point out to Seyyid Said himself the wickedness of his ways.

The Imam received him with his usual immaculate courtesy, and accepted without flinching the set of Bibles translated into Arabic with which Owen, with more enthusiasm than tact,

Princes of Zinj

presented him. The Imam's gift to Owen was a fine gold-hilted sword.

Owen lectured his princely host on the horrors of the slave trade and described the violations of the Moresby Treaty, in which it was laid down that no slaves were to be sold to, or owned by, any Christians in the Sultan's Empire. These violations of the Treaty, he said he had seen take place with his own eyes.

He ordered the Imam to arrange the total cessation of the slave trade within three years and announced that he would proceed at once to Mombasa, and there grant the rebels the protection of the British flag, as I should feel it my duty to my King to grant it to them, in which my principle motive would be the suppression of that hellish traffic'.

Seyyid Saïd was not accustomed to being addressed in such a manner, and he must have been surprised at this lack of restraint on the part of a young Naval officer. But nothing could shake his dignity. He was far too great a gentleman to show temper, or even displeasure; and far too clever a diplomat to argue with a representative of a power so much stronger than himself.

He heard Owen out with composure, agreed to abide by the final decision of the British Government and allowed him to depart without making any protest. The moment he had gone he wrote to the Governor of Bombay and described Owen's visit, his threats and his manner of speaking. Saïd felt secure in the knowledge of his treaty with the British Government, guaranteeing his rights over his own territory; and he did not believe that England would break her word, at the behest of a man who struck the self-disciplined prince as being excitable and conceited. However, he determined to behave correctly; and sent orders to his fleet to abandon the attack on Mombasa.

But Abdullah-bin-Sleyum had already arrived off the Island of War, and found, true to tradition, that the Cavaliers of Mombasa were ready and willing to fight. Twenty-five thousand armed men stood waiting for the Arab invaders. Worse still, over the fort flew the English flag. It was asking too much of the Arab commander to expect him deliberately to fire on the emblem of the all-powerful nation which England then was. He hovered about inside the reef in the channel at the entrance to the harbour, and only when the guns of Fort Jesus fired on him did he fire back. A blockade was clearly permissible, but anything more

drastic was too risky, thought Abdullah-bin-Sleyum, eyeing resentfully the crooked and inaccurate emblem of England's might, which floated from the ramparts. While the dhows lay at anchor, H.M.S. *Leven* appeared. Captain Owen went ashore and was escorted to the fort by large crowds of rapturous men and boys, all yelling at him and at each other, laughing and shrieking in their unrestrained way, hardly able sufficiently to express their pleasure and relief at the unexpected appearance of a new protector. Perhaps all this went slightly to Captain Owens's head, for African adulation is a strong wine, and apt to throw those less-demonstrative Englishmen who are not used to it, slightly off their balance.

Without authority from England, and in the face of a directly opposite course of action on the part of Captain Vidal, Owen marched into the fort, had the flag struck, and ceremoniously hoisted it again in the presence of the Governor, Sulaiman-bin-Ali, and the chiefs and sheikhs of Mombasa. Captain Owen and Sulaiman-bin-Ali then drew up a treaty containing the following conditions:

1. That Great Britain should reinstate the chief of Mombasa in his former possessions.
2. That the sovereignty of the State should continue to be exercised by the chief of the Mazrui tribe, and be hereditary in his family.
3. That an Agent of the protecting Government should reside with the chief.
4. That the customs revenue should be equally divided between the two contracting parties.
5. That trade with the interior be permitted to British subjects.
6. That the slave trade be abolished at Mombasa.

The Arabs agreed happily to everything. They had no intention of undertaking anything so unpleasant and difficult as the abolition of the slave trade, but this never occurred to Captain Owen.

Everyone was delighted, including Abdulla-bin-Sleyum, who thus beheld the sudden ending of a situation which was for him, to put it mildly, highly embarrassing. He and his men went

ashore, and in no time were drinking coffee, chattering, trading and fraternizing with their erstwhile enemies.

Captain Owen felt he had behaved properly on every count. He had warned Seyyid Saïdof his plans. He had secured for England a valuable port, had averted a war, and made an agreement with these charming, courteous and friendly Arabs, which would certainly bring the slave trade to a speedy end. In his passionate way, he wrote two extraordinary letters to the Admiralty, each twenty pages long and full of repetitions, describing his actions and his reasons.

'... I have been influenced by no personal motive nor interest whatever, by no desire of vainglory, nor even by that which might be supposed to have the greatest charm for one in my profession, viz. the hope of obtaining some marked expression of their Lordships' approbation, but solely and most conscientiously my endeavours have been so to use the powers given to me as should most conduce to the Honour of God and my King and to the benefit of my country and all mankind. . . .'

'By God's providence an Englishman without any other force than the noble character of his nation brought them (the inhabitants of Mombasa) salvation, and were there no other reason to justify the act, this is enough. Their Lordships must pardon me for using an unfashionable argument. It is as clear to me as the sun that God has prepared the dominion of East Africa for the only nation on earth that has public virtue enough to govern it for its own benefit and for the only people who take the revealed word for their moral law.'

Captain Owen, glowing with self-righteousness, continued, crusading, on his way. At every Arab port he lectured the governors on the awful penalties they would incur if they continued to indulge in the slave trade, now that Mombasa had become a 'British Protectorate'. He finally surpassed himself by informing the Governor of Zanzibar 'That, unless His Highness consented to abolish the slave trade at every port under his authority on the coast of Africa, he would be deprived of the

The Intransigent Island of War

whole of his possessions in that quarter, but that, if he agreed to this measure, the settlements of the Portuguese should be taken from them and added to his dominions.'

When he had sailed from Mombasa, he left behind, to aid the Mazrui Governor, a small party of young Englishmen, whose domain consisted of the island and the surrounding coast, and whose headquarters were in Fort Jesus.

Lieutenant John James Reitz, twenty-one years old, third lieutenant of the *Leven*, became the first British commandant of Mombasa. He was assisted by Mr. George Phillips, midshipman, a corporal of marines and three seamen.

With complete self-confidence these six young men settled calmly into their new job, in the midst of an excitable and treacherous people; and, at the mercy of diseases and climatic conditions of which they knew nothing.

Within six months three of them were dead.

Poor young Reitz had soon discovered that the people of Mombasa were not all Captain Owen thought them to be.

True to their volatile nature, they quickly tired of their new protectors, and many of them harked back in their minds to the good old days when their overlord was one of their own blood, an Arab of Muscat, who had no tiresome and inconvenient ideas about abolishing their only source of labour and revenue, the slave trade.

Seeing Reitz and his five companions so lonely and cut-off, they thought no more of the promises they had made, and continued their slave trading, trying to still the young sailor's protesting voice by the present of a piece of ground opposite the town, on the mainland, which he named English Point.

Frustrated in his endeavours to keep the Arabs to their word, Reitz and his friends decided to carry out the second part of their duties, which was to explore such of the mainland as they could reasonably be expected to reach. They made up their minds to start as soon as the dry weather came.

Although the Arabs, to a man, were quite determined to ignore their obligations under the treaty, they liked the English youths personally; they were attracted by their youth, admired their courage, and did not wish to see them come to grief on some wild journey to the interior.

They tried to explain the dangers of setting forth before the

Princes of Zinj

rains were over, and to describe the short duration of the beguiling days of sunshine which follow the first heavy showers, and which only last a week or so. They told Reitz not to trust this brief spell of fine weather, they assured him that the real storms were yet to come. But Reitz, quite naturally, was by this time prepared to believe very little of what the Arabs said, and he probably thought they had an ulterior motive in trying to prevent his trip, and were trying to hide something.

Seeing his determination to proceed, all the chivalry and the sense of adventure in their curious, contradictory natures was aroused; and when Reitz and his men were ready to start, they had seventy followers, all that they needed.

On May 4th, 1824, in bright sunshine, they set out, interested and excited, the very first British safari to walk into East Africa.

The following day the heavy rains started in earnest. In a moment they were drenched to the skin, but they plodded doggedly on, through torrential downpours, tired, soaked and discouraged. That night they crouched shivering in some shallow rock shelters, while the malarial mosquitoes came singing out of the long grass which had leapt from the earth during the first showers, and fastened hungrily on the ignorant and defenseless young men.

Next day they struggled on to the spot where they had hoped to rendezvous with their boats, but on arriving at Mkumbi, they found that a mistake had been made and the boats had gone to Tanga. Their porters and donkeys were exhausted, so Reitz and a few of his followers decided to paddle and sail themselves to Tanga in native canoes.

Deluges of rain nearly drowned them, filling the canoes; the coast was blotted out from view, and all their time was spent in bailing water from their boats, while they drifted helplessly towards the open sea outside the reef.

When the storm was over they battled on, and at last reached Tanga. Here they were thankful to rest for a few days, and then, to the Arabs' dismay, Reitz insisted on continuing his voyage to Pangani.

And yet, although they knew it was madness to continue this hopeless journey, the Arabs and Swahili would not desert the obstinate young man, who was leading them forward to almost

The Intransigent Island of War

certain destruction. His personality had imposed itself upon theirs, ill id they could not prevent themselves from obeying him.

Reitz and the others set forth in their open boats. The sea was rough, the rain cascaded down, the strong tide swept back all the boats but Reitz's own. They pulled on their oars for nine long hours, and then, in the pitch dark, they were suddenly startled by (lie sound of breakers crashing on coral reef. They had to drop anchor and ride out the wild, stormy night on the tossing waters.

When dawn came they entered a river mouth, and at last reached the village of Mbweni, where they staggered ashore, on the point of collapse.

Next day, May 14th, Reitz was terribly ill with malaria: sweating and shivering, and beginning to rave. The natives knew the symptoms well, but they had no remedy for it, since they themselves were largely immune to African diseases, and the fever usually took them lightly.

But they saw, with real sorrow, that this brave young man was going to die, and they and his English companions decided that the only thing to do was to carry him back to Mombasa.

The agonizing journey began, with Reitz borne on a stretcher. I low ever carefully the bearers stepped—and no one is more tender and gentle when his heart is touched than the African—the inevitable jolting and swinging added greatly to Reitz's sufferings, and on May 29th, the last day of the journey, just as they came in sight of Mombasa, he died, 'in the most awful state of delirium'.

John James Reitz was buried at Mombasa in the old Portuguese cathedral, near what once had been the high altar. When Burton, many years later, looked for his grave, he found the site of the cathedral had been turned into a cattle-yard, called Gurayza ya Ngombe—cow church.

Mr. Midshipman Phillips, aged about sixteen, assumed his duties as Acting-Commandant of Mombasa, on the death of his commanding officer.

One of his first deeds was to capture a suspicious-looking dhow, and finding her indeed to be full of slaves, he confiscated her, in the name of Great Britain, under the treaty rights agreed to by the Governor of Mombasa.

This action caused great consternation among the Arabs, who

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Seyyid Saïd's First Visit to Zanzibar

SEYYID SAID had been taking diplomatic steps to recover his sequestered property, and at the same time to build up a navy and an army which should be able to capture, punish, and keep it quiet for a long time to come.

He began by producing the precious document extracted by Sultan-bin-Ahmed from the Mazrui governor, certifying that Mombasa was part of the Kingdom of Oman, and was governed in the names of the Seyyids.

On receipt of this information the British Government at once disowned the action of Captain Owen, and sent a force under Commodore Christian, to remove the British Acting-Governor and his establishment of two men (the survivors of the original party), and to haul down the Union Jack. Christian, in his report, stated that he did not consider the people of Mombasa entitled to British protection, although they had received him with the same unbridled manifestations of delight that they accorded to practically every newcomer. Midshipman Phillips told him how the Mazrui ignored the treaty obligations into which they had entered with Captain Owen, and that he now realized clearly that they had made their easy promises without the smallest intention of keeping them. The Englishmen were disgusted with the Mombasa people. They privately thought it would be a good thing if Seyyid Saïd gave them the punishment they deserved.

When the Mazrui understood that the English were going, they became frantic with anxiety. They realized they had offended the white men by breaking their promises, but they never imagined that there would be such awful consequences of this breach of faith. So clamorous and distracted were they, that the British agent in Muscat received orders to intercede with the Seyyid, on behalf of his rebellious subjects.

Seyyid Saïd was a magnanimous prince; and he was also anxious to please the British as much as he could. Although he

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Princes of Zinj

knew that generosity would inevitably be mistaken for weakness, he agreed to give Mombasa one more chance to obey him peacefully. But nearly three years after the British had withdrawn, the Mazrui, seeing the Imam's restraint, were still defiant, and had not sent the tribute; so Said at last made ready to attack. His patience had been remarkable even for an Oriental; his forbearance was astonishing, even in so great a diplomat. Ever since 1814 he had been insulted and defied by the Mazrui, and for fourteen years he had held his hand, largely to please his allies, the British. Now at last he was going to fight.

He sailed from Muscat with a strong fleet. The *Liverpool*, seventy-four guns, was the Seyyid's flagship; the *Shah Allutn*, frigate, mounted sixty-four guns; while two heavily armed corvettes, six sloops and many smaller vessels, each carrying up to six guns, made up the naval force. There were also twelve hundred armed Arabs, and many Baluchi troops.

Faced with war, the Mazrui, as always, prepared to resist. One cannot help admiring their unflinching courage, which was only equaled by their unalterable stupidity and faithlessness. The excitable Africans were ready to fight too, and when Seyyid Saïd arrived, the walls of Fort Jesus, and the roofs of the houses, bristled with warriors, armed with guns and bows, spears and swords.

But for almost the first time in the history of the Island of War, the battle was over nearly as soon as it was begun. After the first few shots had been exchanged, the Mazrui were frightened by Seyyid Saïd's display of force, and asked for a parley. Realizing at last how great their Imam's strength was, they decided to agree to his terms. They promised obedience and loyalty; and to pay the tribute which was so long overdue. They handed over the fortress to Saïd, and watched in silent fury while three hundred reliable and well-armed Baluchi soldiers filed in and installed themselves as the garrison.

Seyyid Saïd was naturally not in the least deceived by the acquiescence and humility of the Mazrui, but he was longing to see Zanzibar.

All his life he had dreamed of visiting this famous and lovely island, where the vegetation was always green, and palms and fruits grew easily; where lived some of the cleverest witchdoctors of the Azanian coast, and all round the shore the small,

Seyyid Saïd's First Visit to Zanzibar

sparkling waves of the Indian Ocean broke on to clean golden sand.

For centuries the people of Zanzibar had been loyal to the Imams of Oman, so that Saïd felt that here he might find peace, and the time to indulge in some of the constructive works with which his mind was filled.

It was in 1828 that Seyyid Saïdsaw, for the first time, his future home. He was received with great ceremony on landing, and a royal welcome awaited him in the streets, as he and his retinue slowly walked towards the Governor's Palace. The women of Zanzibar were more beautiful, more graceful and dignified, than those of Mombasa. They wore richer clothes, and walked with a freer step. Many of the Indian girls, among whose ancestors had been Malays and Portuguese, were of a startling loveliness. They had large dark eyes, pale skins, regular features, and hair which was neither straight nor fuzzy, but hung down their backs in long, glossy ringlets. They were swathed in saris of exquisite colourings, delicately embroidered with leaves and flowers in gold thread, and with wide borders of gold and silver. The Arab ladies were, as always, hidden beneath their huge black robes, but the nobles and the rich merchants were magnificent creatures. Seyyid Saïd, beholding the peaceful beauty of the landscape, seeing the harbour crowded with tall-masted dhows of many nations, resolved to build himself a palace on the shore not far from the town, and establish his government here, in Zanzibar.

For a short time he stayed and rested, choosing the sites for his palaces, making plans for bigger coconut and clove plantations and for aqueducts to bring fresh water to the houses and gardens; making friends with the Arab and Indian notabilities, and also with the Mwenyi Mkuu; the head of that strange and mysterious family, part Persian, part Negro, part witch-doctor, part king, who were, though outwardly paying homage to the Imams, the hereditary rulers of Zanzibar and acknowledged by the natives as such.

Saïd was very happy. But three months after his arrival rebellion broke out in Oman, and he was forced to return.

In 1829 the Governor of Pemba Island, Nasser-bin-Sulaiman, was appointed to Mombasa.

Instantly the Mazrui were in a ferment. It was bad enough,

Princes of Zinj

they told each other, to have been abandoned by the heartless British to the savagery of Saïd; to have been forced to promise a tribute they had not sent for years, and did not intend sending in the future; to see Baluchi soldiers in their beloved fort; all these humiliations and hardships they could have borne—more, they could again have evaded their obligations with the greatest ease—so long as one of their family was Governor.

But to bring a stranger from Pemba! This, said the Mazrui, was a thing not to be endured—Saïddid not trust them! He had insulted them! They fumed and raged and very soon made things so difficult for Nasser-bin-Sulaiman that he shut himself and his soldiers up inside the citadel, and threatened to fire the town.

Here was an excuse to fly to arms, surround the fort, and besiege the Governor. Needless to say the Arab Commander and his Indian soldiers had never taken the trouble to lay in provisions, and soon they were starving. They surrendered to the Mazrui, who imprisoned Nasser-bin-Sulaiman in the fortress, and appointed a Governor of their own clan. A relief fleet sailed from Muscat to rescue Nasser, but when the Commander, Hamed-bin-Ahmed, saw the crowds of armed and defiant islanders waiting for him, he turned away and went home. Seyyid Saïdsadly realized that if he wanted a thing properly done, he must do it himself. He was fully engaged at the time in quelling the revolt in Oman, but he knew that it was more important to keep peace in Mombasa and on the African Coast. So he abandoned his expedition, and sailed south with a larger fleet than ever before and fourteen hundred men.

The look-outs on the walls of Fort Jesus saw the war-dhows approaching. There was no mistaking them for trading ships, for they were led by the Seyyid's flagship *Liverpool*, with her guns manned and the Royal flag at the main. As the fleet turned in through the gap in the reef and approached the harbour, there came to the watchers the sounds of war-horns and beating drums and they could see, leaning against the ships' sides, hundreds of Arab soldiers, just as well-armed as the rebels in Fort Jesus, and very much fiercer.

Nasser-bin-Sulaiman, lying in his cell, heard the horns and the drums; and he sprang to his feet, his eyes alight with hope. He knew he was going to be rescued; he might be used as a hostage and a bargaining point, but he believed that at least his life was

Seyyid Saïd's First Visit to Zanzibar

safe. He heard the soft padding of bare feet approaching his cell, he set his turban straight, smoothed his crumpled robe, and prepared to receive his captors with dignity.

When the door opened, several men entered, carrying a short length of rope. As Nasser-bin-Sulaiman stepped forward towards the sunshine, the fresh air and freedom, they leapt upon him, twisted his hands behind his back, the rope about his neck and strangled him.

No mercy could be expected now from Saïd, nor would the Mazrui ask for it. They had whipped themselves into a frenzy and were ready for anything.

On the flat roofs of the street-houses the fighting men waited beside cauldrons of boiling oil and tar, while the younger women ran up and down the narrow stairs handing them fresh supplies, and the older ones crouched in the darkened rooms, clinging to each other and the children, wailing with terror. The soldiers in the fort had loaded their guns and cannon and stood in the embrasures, firing futilely at the ships as they passed; yelling threats and insults. Saïd's Arabs landed and rushed to the attack. The battle raged fiercely for a few days, and then suddenly ceased, while Saïd, always the diplomat, offered the Mazrui terms.

The excitement died down as suddenly as it had arisen, and with a complete change of mood, the Mazrui were all agreement.

Once more they promised to pay tribute, including that which was owing from the previous years, and once more Saïd sailed on to Zanzibar, leaving an Arab Governor in charge of Mombasa, and his own men inside the fort. He well knew that as long as the Mazrui remained in Mombasa, there would be trouble, but he was not, just at the moment, strong enough to get rid of them. Besides, he wanted to return to Zanzibar, and as he sat on the carpet-hung poop of his flagship, gazing now at the dark blue sea, pointed with millions of sparkling stars, and now at the green coast line, dotted with Arab houses and clusters of almost invisible fishermen's huts, his head was full of plans.

Once on the island, he began to build his palaces, first Bet-el-Mtoni 'The House of the river', beside the sea, and, a little later, Bet-el-Sahel, in the town itself. Zanzibar was soon transformed from a pretty, untidy fishing village into a town of handsome houses, many of which were several storeys high and surrounded by their own gardens.

Princes of Zinj

Foreigners began to arrive, and were received by the Seyyid with great courtesy and hospitality. He was especially kind to the English, who were establishing themselves in and around the town. They already had an observatory there, while men-of-war frequently put in to the harbour to careen, and to take on fresh water, fruit, vegetables and meat, before sailing for India.

Seyyid Saïd and his British visitors had much in common, since both came of maritime races. In 1822 he had entered into an agreement with them which prohibited the selling of slaves to Christians, though this did not affect the ownership of slaves by Arabs. It was only a small step forward in the destruction of the slave trade, but the British were tactful and patient, and far too wise to hurry or annoy the Sultan.

Seyyid Saïd was happy in Zanzibar, though everywhere else in his kingdom revolts continually broke out. One day a sheikh of Pate named Mohamed-bin-Nassir set sail for Zanzibar in order to pay his respects to the Sultan. He landed first at Mombasa, where he visited the Mazrui. They were holding a durbar; all the leading members of the clan were there, grouped round the deposed governor. When Mohamed-bin-Nassir entered, the Liwali rose and bowed to him with marked respect, then he sat down again, resting his chin on the hilt of his sword. After a time he raised his head with a deep sigh, and all the Mazrui, as if at a signal, drummed on their swords with their fingers. Mohamed-bin-Nassir drew his own conclusions, but cautiously made no comment. He continued on his journey south, and a few days later was salaaming before Seyyid Saïd.

'Did you stop at Mombasa?' asked the Seyyid.

'I did;

'What is the news from there.'

'The news is that the Mazrui have retaken the fort.'

'How,' cried Saïd angrily, 'you are lying! I have had no word of this! Explain yourself!'

'When I passed through Mombasa,' said his guest, 'the Mazrui were in the town and your soldiers were in the fort.'

'Then how can you say the Mazrui are in the fort when they are only in the town? What sort of talk is this?'

Mohamed-bin-Nassir told the story of the durbar, and Saïd, reading in these sighs and gestures some portent of trouble, asked his guest how he interpreted them.

Seyyid Saïd's First Visit to Zanzibar

Then said the Sheikh of Pate 'The meaning is this—

'When the Liwali rested his head on his sword and sighed, that sigh came from the bitterness of his heart, as he thought of the fort, full of your soldiers; and of the Governor, who is your man. It was as though he spoke to his brothers and said to them— Alas, our fort is lost to us!

'Then all the Mazrui replied, tapping their fingers on their swords, We will retake our fort with our swords. And such was the drumming and the beating on the swords, that it seemed to me as though they had beaten on the gates, forced them open, and captured the fort.

'Therefore I said to you, Bwana Mkubwa; that the Mazrui have taken the fort and driven your soldiers away.'

Seyyid Saïd considered awhile, and then he said:

'Stay here, you are not permitted to leave. I will send to Mombasa and see if what you say is true. If you are lying to me, I will know that you need a lesson in manners, and you shall then receive it. But if you are right, I will know you for a wise man, and you shall be one of my Councilors.'

Three days later came the news of a successful Mazrui rising, and of their capture of Fort Jesus. Then Saïd, even while preparing an expedition against Mombasa, did not forget Mohamed-bin-Nassir, but gave him honours and money, and sent him on an important mission to the Sultan of Pate, with whom Mohamed concluded a treaty on behalf of the Seyyid of Oman.

Saïd failed to reduce Mombasa, and soon had to sail on to Muscat, where trouble always began the moment his back was turned. More and more did he long for peace and security in his domains, so that he might continue to develop the fertile regions in the south. Trade with Zanzibar flourished, but there could be no real progress while the Mazrui in Mombasa held out against him, breaking promises, withholding tribute, refusing water and provisions to his ships.

In 1831 Saïd made another effort, and landed with a strong force in the north of the island.

But this latest attempt to capture Mombasa failed as the others had done. The Mazrui attacked him bravely, and though their leader was killed, the governor, Salim-bin-Ahmed, and the main part of the garrison remained shut up in the fortress, against whose

Princes of Zinj

walls Saïdbeat in vain. Not all the fiery fierceness of the Muscat tribesmen could avail against the Portuguese fort. Once more Saïdwithdrew, frustrated and ashamed. He needed allies, and his thoughts turned to that prosperous great island of the south, Madagascar.

Years ago, he had taken the precaution of making friends with the King, Radama; and many amiable letters passed between the two.

Radama was well-liked by the British, he was a man of honour, and one who kept his promises. The English Government had signed a Treaty with him which resulted in one of the earliest checks on the slave trade. He would lose 60,000 dollars a year from the tax on slaves, but in return he was to receive 10,000 dollars a year for three years and a tempting assortment of goods such as were bound to make a very strong appeal to this dark young king. The best of all were 'a full dress coat, hat and boots all complete for the King', and besides these treasures there were '400 red military jackets, two horses, 100 guns and some swords'.

Commodore Nourse, visiting him soon after, found an elegant figure in British uniform. King Radama married a beautiful, savage girl called Ranavolena, the daughter of a rival chief, known simply as Andrianamapoinumerina of Ambohim-anga. His tribe, the Hova, had always opposed Radama's family and were firm friends of the French; the marriage was intended to bring peace to the tribes. "When her husband died, three years later, Ranavolena managed to get herself elected to the throne, as Queen and sole ruler.

This handsome, strong-minded, fearless woman made a great name for herself, even in those far from gentle times, by her unparalleled bloodthirstiness and worship of cruelty. A contemporary writer described her as being a sovereign devoured by a passion for power and cruelty'. In her complete ruthlessness she resembled another remarkable woman who, also succeeding through the love of a man to autocratic power over a vast kingdom, became the terrifying ruler of the whole of China—Tsu Hsi, the Old Buddha.

But Tsu Hsi was subtle in her methods, and, on the whole, a wise Empress; who always had the welfare of her country uppermost in her mind, though there was no pity in her heart. Ranavolena had only two passions in life; one, to see and hear

Seyyid Saïd's First Visit to Zanzibar

suffering; and the other her boundless, almost insane adoration of her only son. Her methods of satisfying the first of her desires was direct and simple. Anyone, on the flimsiest excuse was tortured to death at a moment's notice. When one of the princesses fell sick, all her attendants were accused of poisoning her. They had to submit to the ordeal by poison. They were made to swallow a noxious brew and soon after to drink bowls of tepid rice-water. When they vomited, those who did not turn their heads towards the south were known to be the guilty ones. Only one person had the good luck to turn in the right direction, and all the others were deprived of their noses, ears, arms and legs, before being thrown down a precipice.

Immediately upon her accession, Ranavolena determined to remove every male who was not of the Hova tribe, and, to make doubly sure of her position, she then caused the murder of every man, woman and child, whom she imagined might become an embarrassment to her. Having, for the time being, exhausted the supply of her own subjects whose dying agonies she so delighted to see, she turned her attention to the Christians in the island. The lucky ones managed to escape from Madagascar, and a few were enslaved. The rest, English and French traders, officials and missionaries, with their native converts, were tortured to death; bastinadoed, boiled, sawn in half, or poisoned, to the delight of the Queen and the mobs of watching Malagashes, who howled with mirth as they watched the anguish and the dying contortions of the victims.

During one of the tribal wars Ranavolena's officers murdered, in a single day, 5,000 defeated warriors who had surrendered to them, and then slew every child above a certain height, while the women were shared out among the troops. The Queen's hunting expeditions gave her great pleasure, for in each of these 50,000 men were employed of whom several thousand it was said, usually lost their lives. Ranavolena had a fine army which she had inherited from her husband. There were 69,784 muskets, 30,000 spearmen and 40 cannon. No wonder Said thought longingly of the help such forces would be to him, though he must have been aware of Ranavolena's dangerous lust for blood. Although she loathed, persecuted, tortured and murdered every European she could lay hands on, she loved European clothes and ornaments, and had a constant supply of dresses sent to her straight from Paris. She

Princes of Zinj

would get herself up in all her finery before going to enjoy the spectacle of her victims' slow and painful deaths.

'Above all, this woman without pity was a mother passionately devoted to an only son, who, because of the immunity this love conferred dared, whenever possible, to countermand the murderous decisions of his mother.'

During Ranavolena's reign approximately one million men were killed in warfare, one hundred thousand men and children murdered, and two hundred thousand women and children shared out among the troops.

Her hatred of foreigners was incomprehensible to the French Government, who had been such good friends of her father's, and who had invested a lot of money in Madagascar. France was not disposed to relinquish her interests in Madagascar without an effort, and an expedition against the Queen was just being prepared when there took place one of those political earthquakes which are so peculiarly Gallic, both in their suddenness, their noisiness, and their lack of a constructional aftermath. The members of the Government, to the accompaniment of drum-beating, flag-waving, small-arms firing, and excited, happy cries *oi'Aux barricades!*, *'A la lanterne!*', *'Pour la Patrie!'*, found themselves without an occupation.

Soon afterwards, Ranavolena was offered the 'protection' of France. This she refused, declaring, with obvious truth, that she was well able to protect herself. To prove this, she put to death, slowly and with torments, the remaining Europeans who had been brave and stupid enough to stay on the island.

Seyyid Saïd, unable to quell Mombasa or control Oman, felt that this formidable woman would make him an admirable ally, and, with her troops behind him, he believed he could conquer and pacify his part of the Arab world. But perhaps an offer of friendship only would not interest her, perhaps she must be coaxed and flattered like other women. He believed there was only one way to keep her under control. He decided to marry her.

In December 1833 a richly dressed and bejeweled party of Arab nobles set forth for Madagascar; grave and dignified as befitted envoys of the Great and Resplendent Seyyid Saïd, King of Oman, Lord of the Persian Gulf and the Azanian Sea.

Their pale skins, fierce eyes, and thin hawk faces were very

Seyyid Saïd's First Visit to Zanzibar

different to the black, flat features of Ranavolena's Hova entourage, large descended, as they were, from a tribe of Zambezi negroes; and they might well have made an impression on any woman less arrogant and self-sufficient than Ranavolena.

The chief envoy ceremoniously gave his master's message to the Queen, offering her Seyyid Saïd's heart and hand, and the chief place in his harem. He also mentioned the fact that a loan of two thousand soldiers would not be unacceptable.

Saïd had gone to Lamu, where he impatiently awaited the answer to his love-message. At last his emissary returned, with the Queen's reply.

The Seyyid sat in state among his councilors, his sons beside him, his guard behind him, while the precious document was handed to the Court scribe, who prepared with suitable solemnity to read it. As he unfolded it, Saïd, his face an expressionless mask, composed himself to listen.

The seals were broken, the document unrolled; and then there was silence.

The letter from the Queen, and even those from her Ministers, were all in English. This was an unexpected blow, for though a few of the Arabs could speak English, not one of them could read it. Seyyid Said was consumed with impatience, and there followed an uncomfortable and embarrassing interlude, while men racked their brains to think of a merchant or traveller who might be able to interpret the Queen's letter.

At last someone remembered that an English brig was lying in the harbour, the captain was hastily sent for, and slowly read the letter aloud while the interpreter stood before the Seyyid, translating it sentence by sentence. Said and his courtiers anxiously listened to the reply to his romantic proposals.

"The Queen said that she had been made happy by hearing from one who had long been in friendship with her father, and she hoped always to hear of his welfare, and wished he could pay a visit to Tananarive; in case he did not do so she would be much obliged if he would have the kindness to send her a coral necklace of a thousand dollars, and she would order the money to be paid whenever it was landed. She hoped their friendship would increase, and that opportunities would offer for their becoming better acquainted..

Princes of Zinj

The Ministers were also glad to hear of his Highness, and wished much that he would come and show himself, or send some of his men-of-war, which should have every attention paid to them. They could not offer the Queen, because by their law, it was contrary for her to marry, but there was a young princess he could have.

As for the men, he might have as many as he pleased, and he had only to give them a musket.'

Seyyid Saïd was very disappointed at the lack of affection displayed in the letter. Without the ghost of a smile he mentioned that he had hoped to receive a message couched in warmer and more tender terms.

The captain of the brig tried to console his royal auditor, pointing out that 'she had said as much as she could in a first letter'.

Poor Saïd, his heart and his politics both rebuffed, was thrown once more upon his own resources, and realized that he would have to put his house in order without either the consolations of the Queen of Madagascar's caresses, or the military aid of her armed men.

Ranavolena, *'cette femme trempee dans le sang'*, died peacefully in 1861, at the age of eighty-one.

Meanwhile Seyyid Saïd's name and fame were spreading about the world. American and English ships visited Zanzibar, bringing trade goods, sterling and dollars, and taking back gum, copal, hides and ivory. On September 21st., 1833, a Treaty of Amity, and Commerce was concluded between the U.S.A. and Seyyid Saïd, and in 1835 an American Consulate was opened in Zanzibar.

In this year also, the rebellious old Salim-bin-Ahmed, chief of the Mazrui, and Governor of Mombasa, died.

In a moment his family were at each other's throats. His son, Rashid, seized the fort, while two of Salim's brothers held the town. Once again, bands of opposing factions fought and killed each other in the streets by day; murders took place at night in dark corners, and the humble Swahili farmers and fishermen, the peace-loving Indian and Arab merchants, suffered accordingly.

While the family quarrels dragged on, the other inhabitants of Mombasa, sick of the Mazrui and of their ways, decided at last

Seyyid Saïd's First Visit to Zanzibar

that stability under Seyyid Said was preferable to this endless unrest, and they secretly sent to Zanzibar, asking the Seyyid to come and take possession of the island which was, after all, part of his domain. The subjection and pacification of Mombasa at last seemed to Said to be within the bounds of possibility; the chance being presented to him, unknowingly, by the Mazrui themselves, who had become 'a house divided against itself, which was bound to fall.

By the end of 1836 an uneasy peace existed again between the leaders of the clan, who grudgingly agreed to recognize Rashid's claim; but Saïd was not disturbed. He made great preparations, and was soon sailing into the harbour of Mombasa, with a strong licet and army, bearing all the accoutrements of war.

Backed by this formidable display, he prepared to talk peace. One by one, and then in small groups, the leading Arabs came to visit him.

Soon some of the Mazrui, still secretly jealous of Rashid's success, and believing that with Saïd's help they could get rid of him—and then, in the time-honoured Mazrui way, get rid of their rescuer too—also came to his ship.

His power was evident. The harbour was full of his dhows, and every dhow was full of troops. Professional Baluchi soldiers from India, disdainful, disciplined and well-armed, if poorly clad; the same fierce fearless Northern Arabs who had terrorized the coast ever since the cities had names; and many hundreds of armed Swahili and Zanzibari, all made an awe-inspiring array.

On the deck of his flagship, the *Liverpool*, flanked by his nobles and officers, sat the Seyyid himself. He was a splendid man indeed, clad in full Arab regalia; his person tall and well-built, his face handsome and aristocratic, his expression full of authority, wisdom and humour; and his manners even more courteous and princely than those of the average Arab.

The Mazrui could not help being impressed, though even as they wished upon him the peace of God, in the name of God, and agreed to all he said, and took the gold and jewels he gave them, their tortuous minds were working out schemes to evade their obligations, once the overthrow of Rashid was accomplished.

Said read their thoughts. Between him and the Mazrui lay too many broken promises for them to be able to make a fool of him yet again.

Princes of Zinj

Now they were in his hands, and his mind, as subtle and cunning as theirs, but more inclined to the principles of honour and the ways of peace, was set on a final solution of the problem of Mombasa, to be arrived at with the minimum of bloodshed and suffering for the majority of the islanders.

Rashid, from within Fort Jesus, saw his adherents melting away, bribed by Saïd's gold and overawed by his display of force, and his majestic personality.

In February 1837 Rashid himself received a message from Saïd, offering to confirm him in the Governorship of Mombasa, provided Rashid would leave the fort and go to live in the town. Rashid had no choice but to agree, and he sadly walked out of Fort Jesus with all that was left of his followers, and then stood aside watching, while five hundred of Saïd's troops filed in, slammed the gates, and ran up the Sultan's flag. How thankfully Saïd must have seen this, the first step in his plan, successfully achieved! But it was only the first step.

He invited Rashid to Zanzibar, to rest after all his anxieties and troubles. Rashid must have had misgivings at accepting this invitation, but once more, he could only obey. Saïd, with Rashid, the latter's two uncles and former rivals, and many other leading Mazrui, all returned to Zanzibar. Saïd hoped that the new surroundings, the evidences of power and prosperity, and of strong alliances with European nations which met their eyes at every turn, might penetrate the Mazrui's stubborn minds and force them to realize at last that Saïd was the strongest and the greatest and the wisest Arab within the orbit of their little world, and it would be best for them to acknowledge him-as their lord in their hearts as well as with their tongues; and to obey his commands. When Saïd judged his guests to be refreshed and ready to talk about the future, he made three most generous offers to Rashid.

Would he accept a present of 10,000 piastres (about £2,500) and a pension of 300 piastres a year, and settle, with his family and the other leading Mazrui, in Zanzibar?

Or would he become Governor of Mafia Island?

Or would he be Governor of Pemba?

If Rashid and his followers had agreed to one of these suggestions they could have spent the rest of their lives in positions

Seyyid Saïd's First Visit to Zanzibar

of honour; well-paid and respected* while the people of Mombasa, freed from the Mazrui, prospered under the rule of Saïd, as those of Zanzibar had done. And yet they refused. Perhaps they were jealous of the Seyyid's efficiency and success, or perhaps, in the marvellously stupid and shortsighted way in which the family had conducted their affairs for centuries, they hoped to return to Mombasa, re-establish themselves in the fort and the town as before, and spend the rest of their lives fighting their overlord and murdering each other.

Saïd was deeply disappointed, though perhaps he had hardly expected anything else.

He had done his best for them, and had tried by every means in his power to find a solution which would save the pride of the Mazrui, and at the same time safeguard the future of their unhappy island. He knew there was no security for Mombasa as long as the Mazrui remained there. He thought of them as men without faith or honour, unfit to be trusted, unworthy to rule, incapable of progress, and totally without that sense of responsibility towards those in their care which was such a strong trait in Saïd's own character.

In the situation in which Rashid's attitude had placed him, Saïd clearly saw that the time for kindness was past; now he must be ruthless and firm to the end.

Rashid and his kinsmen stayed a little longer in Zanzibar, and were treated with great honour and generosity. They were sent back to Mombasa, laden with presents, such as guests departing from an Arab house may expect to be. For two months they stayed in the town, once more happily enveloped in the familiar atmosphere of plots and schemes, grievances and heroics, which was to them as the very air they breathed.

The Baluchi soldiers stood on the parapet of the fort, and looked down on the twisting street, the gay booths, the processions of slaves, the crowds of camels and donkeys, children and chickens, black-swathed women and gold-fezzed Indians, stately Arabs and laughing noisy natives. They were sure that trouble was brewing, but they were not afraid. This time, the fort was properly provisioned, and they knew that Saïd would neither abandon them nor be deceived by the Mazrui.

Two months after Rashid returned to Mombasa, Khaled, Saïd's second son, arrived. Rashid led the Mazrui in a courtesy

Princes of Zinj

visit to the ship, and Khaled received them with friendliness, honouring the laws of hospitality.

Two days later he went ashore, and held a durbar in the open space outside the gates of Fort Jesus.

When the public ceremony was over, Rashid, alone, and after him, the others in twos and threes, followed Khalid into the fort for a private, political discussion.

As they entered the inner gates they were seized, gagged and bound by the soldiers. They were carried to the ships, and taken to Zanzibar.

Saïd kept them there for a month. Perhaps he, who hated to cause suffering, was still trying to think of some way whereby he could spare their lives, and at the same time immobilize their propensity for trouble.

Like Elizabeth of England, faced with the awful choice between executing and making a martyr of her dangerous and lovely cousin Mary of Scotland, or of letting her live, a permanent threat to Elizabeth's throne and existence—he must have realized that it was their lives or his, their unstable, feckless rule, or his policy of advancement and prosperity for the people in his care. The thousands in Mombasa were more important than the handful of Mazrui, who had given them nothing but misery and death. There was only one thing to do, they must be got rid of. They were sent in chains to Bandar Abbas, never to be heard of again. Some said they were thrown overboard on the way; some that they were starved to death in prison.

The humbler members of the clan, still living in Mombasa, fled to the mainland.

There they remained in safe obscurity for nearly sixty years, only to burst forth again with their fatal stupidity, in a futile and final gesture against a more formidable enemy than they had ever faced before.

4

The Royal Homes

MOMBASA at last was quiet, conquered, garrisoned: and had a reasonable chance of sharing in the prosperity of the coast. The merchants, peasants and fishermen could now follow their trades in peace, while every year more and more dhows came in from overseas, rested a few days, trading and refitting; and continued on their journey southward.

Seyyid Saïd spent much time in Zanzibar, and at Mtoni Palace, his country home, the happiest hours of life were passed.

The palace stood on the very edge of the sea; it was huge, rambling and several storeys high. The staircases were steep and their steps were tall; made, apparently, for a race of giants. There were hundreds of rooms and several great bath-houses, where members of the family could spend the whole day, if they so wished; bathing, resting, praying and sleeping.

The bath-houses were lofty apartments, with domed roofs, stone benches running round the walls, and niches for lamps. Each bath was fifteen feet long and twelve feet wide, and each house belonged to one group of people. In the living-rooms almost every inch of space was decorated. A bare wall would have been considered a disgrace, a sign of poverty or bad taste. There were shelves everywhere, holding china and glass ornaments. Mirrors stretched from floor to ceiling, their frames ornate with gilded wood, or ebony studded with ivory and mother-of-pearl. In each room were several clocks, most of which chimed at different moments, while from the ceilings hung massive chandeliers. The floors were covered with Persian rugs and finely woven grass mats.

In the large rooms groups of sarari, or concubines, slept with their children beside them. They, unlike some Arab wives in smaller households, lived in friendliness and at peace with each other. Their rosewood beds were ornamented with fretwork, and were so high that they had to climb onto chairs to get into them.

Princes of Zinj

The men's rooms were decorated with their weapons; ceremonial swords, silver or gold-hilted daggers and long-muzzled, silver-stocked guns.

In the gardens which lay between the palace and the sea, Seyyid Said kept his pets. Peacocks sauntered among the clove trees, spreading their splendid tails. Gazelles, ostriches and rose-pink flamingoes wandered on the lawns, among the crimson oleanders, scarlet bottle-brush and purple bougainvillea which spread clusters of vivid colour against the background of cerulean sea.

Although the Seyyid for many years had only one legal wife, a terrifying lady called Azze-binti-Seif, he owned a vast number of sarari. All their children ranked as princes and princesses, with the titles of Seyyid or Seyyidah, and all were treated alike. They were for the most part very happy. Their home was, according to their standards, beautiful and luxurious; they were surrounded by love and care and devoted servants and friends; they had clothes and jewels, slaves, horses and pets; and they enjoyed great freedom.

As they grew older they were taught to ride by a court eunuch. The boys chose their own horses from among the thoroughbred Arabians in the Royal stables; the little girls had beautiful, pure-white Muscat donkeys, often more valuable than the horses.

It was thought that about a thousand people lived at Mtoni, though they were never counted.

One of the most remarkable of the sarari was Churschit, a Circassian, and the mother of Khaled, capturer of the Mazrui. She was immensely tall, towering over the other women of the harem. She had a strong will, and a great deal of common sense. During* Khalid's period of Regency, while the Seyyid was in Muscat, it was Churschit who made decisions and guided him with her advice, and it was partly from her that he derived the courage and intelligence which caused him, while still so young, to be chosen by his father to kidnap and remove the Mazrui.

Another Circassian was the mother of Seyyidah Salme, the exiled Princess who became Emily Ruete and died in Germany, after a strange, sad life. When the mother was a small child her home was destroyed by bandits, who murdered the men, and carried off the women and children, all in different directions. She never saw her family again. She was sold as a little girl to slavers and was eventually seen by Saïd who bought her, and sent her to live with some of his elder children. She was loved and petted, and as happy

The Royal Homes

as can be imagined. She was not beautiful, says her daughter, but her eyes were large and soft, and her dark hair fell to her knees. When she grew up Saïd married her. He was an old man when Salme was born, and some of her half-brothers and sisters were old enough to be her grandparents. The mother's life, after such a harsh beginning, was peaceful and carefree, spent among the flowers and palms of the palace beside the sea. The greatest sorrow which befell her was the death of Seyyid Saïd, and a few years later she herself died, of cholera, in the arms of her daughter.

Azze-binti-Seif, tiny, ugly and arrogant, the absolute mistress of the household, ruled with severity all these throngs of people with which the palace teemed; the grown-up sons and daughters, the younger children and babies; the eunuchs and gardeners, grooms and nurses, freed men and slaves. She was a princess of Oman in her own right, and allowed no one to forget it; and she treated everyone in the palace, except her husband, as though they were beneath contempt. Despite this coldness, her manners were always flawless, and she was admired and liked by the Europeans.

She was addressed as Seyyidah, Princess. All the children were commanded to visit her every morning; but they did not like her and, whenever they could, they kept away on one excuse or mother.

Unless she was on her way with Saïd to the bath-house, she was never seen abroad without a retinue of slaves, and if by chance she met some of the sarari or their children during her walks, she passed them without a word or a look. No-one might approach her except by permission, and all within her sphere treated her with the greatest deference.

She loved no-one and was loved by none, except, perhaps by Saïd himself. Despite the fact that she was childless, her influence over her husband was supreme. He could refuse her nothing, and agreed to all her suggestions.

Above all these people stood the great figure of Seyyid Saïd, the Sultan, the master, the father: wise and strong, loved and respected; the giver of gifts and protector of all.

Seyyidah Salme, writing in 1888, described him thus:

'He was above middle height, his features had a very fascinating and engaging expression, and his whole appearance commanded respect.

Princes of Zinj

In spite of his warlike propensities and his delight in conquest, he was a model father and sovereign. Justice he valued as the highest of all things, and in this respect he knew no difference of persons, not even between one of his own sons and the lowest slave. He humbled himself before God; nor was he self-conceited and proud like so many high-born people.

It happened, and not rarely either, that he would ride over by himself to the wedding of a simple slave, who had gained his regard by many years of loyal service, to offer his congratulations to the young couple in person.'

Salme adored her father, and perhaps she was biased. But foreigners, also, were impressed by him. Writing in 1834, Captain Hart said:

'He is a tall, stout and noble-looking man, with a benevolent countenance, clear, intelligent, sharp eyes, and remarkably pleasant and agreeable in conversation.'

Captain Guillain, twenty-two years later, wrote:

' Il est rare de reunir a un si haut degre que le Sultan Saïdla majeste de la taille, la noblesse de la physionomie, et la grace parfaite de geste.'

Ten years later William A. Shepherd remarked:

'His fine, manly, open face, with broad brow, large grey eyes, tight close mouth, hedged round with silvery moustache and beard ... in all this there is so much firmness, honesty of purpose, kind feeling and decision of character, combined with his genuine welcome, and warm grasp that your esteem is won at once.... One of the noblest looking men I have seen in the East.'

The Seyyid's personal tastes were simple; his clothes unostentatious and almost austere. He wore no jewels, his dagger had a silver, not a golden hilt, his garment was the ordinary dress and coloured turban of a middle-class Arab. But he insisted on etiquette being observed, and ceremonial dress being worn by all who appeared before him, from his own children down to the youngest eunuch. One day, one of his little daughters ran to his

The Royal Homes

room, without having done her hair properly; the gold coins attached to her twenty plaits were missing, and so was the heavy gold ornament, set with precious stones, which held the plaits together.

She got no French sweetmeats, as she had hoped, but only a severe scolding, and was taken back to her mother by a servant, in disgrace for appearing before the Seyyid improperly dressed.

Seyyid Saïd, like any desert Arab, often walked from the town of Zanzibar to Bet-el-Mtoni, although his stables were filled with horses: and once, when one of his sons, named Majid, fell suddenly ill, he leapt into a fisherman's canoe and paddled it himself from the palace to the town, where Majid had his house.

Like many great men with simple tastes, he was very generous.

The treasure rooms in the palaces in Zanzibar and at Muscat were full of English sovereigns, Spanish pieces of gold and coins of various countries; gold and silver gem-studded ornaments for the women; trinkets for the girl-children, weapons for the boys, and even Royal crowns set with diamonds, which were only brought out on special occasions. All these things were the Seyyid's personal property.

Every time a new Surie, or concubine, was bought, or a child was born, the strong-doors were opened and a present suitable to the rank of the new arrival was chosen.

The Surie's household was assigned to her by the Major-Domo: the chief eunuch. When a baby was born Saïd visited it after one Week, and presented mother and child with pieces of jewellery.

Azze-binti-Seif sometimes had more serious rivals to contend With than the sarari, but her influence over Saïd never weakened. It was perhaps lucky for her that his attempted romance with the Queen of Madagascar had come to nothing.

In 1827 Saïd married a beautiful Persian girl, the daughter of the Governor of Fars. But she found life in Zanzibar unbearably boring, and six years after the marriage she returned home. She wrote insulting letters to the Seyyid, saying that his son, Khaled, has betrayed him in his own harem, and calling him a dog, a Sunni, She demanded a divorce. Two envoys, who had been sent from Zanzibar to refuse a divorce and to try and persuade her to return, were seized and bastinadoed. This treatment made them feel that perhaps, after all, right was on her side.

It was soon evident to her husband that nothing would make her return to him, and their separation was legalized according to

Princes of Zinj

Arab custom. The rest of her life was chaotic and tragic. She took for her lover a muleteer, but, when he tired of her, she had him bow-stringed and, for this murder, was driven from Shiraz. Her next adventure was with a bath attendant, and to him she bore a child, dying in the act.

Undaunted by this experience, Saïd, when he was fifty-six years old, married a second Persian named Binti Irich Mirza; nicknamed by his family, Schesade.

She, also, was a Princess, exquisite to look at, wild, extravagant and cruel. She carried a dagger, which she was said to use freely. She loved to watch criminals being bastinadoed, and to see her men riding down the people in the bazaar. Her gorgeous clothes were covered with pearls, so loosely sewn on that they perpetually dropped off. Those who picked them up could keep them, for Schesade contemptuously refused to receive them back. She brought with her from Persia one hundred and fifty horsemen, besides her own executioner. This retinue lived on the ground floor of the house Seyyid had built for her, and with them she rode and hunted all day long, to the horror of the old-fashioned Arabs, who had never expected to see a lady—and a Royal one, too—behave in such a shocking and brazen fashion.

But Schesade, like many Persian girls of good family, had been brought up to ride as fast and shoot as straight as her brothers; she cared nothing for the opinion of the prim islanders. She did not care very much for her husband either, though she was kind to the children. Her marriage was one of politics and convention, for, during all the years she spent in Zanzibar, she was passionately in love with another man.

In order to house his beautiful, imperious and demanding new wife as befitted her family and position, Said built her a palace and baths of her own, connected with one of his houses by a bridge. The stonemasons and plasterers came from Persia; they decorated the walls with palm trees, birds and diaper work, after the fashion of their country. The water in the domed octagonal bathrooms stood two feet deep, warmed by underground furnaces. In this charming little palace, among her Persian women and cavaliers and horses; her jewels, scents and exquisite clothes, Schesade passed the time as best she might; bored beyond words by her elderly husband and his straight-laced, half-educated Arabs; suffocated by the soft damp airs of

The Royal Homes

this cramped little island, remembering as she paced her terraces and watched the moon lay its broad silver path across the sea, the sophisticated Court of Persia, the wit and wisdom, poems and music, with which she had always been surrounded; the dry, exhilarating desert air; the long days in the saddle; the amusing women and the good-looking men who had enlivened her youth, and most of all, her lover; the one person in the world she never could forget.

Schesade had no children. As time went on she became ever more wild in her behaviour, and extravagant with Saïd's money. At last something she did moved Saïd to such fury that he was only saved by a faithful old servant called Nubi from committing what Salme called a 'great crime'. After this there was a divorce, and Schesade, with her women and jewels and cavaliers and executioner, returned thankfully to Persia.

Everyone was relieved to see her go, and most of all, perhaps, the ugly old first wife, Azze.

Domestic peace reigned once more in the palaces of Zanzibar. but a few years later, when Saïd was fighting one of his many battles against the Persians, he saw Schesade again—beautiful and clashing as ever, leading the troops herself, and trying her best to shoot her former husband and the members of his family.

The great majority of the women and children of Saïd's household lived harmoniously together, and it is pleasant to think of the pretty, richly dressed sarari (of whom, at the time of the Seyyid's death, there were seventy-five) and the scores of children, spending such happy years in their home beside the sea; riding, feeding their pets, looking after their slaves, bathing, praying and walking in the lovely gardens or beneath the palms which fringed the shore. Busy as Saïd was, he never neglected his huge family and himself carefully supervised the more important events in their lives.

Perhaps the most vital task was the choice of a husband or wife.

Little Arab girls and boys, even those of the highest birth, were allowed to meet and play together until the girl was eight years old. After that she lived in seclusion, seeing no men except her father and brothers. Eunuchs and slaves naturally did not count. Sometimes it happened that a youth might remember his playmate, and a few years later would ask her father for her. Or his female relations would look around among the young girls whom they knew; talk to them, watch them carefully, find out

Princes of Zinj

all they could about them, and report on their respective merits. They then began a campaign towards the chosen girl, praising the youth's person and character in her hearing at every opportunity.

The girl could make up her mind at her leisure; then, if the young man was given to understand that he would not be unfavourably received; or, if he or his family were insistent, for various reasons, on this particular match, the time had come for him to approach her father.

Now the head of the family had his own moments of delightful conspiracy; dropping hints to his women-folk, watching them, casually mentioning the young man's name and noting their reactions. In due course the father sent for the daughter, and told her that so-and-so was asking for her. Hardly ever was parental pressure brought to bear by an Arab father. The women the mother, step-mothers, sisters, aunts and cousins might chatter and gossip, trying to influence the girl for or against the youth. But the last word was left to her, and if she did not feel she would be happy with a certain man, she only had to say so.

All being well, and everyone agreed on the suitability of the young couple for each other, a company of pretty slave-girls, richly dressed, their bodies oiled and their hair festooned with flowers and drenched with scent, went from house to house, telling the various friends and relations of the engagement. Everyone pretended to be surprised, and the group of gay little messengers received handsome presents of money at each house.

Only four weeks elapsed between the day of the betrothal and the day of the wedding. In the home of the bride all was hurry and bustle for, though her dowry might be small, she must still have the prettiest of dresses, the richest jewels, the greatest number of male and female slaves, besides plantations, houses and money, which her family could afford.

All these were her own personal property, and could never be seized by the husband. To the Arabs, the idea of a man claiming his wife's belongings was degrading and shameful beyond words, and a law such as the Married Women's Property Act would have seemed so unnecessary as to be ridiculous.

Girls of good family, and specially those of the Royal house, had to be provided with a large number of clothes, for a lady of rank must change her dress two or three times every day during

The Royal Homes

the first week of marriage, in order to enchant her bridegroom with her beauty and dazzle him with her toilettes. Special scents must also be made, some for the hair, some for the body and some to be burnt in little braziers, or scattered from chased silver flagons about the rooms. Of the latter, one particularly costly one was made of powdered aloe, the finest amber, and a great deal of musk. For the last week before the marriage day, the bride was imprisoned in a dark chamber, kept away from her finery and pretty dresses, and plagued by visits from all the old women she had ever met, besides her nurses and the chief eunuch. They came, one and all, as beggars, and could not be allowed to depart without receiving presents according to their importance. In the case of a princess the very least which could be offered to such a high official as the chief eunuch was a finely woven shawl, an expensive ring or a purse full of gold.

Meanwhile the bridegroom, though not shut up, also had his trials, for to him, too, came an endless procession of ancient retainers, slaves, friends and acquaintances of the humbler sort, to each of whom must be given suitable gifts.

For the last three days before the wedding, the bridegroom stayed at home, but there were great comings and goings between the two families; compliments and presents flew back and forth, as all the delighted women and girls, slaves and eunuchs, and even the superior, smilingly indulgent menfolk, the heads of the households, indulged in conferences and made plans.

At last the wedding-day arrived. A group of young men, dressed in their grandest clothes, escorted the bridegroom from his home to that of the girl. A Kadhi, or some other holy man, was in attendance, and when all were assembled the solemn ceremony took place, the only person absent being that essential participator, the bride. She still remained hidden in her room, while her place was taken by her nearest male relation. Only in the rare event of the girl having no male kinsman to represent her would she appear in person, swathed and muffled from head to foot, her features quite invisible, and her voice barely audible. Even in these cases, she was no sooner wed than she was whisked away again, and for three days more remained hidden, while the gentlemen feasted and amused themselves. During this time, women friends clustered about the bride, scenting her, her clothes and her rooms; dressing her hair, placing money beside her, weaving

Princes of Zinj

necklaces and garlands of frangipani and jasmine, and seeing that visitors were entertained with food and drink, music and dancing-girls. On the evening of the third day, dressed in her richest clothes, she was led into her husband's presence. He received her ceremoniously, still surrounded by his friends, and then at last, with many blessings, compliments and good wishes, the two were left alone, while the guests returned to several days more of feasting and gaiety.

Even now, etiquette still ruled between the young people. If the bride's rank was higher than that of her husband, she remained seated, disdaining to be the first to speak, and still wearing her beautiful and costly mask.

To break her silence and melt her heart, her husband then laid at her feet such presents as he could afford—in the case of the poor, a few pathetic pence; but if the couple were rich, there would be jewels and beautiful scarves, and money.

At last the bride would answer her husband and allow him to lift her mask, and then, usually for the very first time, he saw her face. This was the moment to judge how true was the description given him by his various relations, whether her features were as pleasing, her expression as attractive, her manner and deportment as dignified and seemly, as had been said.

The young man had always the solace of taking three more wives and as many concubines as he could afford, if he so wished (though a vast proportion of Arab marriages are monogamous), but, for the most part, the girl now beheld her one and only lord and master, the companion of her life for the rest of her days.

For ten or fifteen days the pair remained unseen in their rooms, food being brought to them by the bride's relations; and all this time the men feasted and danced, listened to the story tellers; sang and talked until called to morning prayers. The ladies had their parties too, but these ceased at midnight. Strangers were welcomed, and beggars hung around the doors, receiving food and alms until the honeymoon was over.

Then the bridegroom emerged from his wife's apartments and resumed his normal life, while she, dressed in her pretty new clothes and jewels, opened her rooms to her friends who flocked to congratulate her, and to see the wonderful presents showered upon her by her husband.

The Royal Homes

These marriage ceremonies were elaborate and lengthy enough in the families of the rich and the noble; but when it came to the dozens of princes and princesses, who lived in the palace, one wonders how Seyyid Saïd could manage to spend as much time on them as he did, yet his affection, interest and sense of duty never failed, and not one suitor could approach the Royal girls, not one prince reach marriageable age, but Saïd was all attention and care, examining each candidate personally, and personally consulting the child in question, to make sure that none should be married unsuitably, or against their wish.

After his family, his slaves and his subjects, his fleet lay very close to his heart. The Muscat Arabs love the sea and are born sailors, daring and experienced.

Seyyid Saïd's fleet lay at anchor off Mtoni Palace, and there his apartments faced the sea, so that the first sight that met his eyes each day as he arose for prayers was the silhouettes of the masts, and the rigging of his ships outlined against the gold of the dawn sky. His personal squadron consisted of the *Liverpool*, three frigates, two corvettes, and a brig.

Captain Hart, R.N., was much impressed with his seamanship, and wrote:

'When on board he conducts everything himself; gets her under weigh, shifts her berth, or brings her to anchor by giving every word of command.'

Three hundred sailors lived in the ships all the time, but if the licet were going for a long journey Arab and Lascar crews came to man them from Muscat.

The firing drill was very exact. When Captain Hart's ship, H. M.S. *Imogen*, had finished firing her salute of twenty-one guns the morning after her arrival off Mtoni Palace, the *Liverpool* took up the firing at the exact point where *Imogen* left off, and continued to fire at the same intervals, so that it sounded like one long salute. In all subsequent salutes this drill was followed, and the return fire taken up at the last gun of the British ship.

Captain Hart was received with great kindness by the Seyyid, who paid a return visit next day. Saïd, two of his sons and several of his Ministers set out in the Royal barge, flying the crimson flag, to board the *Imogen*. The English ship was dressed overall in

Princes of Zinj

honour of the Seyyid, and the party were received with another Royal salute.

Captain Hart and the senior officers escorted their guests to the cabin, where they were offered refreshments. But it was the month of the Fast of Ramadhan, when all day long neither food nor drink must pass the lips of the faithful, so the Arabs courteously refused.

Seyyid Saïd thanked Captain Hart for his hospitality. With superlative politeness he managed to convey that his host's kindness meant so much to him and his family that, far from rousing him to flowery eloquence, it left him speechless.

. . . 'He could not sufficiently express all he felt, but that it came from his inside, and from the bottom of his heart.'

Although the English sailors were paying their Royal guest the highest honours within their power, they were still only giving him that to which he was entitled. But Saïd was a modest man, as well as a great one, and his delight at the courtesy shown him was perfectly sincere.

Very soon, he managed to outdo his hosts in generosity, and in the grand manner.

The *Liverpool* was lying close under the stem of the *Imogen*, and the English officers looked at her with admiration. They praised her handsome lines and smart appearance to the Seyyid, who at once made the traditional Arab reply: 'Take her! She is yours!'

Perhaps in this instance he really meant it, for he loved the English, and missed no chance of showering upon them all the presents and honours which were at his disposal. At the same time, the *Liverpool* was almost, perhaps quite, his dearest possession—in her he had made his first journey to Mombasa and Zanzibar, he had fought in her, shown his flag in her, received many important guests on board, used her prestige—the first British-built ship ever owned by a Muscat Arab—to intimidate his enemies and impress his suppliants.

But as the Englishmen hesitated to accept such a magnificent gift, Saïd pressed them, saying their acceptance would make him very happy; he begged them to take her. Captain Hart said he would report his 'munificent offer' to the Admiral, and the Seyyid repeated, 'That is what I wish; to the Admiralty, and to the King' (William IV).

He added that she was in very good condition, but was too big for the service of Muscat, and there was nothing he wished

The Royal Homes

more than for the King of England to accept her. He said he would send her to Bombay, or hand her over on the spot, whichever Captain Hart preferred.

The British Government accepted the *Liverpool* on behalf of King William IV, and she joined the British Navy, her name being changed to *Imam*.

Parting with her must have been a wrench for Saïd, but he was comforted by the thought that his name was growing ever greater with the mighty and invincible British.

His European visitors did not fail to remark on the great difference between the grandeur and glitter of the Indian Princes' courts, and the extreme simplicity, even austerity, of Saïd's surroundings. His palaces, though their settings were exquisite, and they themselves seemed the height of luxury to their inmates, were to English eyes straggling, untidy and badly planned. Burton described Bet-el-Sahel as:

'A kind of double-storied white-washed barrack, about 140 feet long, roofed with dingy, green-red tiles'; and Bet-el-Mtoni, so beloved of Salme, and of all the Royal family, as 'pauperish and mouldy'—but then Burton was notoriously critical and hard to please.

Nevertheless, it was true that Saïd, though he insisted on etiquette being preserved and manners being perfect, himself lived in the simplest way, and even his personal bodyguard were frequently clothed in the rags and tatters of uniforms discarded by the Sepoy soldiers.

His administration of his scattered dominions, also, was loose and undisciplined; sometimes, having conquered some new island off the coast of his domain, he did nothing more than raise his flag and sail away, with the result that very often the island would slip out of his hands again in a few months.

And yet nothing was too much trouble when it was a question of the comfort of his guests; his hospitality and generosity were famous. Besides his interpreter, Captain Hassan, who was a captain in his navy, the Seyyid had the invaluable help of a remarkable half-breed named Khamis-bin-Osman, who once served on board H.M.S. *Leven*, and had sailed to England with Captain Owen.

This man could speak English, French, Portuguese, Hindustani, Malagasi, Swahili and Arabic.

Princes of Zinj

Seeing the almost barbaric simplicity of the Seyyid's daily life, the casualness of his administration, the haphazard, nonchalant manner in which his 'Ministers' carried on what was politely called the 'Government', visiting Europeans wondered what held Saïd's kingdom together.

The secret lay probably in Saïd's own outstanding personality and courage, coupled with his kindness and great heartedness. All who came within his sphere loved and obeyed him. The fact that he had committed murder to win his throne, and employed treachery to dispose of the Mazrui, did not count against him in his subjects' eyes in any way; on the contrary, they admired him all the more for his firmness and cunning. And truly, under the circumstances and placed as he was, there was nothing else he could have done. He was patient and forbearing, but, if all other means failed, he would shrink from nothing to safeguard the welfare of his people. These traits they understood and admired, while they almost worshipped him for his endless goodness to all those in his care.

Even in the interior of Africa, where the tribesmen were still living in the Stone Age, his name was known and feared. To the East African, fear and respect are the key to obedience, to obey for the sake of love is a thing unknown. Among the primitive savages visited by the Arab slavers, both to the braver tribes who sold captured negroes and ivory and skins, and those lesser ones who became the enslaved, the name of Seyyid Saïd was a great and glorious one; inspiring awe and reverence.

His was the power behind these well-armed Arab caravans, his rich merchants bought the merchandise, his ships carried it to the far countries. In that fabulous island of Zanzibar, where no one ever died of thirst or hunger, no raiding tribes burnt villages at night, spearing the men and carrying off the cows and women; where everybody's life and property was safe, there ruled, said the Arab slavers, the master and father of them all, Seyyid Saïd, whose word was law, and whose law was peace.

And the Arabs quoted to those petty tribal chieftains with whom they had dealings, a couplet still remembered, among the older people:

When one pipes in Zanzibar

They dance on the Lakes.

5

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

WHILE Seyyid Saïdrulud Oman, and the East African coast and island nearly as far south as Mozambique; while he built his palaces and mosques in Zanzibar, his fort at Lamu; his garrisons and trading-posts among the islands; while his fame and prestige grew, so that Ministers and consuls from Europe and America visited him, saluted him, and made treaties with him; Ahmed-bin-Muhammed-bin-Hassan-el-Alurib, the Mwenyi Mkuu, chief of the family of native rulers in Zanzibar, continued to be regarded by the natives as their real king, and to command their fear and obedience.

Long before the Portuguese conquered the coast of East Africa, and all through the centuries of their dominion, after they were finally driven away by the Northern Arabs, and during the years that Zanzibar was administered by various Governors for the Imams, the natives had always looked upon the line of Mwenyi Mkuu as their own Royal Family, and venerated them above all Others for their cruelty, wisdom and witchcraft.

Their word was law, their powers were supernatural, they were the heads of all the warlocks and witches of the islands. Although they claimed descent from some Persian Prince of long ago, they had for centuries interbred with the natives, and now they were of the very essence of Zanzibar, as much a part of it as the wild bush, and the sea-hewn caves, and the dark, devil-haunted forests.

Early in the nineteenth century one of them, Hassan, had begun to enlarge the village of Zanzibar. The Arab governors and the Mwenyi Mkuu family lived there peacefully side by side; the Arabs were far too wise to interfere with this powerful family, mid the Mwenyi Mkuu complacently acknowledged the Imams as their overlords, while taking all they wanted for themselves out of the island's revenue. It was a perfect arrangement and might

Princes of Zinj

have gone on indefinitely, if Saïd had not decided to come and live in Zanzibar.

At first Ahmed-bin-Muhammed stayed on in the city, which was rapidly growing in size and importance. Saïd made friends with him, and they evolved an arrangement whereby Saïd ruled over the northern, and the Mwenyi Mkuu over the southern part of the island.

Thus both sovereigns' prestige was preserved; Saïd's armed forces protected them both, and Ahmed collected the taxes, which they shared.

For a few years all went well. Then there was a quarrel. Saïd probably feared that Ahmed might raise the country against him; and before any such step could be taken, he imprisoned him in the fort, under a strong guard of picked soldiers. But Ahmed was not to be held by any such paltry, practical means. Not for nothing was he the greatest witch-doctor of Zanzibar.

During the night he vanished, to reappear on the mainland, whence he sent Saïd a message saying that until he returned, on his own terms, no rain would fall on the island. Saïd's honour was touched, he could not submit to being blackmailed by one who was, after all, only a semi-negroid native chieftain, whom he had chosen to honour. He ignored the Mwenyi Mkuu; and the great drought began.

The rains failed for season after season. Monsoon winds tore through the streets, forests and plantations, and lifted high the seas; but the sky remained a bright, hard blue. Crops failed, cattle died; wells and springs and rivers dried up; people perished of hunger and thirst; cursing Saïd and calling for their Mwenyi Mkuu.

For three terrible years the drought continued, and all the prayers of Saïd's priests could not avail to break it. Then the people, at the end of their endurance, implored Saïd to bring back their ruler, before they should all be dead. Saïd, by this time, was only too glad to agree; and he sent an envoy over to the mainland, begging Ahmed-bin-Muhammed to return and bring the rain.

Ahmed arrived in due course, to be greeted with delirious joy and relief by crowds of haggard natives, who fell on their faces as he passed, blessing and thanking him for saving their lives.

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

Almost the same day the heavens opened and rain fell in Hoods, pouring through the cracks in the parched and thirsty earth; the dust lay down, the wells filled up, grass sprang to life. Soon seeds were sprouting everywhere; cattle grew fat and glossy, and Saidand Ahmed were better friends than ever.

The Mwenyi Mkuu had for many years owned some small houses in the centre of the island, deep in the bush at a place called Dunga. There they went sometimes for a change from the sea, and to pray in their family mosque. Now Ahmed thought it would be a good thing to build himself a palace here, as grand as the ones that Said was building, but remote from the town and his sometimes difficult overlord. It is said that, to bring good luck to the new home, living slaves were immured in the walls, while others were killed so that their blood could be mixed with the lime. Certainly when a near-by well was examined seventy years later it was found to be half-full of human bones.

Here lived the Mwenyi Mkuu and his family, surrounded by savage pomp and circumstance. Court etiquette was severe and strictly kept. None must approach the ruler except on hands and knees, head bowed to the earth. When he went out, people working in clove or palm trees must descend to the ground and prostrate themselves, since it was death for any to be in a higher position than the Mwenyi Mkuu.

The sacred drums and horns of Zanzibar were kept at Dunga. The horns were hidden in a secret place, and their whereabouts was only known to the Mwenyi Mkuu and to their guardian, who revealed it on his death-bed to his successor. The two drums were carved from mango-trees, they were beautifully decorated and inscribed with Arabic writing. These holy instruments were beaten on special occasions; all who heard them must flock to the gates of Dunga and prostrate themselves, awaiting the words of the Mwenyi Mkuu. It was said of the drums that they had been known to roll of their own accord if some disaster threatened the family. Indeed, over a century later, when they were housed in the Zanzibar museum, the skins were removed and stored in a separate place, because of this disconcerting and uncanny habit.¹

Seyyid Said took care never again to offend the Mwenyi Mkuu. The two rulers spent the rest of their lives at peace with

¹ This was related to the writer by the late Dr. A. H. Spurrer, founder and curator of the museum in Zanzibar.

Princes of Zinj

each other, each in his own palace and attending to his own business.

The Seyyid had many difficulties to contend with. Even worse, perhaps, than the perpetual risings in Oman, was the slow, persistent pressure put on him by the British, to abolish the slave trade.

To the Arab mind the situation was incomprehensible. True, the captured natives of the interior died in great numbers before they reached the markets of Mombasa or Zanzibar, but the Arabs, if they gave the matter a thought, felt no more deeply on the subject than did the European slavers of about two hundred years before. They only knew that the slave trade must go on, for it was one of the most important sources of revenue, and the only supply of labour, in Arab economy.

Each year caravans marched for months into the heart of Africa, led by brave men who risked their lives every moment of the day and night. There were endless dangers. The caravans were charged by buffalo, or by short-sighted, furious rhinoceros; or by elephant, who held men's bodies between their knees and tore their heads off with their trunks, or kneaded them into the ground, or beat them to death against trees, or, if the fugitives had climbed a tree and were out of reach, would push their great foreheads against it until they brought it down. Besides these, there were lions and leopards and poisonous snakes to beware of; and pythons, too—sluggish brutes which lay hidden in the long grass, and which, if touched unawares, leapt up and whipped themselves round the nearest living object, their coils tightening and tightening until the victim was squeezed to death.

Just as deadly as the animals and reptiles were the terrible Masai.

Savage, arrogant and fearless, with huge spears and heavy shields, they were masters of all that country between the great lakes and the sea, which lay outside the forests. The young men of the warrior age, the Moran, lived entirely for and by their spears. These were their dearest possession—far dearer to them than their young sweethearts, the Ndito, who shared their huts until they were of marrying age. They would rather lose their lives than their spears, and a beaten or disarmed Masai was a shameful creature indeed, utterly disgraced and outcast, until a new spear and some fresh killings gave him back his manhood.

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

To placate the Masai the caravans carried many loads of beads and wire, and the insolent young warriors would push their way into the tents of the caravan leaders and take everything they fancied.

Often a Moran demanded a present from some porter, and if the wretched man had nothing to give him, he spitted him on his spear, or cracked his skull open with a club. Only the guns of the Arab and Swahili guards could keep order in camp, and yet, in their own way the Masai were reasonable; and they were not treacherous, if they meant to fight they said so; battles were preceded by preliminary talks between the elders of the rival parties.

Once the Swahili leader of a caravan 1,350 strong sent some of his men to kidnap two Masai girls from a village near Lake Elmenteita. The angry warriors, before attacking the camp, asked for a parley, and demanded the girls back. They were returned, but stolen again the next night, as the caravan was moving off. This time the warriors chased the caravan, rescued the girls and killed the Swahili leader, the guards and most of the porters; only seven hundred and four people escaping to tell the tale of Masai rage and vengeance.

All these, and many other dangers, were faced over and over again by the caravan leaders and soldiers and porters; in order to bring slaves and ivory to the markets. Among the personnel of each caravan there was great loyalty. Sometimes small parties went off separately on short journeys, and the others would wait for them for weeks, risking death by starvation or from the Masai, rather than abandon their comrades.

At one time plenty of slaves could be found near the coast, many of whom were taken to the markets of Brazil, Cuba and the West Indies, besides those of Mombasa, Kilwa, Zanzibar, Mauritius and other neighbouring countries.

These people, used to a hot, damp climate, were far more suitable as labourers in Equatorial countries than the Highland natives.¹ But as time passed and the demand outran the supply, the slavers had to go farther and farther inland for their goods,

¹ The writer once met some slave survivors in a tiny village in Zanzibar. They were short and strongly built, very black and very old. Their last years were spent in ideal surroundings, in cool, clean huts in a flowery forest clearing; they tended and swept their little church and the graves of their friends, and were cared for by the Government, their priest, and by various kind-hearted local ladies,

Princes of Zinj

until at last they reached the shores of the Great Lake. There they found strong, well-built natives of a negroid type, used to hot country.

Some adults were sold to the traders by tribes who had captured them—and children, especially in times of famine, by their parents and relations.

When enough slaves were caught or bought, the trek to the coast began, accompanied by many tragedies. It was not that the slavers were deliberately brutal, so much as that they were totally lacking in imagination and foresight. The present problems were what mattered. They had the slaves and now they must get them to the coast; taking necessary precautions on the way to prevent them from escaping or rising against their captors, killing those who collapsed on the trail.

The men were chained together in long lines, each one wearing on his neck a yoke made from heavy, forked timber as thick as a man's leg, which stayed in place during the whole of the journey. The women and children walked beside the men.

It was a rough journey for all concerned; no-one was deliberately starved, the slavers ate the same food, such as it was, as the slaves; but the losses were very heavy, and Livingstone calculated that only one-fifth of the slaves in a caravan reached the coast alive.

Burton, however, one of the least sentimental of men and one of the greatest realists who ever visited Africa, wrote:

'The mortality of the captives on the march throughout Africa, as far as my knowledge extends, is immensely overrated, except in cases of cholera or small-pox, at 1 : 5 or even 1 : 10. The fact is that the mortality on the Kilwa-Nyassa line is excessive, because the negroes fight, and the "chattels" run away. Where I am personally acquainted with it, the loss of slaves on the down-march does not exceed that of freemen.'

If Livingstone was exaggerating the dramas and horrors, perhaps Burton was understating them. No one knows the real truth, for native testimony was certainly unreliable, and so was the Arabs' account of their journeys.

At the coast, the survivors were handed to the dhow-skippers. Those destined for Zanzibar, or Lamu, or Pemba were lucky:

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

'Those are fortunate who fall into the hands of the Arabs,' wrote Burton, 'who are justly famed for their mild treatment of their slaves. They are allowed a small habitation on their master's estate; and not being overworked, and the fertile soil furnishing with little trouble, the means for their subsistence, they seem to enjoy a considerable portion of contentment and happiness—a strong proof of which is, that they propagate freely.'

Those unlucky ones who were sent to Muscat, Persia or India, were tightly packed into the holds of the dhows in rows, with shelves a few inches above them, on which lay another line of people. Two adults were stretched side by side, with a child between each pair. Sometimes they remained on the open decks, with no shelter from the sun and rain, unable to move about; nearly always sea-sick, deliberately kept short of food and water, so that they should not have the strength to rebel. If plague or smallpox broke out, or the dhows were being chased by British cruisers, the slaves were often thrown overboard. Sometimes a hunted dhow would manage to slip into one of the thousands of creeks which intersect the coast, and hide among the mangroves. But if the master thought he could not emerge without being seen by the cruiser, he would put the captives ashore and leave them there, to be enslaved by local Arabs or natives, or killed by wild animals.

The determined and devoted efforts of the British Navy to liberate the slaves only, in the beginning, increased their sufferings. The sailors knew this, but they could not relax their efforts.

One of them wrote an account of the capture of a slave dhow, and what they found therein:

'The number of slaves it was impossible at the time to estimate; so crowded on deck, and in the hold below, was the dhow, that it seemed, but for the aspect of misery, a very nest of ants. The hold, from which an intolerable stench proceeded, was several inches deep in the foulest bilgewater and refuse. Down below, there were numbers of children and wretched beings in the most loathsome stages of smallpox and scrofula of every description. A more disgusting and degrading

Princes of Zinj

spectacle of humanity could hardly be seen, whilst the foulness of the dhow was such that the sailors could hardly endure it. When the slaves were transferred to the *Vulture* the poor wretched creatures were so dreadfully emaciated and weak, that many had to be carried on board, and lifted for every movement. How it was that so many survived such hardships was a source of wonder to all that belonged to the *Vulture*. On examination by the surgeon, it was found that there were no less than 35 cases of smallpox in various stages; and from the time of the first taking of the dhow to their landing at Butchers Island, Bombay, 15 died out of the whole number of 169, and since then there have been more deaths amongst them. But perhaps the most atrocious piece of cruelty of the Arabs was heard afterwards from the slaves themselves; viz., that at the first discovery of smallpox amongst them by the Arabs, all the infected slaves were at once thrown overboard, and this was continued day by day, until, they said, forty had perished in this manner. When they found the disease could not be checked, they simply left them to take their chance, and to die. Many of the children were of the tenderest years, scarcely more than three years old, and most of them bearing marks of the brutality of the Arabs in half-healed scars, and bruises inflicted from the lash and stick.'

On the other hand, it sometimes happened that dhows would arrive in Zanzibar, carrying only a few slaves, who were fat and cheerful, and sat on deck in the sun, chattering and giggling with all the enjoyment of the moment and lack of thought for the future, so characteristic of the negro.

When the caravan-slaves reached Zanzibar they were taken over by the merchants, and carefully sorted out.

The old (not many of these survived the journey), the sick and thin and the ugly ones were put aside and left in their rags. The strong young men, the children and the plump pretty girls were fattened up and massaged with oil, while the latter's faces were painted with henna and kohl; and their bodies hung with necklaces, ear-rings, nose-rings, bracelets and anklets, and draped in coloured cloths and transparent muslins.

When they had been made as attractive as possible they were led to the market-place, and guarded (an unnecessary precaution,

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

but one which heightened the merchants' prestige) by slaves With sticks and swords.

Now it was the turn of the auctioneers, who put up the poorer lots first, saving the better ones for the end. Many weedy specimens would either fail to find purchasers, or be bought by Impoverished persons who could not afford the price of really strong and handsome slaves. The young men and girls fetched anything from 45 to 135 dollars. They were, of course, carefully looked-over before being bought; their muscles, teeth and limbs, gait and deportment were all meticulously studied. Each girl was handled all over, made to walk and run; sit and stand. These points proving satisfactory, she, the buyer and the auctioneer then retired behind a curtain for the final examination.

This procedure naturally shocked some British observers beyond all measure. Captain Smee indignantly wrote:"... indeed, there is every reason to believe that the slave-dealers almost universally force the young females to submit to their lust previous to their being disposed of.' To anyone who knew the lethargic and indolent Arabs at Zanzibar at all well, however, such a procedure seemed highly unlikely—indeed, considering the number of slaves sold in a day, almost impossible. Sir Clement Hill, possibly more of a realist than Captain Smee, remarked:

'I cannot say that the subjects of this searching examination seemed to object to it, on the whole—they appeared perfectly callous . . . absence of thought, rather than presence of indifference, pervaded each countenance, and I could not help speculating whether it were more true that the thoughts which we ... would consider proper to such an occasion were really present in these creatures' minds ... or whether the thoughts were really absent.

If I am to judge by what I have seen of the negro in his natural state, I must give it that the thought is absent. If, after all this, the girl should prove unsuitable, she was returned to her place; and the whole business started all over again with another slave, until the customer was satisfied.

At last darkness fell, the unsold slaves went back to their quarters, while the others were led away to their new homes.

In most cases, from now on, their lives were more carefree

Princes of Zinj

than those of their owners. They were well fed, housed and clothed; they had no money of their own, so they asked their owners for every little thing they wanted. The men were given small gardens, and had two complete days' leisure every week in which to tend them, or, if they so preferred, to lie in the sun unmoving—unthinking—stirring only now and then to eat or drink.

Arab gentlemen were generous and just, their ladies gentle and kind; in that soft, lazy climate no one worked very hard or was unduly energetic; the overseers in the plantations and gardens, the eunuchs and heads of slaves in the houses, moved nearly as slowly and lethargically as the negroes themselves. Parents and their children were practically never sold apart from each other, and no respectable Arab would dream of selling a slave who had served him well for ten or fifteen years—though some Englishmen had been known to do so.

Many of the coast natives preferred a life of ease in Zanzibar, as slaves in an Arab household, to the difficult and dangerous conditions of existence under their own savage and often viciously cruel rulers. Even native women in the island, married perhaps to unkind husbands, had been known to force their way into the house of a well-to-do European or Arab, thereby automatically becoming his slave, protected and cared for.

A feudal affection existed between the slaves and their owners, each depended on the other, and the house was home to them all. Just as the Koran commanded, good slaves were freed after some years; many of them became paid major-domos in their masters' households; or gardeners; or farmers; while the braver and more adventurous ones became in their turn leaders of slave caravans or masters of slave-ships.

Joseph Thompson, the great traveller who was the first white man to reach the Eastern shores of the lake later known as Victoria Nyanza, wrote of the people of Zanzibar:

'All classes of society show a cheerfulness and happiness, which would appear uncommon everywhere, but this is an ideal land, where four shillings and sixpence suffice all day to live in plenty. Half-starved or ill-treated slaves are nowhere to be seen, for as soon as any cases of barbarous treatment come to the knowledge of the sultan the sufferers are at once

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

set free, and protected against the cruelty of their masters. It would seem indeed, as if this class here is a particularly comfortable position, and enjoys ten times more liberty than thousands of our clerks and shop-girls!'

Indeed, it was not easy for an Arab householder to punish a lazy or disobedient slave. P. Reichard observed:

'The position of a slave, once settled down, is by no means worse, at least as good, and frequently much better than in his own country . . . slaves are considered as members of the family, and enjoy their own free will. They are not punished even when they show their masters open defiance—as for instance, going down to the sea-shore and hiring themselves out as porters.'

And Seyyidah Salme, 'the Arabian Princess', wrote from her own personal knowledge of the race:

'the negro, above all, is fond of his ease—works only when he is compelled to, and then requires the strictest control even for the little work he is required to do in our parts. Neither are they an easy family to rear and keep, for there are a great many thieves, drunkards, deserters and incendiaries among them. What is to be done with these? To overlook their sins would be to encourage them in their practice. Imprisonment they do not resent, but on the contrary, court it, and revel in their cool retreat, eating, drinking, and dreaming their time away.'

This peaceful state of affairs was being slowly and surely broken up by the British. The public outcry raised by the harsh conditions under which some slaves had been kept in the West Indies and America, fanned by the ceaseless propaganda of the Anti-Slavery Society, and the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, was having its effect on slaves all over the world. The English, from having been among the greatest of the slave-trading nations, had now become the champions of the 'underdog'.

Although they well understood the immediate increase in suffering, personal and financial, which the abolition of the

Princes of Zinj

slave trade was bound to bring to both owners and owned, they had the courage of their convictions, and steadfastly pursued their ideal, alienating many of their friends, and losing hundreds of sailors' lives and untold money in the process.

Many treaties were proposed to Seyyid Saïd, to all of which he was forced to agree, for the English were his best friends and strongest allies, and he could not afford, and did not want, to lose their confidence. He often felt that the British Government was being hard and unsympathetic towards the Arabs; not caring in the least that the abolition of slavery meant the ruin of the individual owners, and the wrecking of Zanzibar's economy.

Many of the English in the island thought so too; but they were driven by the juggernaut of Public Opinion at Home. The Englishmen on the spot were made painfully aware that their first-hand knowledge counted as nothing against the mass of information gathered by investigators and commissions in England—a situation not unknown in our own times.

In 1822 Captain Moresby, of H.M.S. *Fairfax*, had entered into a treaty with Saïd, whereby the sale of slaves to Christians anywhere in the Seyyid's domains was forbidden; and all slaves owned by Christians were to be set free at a certain future date.

This meant a heavy financial loss to the Seyyid, who was paid duty on all slaves sold; and it also involved him in considerable personal danger, for both the Christians and the slave-traders were dismayed and angry.

In return for this great sacrifice on Saïd's part (the first of several) it was agreed that any of his ships putting into a British port should be treated in every way as though she were a British ship, which seemed, anyway to the English living in Zanzibar at the time, but small compensation for the risks the Sultan faced, in order to please his British friends.

Although they had had several years' notice before the latter part of the Moresby Treaty was enforced, the Christian slave owners had taken no steps to make suitable arrangements against the day when they lost their slaves. When the moment came, they saw that the removal of their labour meant total ruin; and there were pathetic scenes as the desperate Indian, Arab and Swahili Christians approached the ladies of Saïd's household, imploring them to intercede on their behalf. Of course, the poor ladies could do nothing. So on a certain day, every slave owned

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

by a Christian became free. Their former owners could only watch the crops rot on the ground, while thousands of slaves suddenly found themselves ownerless and homeless. They were incapable of looking after themselves. When the first delirious spell of joy at having no more work to do had subsided, they suddenly discovered that their supply of food, clothes, firewood and shelter had vanished, and they had no idea what to do next.

Many ex-slaves returned to work for their former owners, but thousands of others became vagabonds living on their wits, thieving and murdering, roaming in wild and dangerous bands all over the lovely island, a menace to everyone, and in far greater misery themselves than they had ever been before.

The Arabs were bewildered. They were not an energetic or adaptable people. No one had taught them how to arrange their financial affairs so that the harvest should pay for the labour. All they could do was to pledge their land, and then their homes, to the usurers, and live on borrowed money. When this was gone, they pawned, or sold, their ivory-inlaid furniture, their silver-covered chests and their wives' jewels; and then at last they had to part with their precious family daggers and swords.

These difficulties were, for the time being, confined to the Christian slave-owners, but, as time went on, more demands were made by the British which Saïd was obliged to accept, although with the greatest reluctance. It was clear to him that the British., if refused, would enforce that which they now requested; but this hard fact was not so obvious to his subjects, nor even to his ministers; and every treaty suggested by the English to Saïd meant for him more worry, more financial loss, and more misunderstandings with his people. But, once his word was given, he loyally fulfilled his part. While the ships of the Royal Navy ranged up and down the coast, chasing, stopping and searching dhows, freeing the cargoes of slaves found in the holds, seizing the crews, and bringing them back to Zanzibar for punishment, Saïd never once failed his allies.

Several European nations were also engaged in the slave trade. The Portuguese had a profitable market in Brazil; the French used to raid the coasts of Mauritius and carry away whole villages of people; the Spanish needed labour for plantations in Cuba. Even after the treaty of 1822, foreign ships still continued to smuggle slaves, and sometimes they would fight the

Princes of Zinj

pursuing British. But the Navy went doggedly on with the job, and very slowly the seas round the coasts of Africa began to be cleared of the blackbirders.

By 1842 the British Government were ready to force the next treaty upon the harassed Saïd. They called it 'Assisting His Highness with his enlightened views'.

This time they asked him to completely prohibit and abolish the traffic in slaves within his domains. Saïd was horrified at such a demand, which caused him the greatest distress.

'All is over now!' he cried to Captain Hamerton, who had brought the British Government's proposals. 'This letter and the orders of Azrail, the Angel of Death, are to the Arabs one and the same thing; nothing but to submit. This letter is enough for me. I will now place myself and all I possess under the English!'

Saïdknew well that, much as his people loved him, there would be revolution, bloodshed and death before they would submit to the harsh and drastic terms which the British were now trying to impose upon them.

The English traders, missionaries and consular officials on the spot realized the hardships such sweeping changes would cause, and the disturbances that would follow.

But their opinions were said to be prejudiced and narrow, only those of Government officials in England, living several thousand miles away from Zanzibar, could be correct.

It appears that Captain Hamerton was sometimes lacking in tact and deference when dealing with the Seyyid.

Hamerton said himself, in one of his reports, that he 'assumed a high tone' with Saïd, who had been 'insolent'; while Saïd, for his part, wrote to Lord Aberdeen that he 'wished British functionaries in his dominions to be good-tempered men and to treat him properly'.

After these exchanges the two men became devoted friends and remained so for the rest of their lives.

It was said that Saïdlost in revenue 100,000 crowns a year, as a result of the Moresby treaty. The British Government talked of giving him some slight financial aid. But on second thoughts they decided to modify their demands about the slave-trade instead—not out of any consideration for the Arabs, but because it was pointed out to them that to force total prohibition of the transport and ownership of slaves on Saïd, whom they knew they

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

could trust, would only throw the traffic into the hands of the Turks of the Ottoman Port, the Arabs of the Red Sea, and the Persians of the Gulf.

While the British Government was slowly weighing the pros and cons of the case Saïd, in his alarm, sent his best envoy to England, to plead his cause. Ali-bin-Nassir was nothing if not a shrewd business man. During his Governorship of Mombasa he helped the starving Wanyika with grain from the public depots, taking in return their wives and children as guarantees of repayment. In due course, he sold them all, making a handsome sum for himself.

On his arrival in England he was lionized and feted everywhere; described as 'that enlightened Arab statesman, His Excellency Ali-bin-Nassir, Envoy Extraordinary of H.M. the Imam of Muscat, to the Court of H.B. Majesty'. He brought Queen Victoria two pearl necklaces, two emeralds, an ornament in the shape of a crown, ten cashmere shawls, a box containing four bottles of attar of roses, and four beautiful Arab horses. He was presented with 'costly specimens of geology, and gold chronometers, entertained at the public expense and sent from Aden to Zanzibar in the Hon. East India Company's brig of war, *Tigris*'. Though none can deny that his career was financially and socially a sparkling success, his end was dreadful. He was eventually taken prisoner by one of Saïd's bitterest enemies, and after having been forced to watch his sons die in torments, he was himself terribly mutilated and finally tortured to death. But these horrors were far in the future, and while he was England's guest of honour, he must have been a proud and happy man.

Queen Victoria responded to Saïd's presents by sending to Zanzibar a very fine State coach; but this handsome gift caused the Seyyid, flattered though he was, a certain amount of embarrassment.

The first problem that arose was how to put the coach together, for it had arrived dismantled, with its various parts packed in different cases. No local Arab could reassemble the coach, but at last a Parsee craftsman was found. Before he set to work, however, he was attacked by the jealous Arabs, who were instantly arrested and punished—one so severely that he died.

Eight months later the unopened cases were still lying in the

Princes of Zinj

Customs' House—a year later, a brake was built in which to train the horses destined to draw the coach. Later still, it dawned on the Seyyid and his councillors that a coach would only move along roads, and there were no roads in Zanzibar. It is believed that the coach was finally sent as a present to the Nizam of Hyderabad, in return for some kindness he had shown to Zanzibari subjects living in his country.

Saïdalso received from Queen Victoria, a very beautiful tea-set in silver-gilt. His joy was unbounded, he had the set unpacked in front of the British Consul, held each piece in his hands, examined it carefully and admired it; using the most flowery expressions of the ornate Arabic tongue to express his pride and delight at so much beauty, and at the honour the Queen had paid him. The British Consul was gratified to think that here, at last, was a gift which Saïd would use, enjoy and show off. But he was wrong. Every piece was replaced in its case, and the whole crate, at dead of night, was returned to the British Consulate 'for safe keeping'.

Such richness and ostentation did not suit Seyyid Saïd. At that very moment Oman was again threatened by an invasion of the Wahabi, to whom Saïd had been paying tribute for years, in order to bribe them to leave his territory alone.

Naturally he was always crying poverty before them, and he did not want the news spread that he took his meals from 'golden' dishes. Nobody ever discovered what eventually became of Queen Victoria's silver-gilt tea-set.

Perhaps the eloquence of Ali-bin-Nasser during his visit to England had some effect on the English Ministers, for besides the coach and the tea-set; Saïd received a letter from Lord Aberdeen, expressing the desire of the British Government that slaves should not be exported from Africa to Arabia, Persia or the Red Sea coasts.

Saïd's relief at this moderate request was immense, and he replied that he would do all he could to please the Queen, even though his subjects might hate him for it. He also asked the English to help him recover his lost island of Bahrain, but this they refused to do. They did, however, agree to 'help him' meet the increased deficiency of revenue which he was going to suffer as a result of this further curtailment of the slave trade.

The four articles of the agreement were as follows:

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

I. His Highness the Sultan of Muscat hereby engages to prohibit under the severest penalties, the export of slaves from his African dominions, and to issue orders to his officers to prevent and suppress such trade.

II. His Highness the Sultan of Muscat further engages to prohibit under the severest penalties, the importation of slaves from any part of Africa into his possessions in Asia, and to use his utmost influence with all the chiefs of Arabia, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, in like manner to prevent the introduction of slaves from Africa into their respective territories.

III. His Highness the Sultan of Muscat grants to the ships of Her Majesty's Navy, as well as those of the East India Company, permission to seize and confiscate any vessels the property of His Highness or of his subjects carrying on the Slave Trade, excepting such only as are engaged in the transport of slaves from one part to another of his own dominions in Africa, between the port of Lamu to the north point of Kismayu Island, in 1°57' south latitude, and the port of Kilwa to the South, and its dependencies, the southern limit of which is the Songo Mnara or Pagoda Point, in a°2' south latitude, including the islands of Zanzibar, Pemba and Mafia.

IV. This agreement to commence and have effect from the 1st day of January, 1847, of the year of Christ, and the 15th day of the month of Muharram, 1263, of the Hijra.

The Treaty was signed by Seyyid Saïd and Captain Hamerton 01) October 2nd, 1845.

Besides these four articles three additional ones were signed, giving Saïda small loop-hole whereby he could continue the supply of a certain commodity upon which he set great store. It was agreed that ships belonging to him or his subjects were not to be searched between the two ports of Lamu and Kilwa, nor if they were *southward* bound for Saïd's dominions. The reason for this concession, of which Saïd made no secret, but which was not blazoned abroad to the British public, was so that the supply of girls and eunuchs from Mocha and the southern ports of the Red Sea should continue uninterrupted.

Although Queen Victoria's Government might not approve,

Princes of Zinj

they could hardly refuse this one small request from the harassed Saïd; since girls for the harem and eunuchs to look after them were looked upon as necessities by the richer Arabs of the coast towns (though their presence in the households was often more for *heshima*, or honour, than for use), and to deny them one of the few things left which seemed to them to make life worth living would have been too hard, as any Englishman who knew the coast readily agreed.

In 1848 and 1849 the Persian Government and several Arab chieftains of the Red Sea, following the lead of the great Seyyid, undertook to prohibit the importation of slaves into their realms by sea. All these agreements were backed up by the power of the British Navy, who sent a squadron to patrol the seas from Mombasa southward, while the Indian Navy sent ships to patrol the coast from Mombasa to the north. The British ships made hundreds of captures, but the officers of the East India Company were so persecuted in the Bombay Courts of Justice, and so many of them lost their commissions during the legal proceedings forced upon them when they returned ashore, that they soon learnt to turn blind eyes in the direction of any suspicious-looking vessel which they might have the misfortune to sight.

The English energetically continued hunting slave-dhows, also the ships of European and American blackbirders, which frequently ran the gauntlet of the naval patrols in order to supply the lucrative markets of the West. But though British officials and Naval officers were doing everything in their power to carry out their orders, very little thought was taken by authority in England for the difficulties which lay in their path.

Moslems in Zanzibar were allowed, so far, to keep their slaves, and trading vessels came and went continuously, on their lawful business, between Muscat and Zanzibar. These vessels, naturally, carried smuggled slaves destined for Oman and Persia. When the dhow-masters saw an English ship approaching they would put the slaves to work among the sailors, and it was impossible for the Englishmen to know which was which. The slaves, naturally, never revealed themselves to the white men who would, said the Arabs, eat them if they caught them. The girls and women found on board might just as well be wives of the officers, as merchandize for the harems of Arabia. One of Her Majesty's long-suffering Consuls tried to point out these difficulties to

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

Lord Palmerstone, but was swept aside with the sort of speech suitable to the dignity of Victorian statesmen:

'You will take every opportunity,' announced his Lordship, 'of impressing upon these Arabs that the nations of Europe are destined to put an end to the African Slave Trade, and that Great Britain is the main instrument in the hand of Providence for the accomplishment of this purpose; that it is vain for these Arabs to endeavour to resist the consummation of that which is written in the book of fate; that they ought to bow to superior power, to leave off a pursuit which is doomed to annihilation, and a perseverance which will only involve them in pecuniary losses and various other evils; and that they should hasten to betake themselves to the cultivation of the soil and to lawful and innocent commerce.'

No wonder poor Saïdcried in despair to his friend Hamerton, 'You have put upon me a heavier burden than I can bear!'

For the sailors it was a dangerous, tedious, tiring and frustrating job. Captain Philip Colomb, of H.M.S. *Dryad*, later wrote his memoirs.

'Incessant boarding of dhows,' he said, 'constant and prolonged examinations generally resulting in acquittal. Perpetual rushing to sea at all hours of day and night. An eternal weighing and anchoring. Changing a dry boat's crew for a wet and exhausted one; substituting a fresh boat for one damaged under a rolling dhow. Noting a wind every day increasing, and a coal supply every day decreasing. Such employments, varied perhaps with a parting cable, made the time seem long; and hardly one engaged in the service would believe, when it was over, that we had only spent fifteen days in the ant-lion's nest.'

While the sailors were living thus strenuously, the gentlemen at the Admiralty sought ways and means to put the anti-Slave Trade operations on a really formal footing.

No less than twenty-one clauses were laid down containing directions for the proper procedure to be observed for the first visit to a suspicious vessel, and in twelve more the sailors were instructed in the etiquette of searching and detention. It was also

Princes of Zinj

decreed that all ship's papers were to be removed from slave-carrying dhows before they could be destroyed, and must thereafter be carefully retained. Their lordships seemed quite unaware of the fact that practically no dhows of any sort, and certainly not the guilty ones, ever possessed or had even heard of, 'ship's papers'.

'The most ordinary trader flies no flag, carries no papers, belongs to nowhere, and claims nobody's protection,' wrote Colomb.

The cost in sailors' lives was heavy. At the end of a cruise, out of three hundred and twenty men in one ship and her tender, one hundred and thirteen were sick, and many of them died. Nobody knew, in those days, that malaria was carried by the anopheles mosquito, and quinine was not yet in universal use as a cure; or that bubonic plague was carried by a flea, which lived on a black rat, and could be cured by injections of Haffkine's prophylactic serum, or that bathing in African rivers could cause bilharzia, for which the cure has only recently been discovered. There were endless tragedies among the sailors, the Arabs and the freed slaves, who all suffered in their different ways during the years that it took to abolish the slave trade.

Many strange gifts and curious situations came the way of the sailors. Seyyid once presented H.M.S. *Castor* with a horse, which, by the time the ship reached the Cape, 'could do everything but smoke a pipe!' At the end of a nine months' cruise, the 'young gentlemen' in the midshipmen's mess were reduced to eating, drinking, and even, in one case, washing, out of coconut shells.

A strange ending to a chase was recorded by Captain—then Midshipman—Sullivan of the *Castor*, in his book *Dhow-chasing*.

The sailors often hunted the dhows in pinnaces and cutters which, in those days of sail, were more maneuverable than the warships themselves. One day, from the top of a ruin on an island, the crew of *Castor's* pinnace saw, through the heat haze, what appeared to be a large vessel steering north. They were looking for an armed American slaver, which they had been told was somewhere in the vicinity, awaiting a chance to escape with her cargo. The delighted sailors took to their pinnace, pursuing their quarry with sails lightly filled and oars strongly pulled, now losing—now gaining—while an officer watched the ship through a glass.

Early Attacks on the Slave Trade

"She's a barque," said one, "she's just set her royals and hauled up more."

"If it's the Yankee, she'll fight for it."

"Mount the gun," ordered the officer.

The coxswain took a look through his glass.

"It's the Yankee; I'd swear to it by her sails."

"She's bore up to run for it."

The gun was loaded, and aimed with extreme elevation. Then a breeze sprang up, and blew the haze away.

The goddess was turned into a laurel that she might be saved from Apollo! It was a tree!

6

Saïd Leaves his Home

IN 1844 there came to Zanzibar a devoted and remarkable man; a German missionary named Ludwig Krapf. From his school days he had always longed to travel, and when, failing to become a sea captain, he made up his mind to be a missionary, he found the opportunity to satisfy both his conscience and his wanderlust. After several exciting and interesting years in Abyssinia, where he wasted much time trying to superimpose his own brand of Christianity upon the Coptic Ethiopians' more ancient creed, he and his young wife decided to sail south. They left Aden in a small dhow in November 1843, but were nearly wrecked and finally driven back by strong winds. Undaunted, they started again, hoping to reach Zanzibar. On the way they stopped at every little harbour and village; where Krapf listened enraptured to stories of the great wild country he longed to penetrate, in his search for the Moslem tribe called Galla. Africans are good talkers, and they enjoyed relating to this credulous white man those things which they quickly discovered he wanted to hear. They told him of a white mountain called Kegnia whence a river flowed for many weeks' journey until it reached the sea. They enlarged on the dangers of travel in the interior, and advised him as to which sort of native to take with him for protection. Everything they said added to Krapf's zeal. When they reached Mombasa the Krapfs were hospitably entertained by the Arab Governor for a few days, and on January 7th they arrived in Zanzibar, where Seyyid Saïd received them with his usual princely courtesy. After due reflection the two Germans decided that Mombasa was the best place for their base, so they returned there, and settled down to learn some native languages. Soon Krapf began to understand how dangerous was the climate of this little-known coast. He and his wife had already left one baby daughter buried under a wayside tree in the south of Abyssinia. In July Mrs. Krapf was nearing her time once more,

Saïd Leaves his home

but on the first day of the month Krapf got an attack of malaria, which was merely diagnosed as 'fever'. On the 5th his wife, also, fell ill, and next day another baby girl was born. Mrs. Krapf was terribly weakened by all she had gone through; the hard treks in Abyssinia, the rough trip south from Aden in a small Arab dhow with no sanitation or comforts of any sort, the journeys to and fro between Zanzibar and Mombasa had all taken their toll of her strength; and perhaps she decided that this world was altogether too exhausting a place for her. Four days after the baby was born, and despite all that the Arab doctors and midwives could do, she died uncomplainingly, not even able to say good-bye to her husband, who lay prostrate in another room, barely conscious, and unaware of what had happened to his wife.

She was buried next day. Krapf staggered along behind her coffin to the grave; while the Arabs and Swahili, grieving for him, showed their sympathy by following him in a sad and silent procession. The women did their best to care for the baby, but it, too, contracted malaria, and on the 15th was buried beside its mother.

Krapf, ill as he was, and crushed by this double bereavement, realized", when he could think again, that the best antidote to overwhelming sorrow is hard work. As soon as he had recovered his strength, he flung himself into preparations for a trip to the interior.

In August 1844 he started on his first journey inland. The polite people of Mombasa gave him all the help they could, and were glad to see him go.

The Mombasa Christians, converts of the Portuguese, had long since disappeared. All the Arabs north of Zanzibar were now Moslems, devout and ardent in their faith. To argue with a stranger seemed to them rude and inhospitable, but at the same time, they, too, knew a good deal about Christianity, had no desire to apostatize, and considered their own religion, with its rigid rules, concerning personal cleanliness and behaviour, courtesy in the home, kindness to slaves, and protection to strangers, superior in every way to Krapf's creed. He, for his part, realized that to try and convert the Moslems was a hopeless task; his heart yearned towards the savages of the interior, and his craving for adventure beckoned him forward over the rolling hills which stood gold in the morning, purple in the evening sun before him on the western horizon.

Princes of Zinj

Krapf's first journey did not take him very far, but he contacted the Wanyika and Wakamba people. They made him welcome everywhere he went. He was something entirely new, very exciting, lavish with presents, of an extraordinary personal appearance, and possessing the most fascinating things, one of which was a stick which opened up into something like a huge mushroom when so desired, under which a man could shelter from the sun and rain. He could also swallow boiling water (actually a glass of salts) while it was still frothing and fizzing, and could take his teeth out in a block, and put them in again.

Besides all this, his arrival at a village nearly always caused the rain to fall. Krapf was, like the others before and after him, enchanted with the adulation of the Africans, though as he got to know them better he was very shocked at their way of life.

They did hardly any work. Their babies rolled about naked in the sun; and their women wore nothing but necklaces and bracelets, and some small flaps which reached from their waists to well above the knee. The younger ones of both sexes spent their time dancing, singing and getting drunk on fermented coconut juice. The German missionary strongly disapproved, and determined to reform these wastrels.

He went back to the coast, collected more stores and porters, and returned to the Wakamba country. He made friends with their chief, Kivoi, and with various elders of the tribe, and after a time he was joined by another German missionary, named Rebmann.

They decided to erect their first mission station at a place called Rabai Mpya, and asked the natives if they might build some huts there.

'The birds have nests,' was the answer, 'shall not the white men have houses?'

As time went on Krapf and Rebmann went further and further inland. They were told of two great white mountains, one called Kilimanjaro, which Rebmann wrongly translated as Mountain of Greatness (the name means Mountain of Cold Devils), and one which the Wakamba told Krapf was named Kimaya Kegnia; Mount of Whiteness.

On December 3rd, 1849, Krapf beheld Kenya for himself. He was the first white man ever to see this majestic mountain, whose snowy summit soars into the sky high above its forested slopes,

Saïd Leaves his Home

glittering in the morning sun and wreathed in a soft veil of cloud each day at noon.

I could see Kegnia most distinctly, and observed two large horns or pillars, as it were, rising over an enormous mountain to the northwest of the Kilimanjaro, covered with a white substance.'

Krapf's and Rebmann's adventures were many and varied, and perhaps it would not be inaccurate to say that they achieved greater success as explorers than as missionaries.

Escorted by their African friends, they travelled far and wide, always in peril from disease, wild animals and treacherous natives

Krapf's favourite weapon was his umbrella, which, suddenly opened, more than once frightened hostile natives away. He was less adept with a gun, and his reluctance to take upon himself the responsibility of shedding human blood caused the death of his brave and devoted friend, Kivoi. The party was attacked by Kikuyu, who, in their traditional way, pretended friendship and then ambushed them; and, while the missionary spared his confidence by firing into the air, Kivoi was killed. During this engagement, Krapf, in the act of fleeing, heard 'a heavy fall on the ground', he thought it might be Kivoi, but did not stop to see. He made a nightmare journey back to his station, eating, among other things, elephants' dung, and gun-powder mixed with the 'shoots of a tree'. Soon he felt a 'severe pain in my stomach'. He was, not very surprisingly, received with fury and scorn in Kivoi's village, where news of the Kikuyus' treachery and its tragic consequences had preceded him. The people, however, did not kill him, but let him return to his mission. For many years Krapf and Rebmann lived and worked in Africa, happy in the wild and beautiful country, among their few converts. But people in Europe did not believe in their geographical discoveries, and the Press made bitter and slanderous attacks on the two ageing men, being specially skeptical of the presence of snow mountains near the equator. Some years later, however, an English missionary, Charles New, climbed to the snow-line of Kilimanjaro and proved the truth of Krapf's and Rebmann's statements.

Diplomats, business men, missionaries, sailors and soldiers, as they came within the august presence of Seyyid Saïd, all fell under his influence.

Princes of Zinj

The ruler of Zanzibar saw that his fame was spreading; he knew the peace and prosperity of the coast were due to his own firmness and wisdom; and that his people loved him. He should have been happy. But as he grew older his difficulties increased, and these, combined with the demands made upon his strength by his huge harem, impaired his health. The British continued to exert steady pressure with regard to the suppression of the slave trade, and in 1847 another treaty was practically forced upon Saïd, which forbade any trafficking in slaves north of the port of Brawa. .

Each time the British approached the Seyyid with new suggestions, his subjects' rage and fear was aroused. Any ruler of smaller stature and less courage must surely have lost his throne, if not his life. Only Saïd, with his personality, bravery and greatness of heart and character, could persuade his people to accept these dreadful new laws which wrecked their economy, ruined their lives, and caused great distress to owners and slaves alike. Saïd was helpless to resist the English Government's more and more importunate demands.

The Western world was fast encroaching on the primitive life of Zanzibar, and the dreaming Azanian coast. Trade treaties with America, France, Germany and England, brought more responsibilities, movement and ideas in their wake; and Saïd realized—what was perhaps not understood by any but the very wisest of his ministers—that his kingdom was becoming desirable in the eyes of the Europeans, and could only be protected from one powerful white nation by the friendship of another. He had always liked and trusted the English. He believed them to be more honourable than the other Europeans he had met. He hated their unreasonable attitude about the slave trade, but he thought they were his best friends, immensely powerful, utterly sincere. So he agreed to their requests and urged his reluctant people to accept these difficult measures.

By 1850 the slave-owners and traders of Arabia were seriously disturbed at the shortage of slaves. They began a new campaign to sabotage the efforts of the British. Agitators arrived in Zanzibar, whispering into the willing ears of the Arabs that the infidels were trying to ruin them, that they would lose not only their labour but their lives, that the suppression of the slave trade was contrary to the holy Koran, and an impious breach of religious

Said Leaves his Home

conduct. One of these agitators, a Turk, and bolder than the rest, dared to approach Seyyid Saïd. He had stirred up intense feeling in the town—where he was regarded as a holy man—by telling the people that he had been sent by the Sherif of Mecca himself to rebuke the Seyyid for the injury he was inflicting on the Moslem world by helping the British in their infamous and tyrannous campaign. Seyyid Saïddeigned to receive him, and displayed once more his loyalty and sense of honour. He told him briefly that as long as he lived he would do all in his power to help the British, to whom he had given his word.

He was backed by Palmerton's haughty pronouncements, and the then great power of England's prestige and armed forces. Gradually, even the Arabs of Zanzibar began to realize that the British meant what they said, that they would enforce their will, and that the destruction of the slave trade was indeed 'written in the book of fate'. The English were making themselves detested because of their ideals; and it might be true to say that at this time their only friends among the people of Azania were Saïd's envoy Ali-bin-Nasser who, after six months in England, had begun to see through the sometimes unprepossessing British exterior to the worthiness of character beneath; and Seyyid Saïdhimself.

During the ceaseless tug-of-war between the British Government and the Navy on one side, and the Arabs and slavers on the other, with poor Saïdtaking the part of the straining rope between the two parties, the slave trade continued in a curious, semi-defiant, semi-clandestine manner.

The only thing which really shamed the traders was being caught out, and on this aspect the English sailors had many amusing incidents to report in their letters home.

At Pomba Bay, in Mozambique, a dealer sat one day watching the sea for the dhow he was expecting. She was overdue. She carried a full cargo of slaves and everything was ready for their reception—the caves to hide them in, the chains to hang on their wrists and ankles, the guards to escort them, and the list of purchasers who were eagerly awaiting their new labour supply.

At last the vessel came in sight, and the delighted trader put out at once in his small boat to meet her. He climbed on board; only to find himself face to face with an English naval lieutenant. The native crew looked sheepish and frightened, the Arab officers

Princes of Zinj

would not meet his eyes. The young Englishman was delighted with the surprise he had produced for his guest, and the consternation and bewilderment displayed on the dealer's face heightened his joy. Mindful of his manners, and realizing that nothing would so lower the prestige of England and the Navy in Arab eyes, as to fail in one iota of etiquette at this awkward moment, he invited the Arab to sit with him and the ship's officers under the awning on the poop, and drink coffee. When countenances were a little restored, he gently chaffed the trader over the huge profits he was making, and the exorbitant prices he charged for his slaves.

'In Zanzibar and Mombasa,' said the Englishman, 'I could buy slaves for half of what you charge.' The trader admitted the truth of this, but he added that 'a good many people have to get their dinner out of it; The Governor of Mozambique, he must have something; the Governor of Ibo must have something, and then the officer in command of the Portuguese cruiser must have something, too; so that when they have all had their dinner out of it, there is very little profit left after all.'

The lieutenant, no doubt, was full of sympathy.

One of the English ships was commanded by an officer named Bunce: a fiery little man, full of zeal and courage, who yet suffered from the one great disability in a sailor that, no more than a cat could he endure to get his feet wet. Once, when he and his men were chasing some Arabs up a creek from the village in which they had been hiding their slaves his boat grounded, and the men jumped overboard into the water in pursuit of the Arabs. Bunce, loudly encouraging the sailors, tried to climb on to the shoulders of his giant coxswain, in order to reach the shore dry-shod. But the impatient coxswain could not wait for his officer's laborious ascent. He seized him, instead, tucked him under his left arm, like a bundle, and, carrying his rifle in the other hand, plunged into the sea.

Bunce's head and shoulders stuck out in front, his legs stuck out behind with the knees bent, and his feet drawn up out of the water. Unperturbed at his strange position, without a thought for his personal dignity, he encouraged his men like the good commander he was.

'Come on! Come on, my lads! Skirmishers advance! Fall in on the beach!' he shouted, as he waved his sword under the

Saïd Leaves his Home

coxswain's nose, to the latter's great peril and inconvenience. Bunce and his mount reached the shore unharmed, but two sailors had fallen into the hands of the Arabs, who lashed them to trees preparatory to cutting their throats. A rescue was made in the very nick of time, and as the Arabs fled through the swamp, they saw flames arising from their village, and the tall tops of their coconut trees topple over as the severed trunks crashed to the ground.

Thus, by perpetually harrying the enemy, destroying his shelters and his food supply, burning his ships and rescuing his merchandise there was caused, as Commodore Wyvill said, 'great consternation along the coast'.

While the long struggle dragged on; while the members of the Anti-Slavery Society spoke and wrote with fervour; while Palmerton uttered platitudes and the Navy continued doggedly in the silent and strenuous fulfillment of its duties, the Arabs turned more and more towards Britain's most dangerous rival both in politics and trade, the shrewd, calculating people of France. 'La perfide Albion' was abused and calumniated, and the French played heavily upon the Arabs' feelings, for they, themselves, in common with the Germans and the Spaniards, the Portuguese and the Americans, had no real desire to see the slave trade cease.

And yet it was from a French sea captain, Captain Guillain, that there came what was perhaps the finest tribute paid, during that difficult time, to the British people's perseverance and moral courage.

Captain Guillain noted that the British had aroused in the Arabs 'a rancorous and implacable hatred'. And he added, with sincerity and generosity, that France should envy England the honour of having taken the lead in the suppression of the slave trade. He could see in this step no trace of that

'Machiavellian egoism of which that great nation is accused. . . . One must . . . acknowledge an incontestable merit, a manifest greatness, in a people which, government and governed alike, is passionately bent on redressing the social crime of slavery, and pours out its money, its ships, and its sailors; and involves itself, day after day, in quarrelling and bloodshed, in order to achieve its noble mission.'

Princes of Zinj

It seemed Saïd's destiny to continue to confer favours on the British. He had already politely but proudly refused the somewhat meager sum which had been offered him by England in part compensation for the heavy financial loss he suffered through the diminishing revenues from the slave trade. When England expressed a desire to acquire two small islands which were believed to lie within the Seyyid's domains, he instantly made her a present of them, refusing to accept payment for the guano with which they were covered.

Saïd's last years were troubled ones. As in the days of the Portuguese, the people of the little islands of Pate, Lamu and Manda were constantly in a state of turmoil, murdering their sheikhs, selecting new ones, soon afterwards murdering them, and quickly choosing others. Saïd tried to keep them under control and at peace, but the nagging little wars and risings were always breaking out. Now the islanders sided with their overlord, now they were against him, and when, as sometimes happened, his troops were defeated, this was still another blow to his ageing heart.

Not long before his last voyage, a rising took place in Pate, and Saïd sailed with his men and his commander, Ameer Hamed, to restore order.

When they had landed Saïd ordered Ameer Hamed to build a *zariba*, or shelter, of thorns, every hundred yards, before attacking the islanders. He himself sat 'on his shield', surrounded by his counsellors, and awaited news of the battle. But Ameer Hamed, ignoring his chief's instructions, advanced upon the rebel army, attacked it hotly, and drove it in disorder into the town of Siu, where the gates were shut, and the people prepared for defense. The triumphant Hamed seized the dhows in the harbour, turned them over, and from their shelter fired cannon-balls into the town, destroying many houses and killing many people. Believing themselves defeated, the islanders asked their sheikh whether they should abandon the island and sail to the mainland. But he, after consulting the spirit of his grandfather, ordered the people to stay within their walls. This they did, while two small parties of picked men went quietly out through a gate at the back of the town, and disappeared into the bush. Soon they came upon the invaders, who had split into two sections; and, taking them by surprise, killed Ameer Hamed, and nearly all his men.

Saïd Leaves his Home

A few escaped, fleeing to the mangrove swamps, where they hoped to hide until they could rejoin Saïd. But the soft mud caught and held them, helpless, until the women from the town came out in the evening to gather firewood, and, finding the trapped soldiers, killed them with their axes.

When the news was brought to Saïd, he said not a word, but returned to his ship, and sat apart, silent and grieving.

The fleet sailed to Manda, and cast anchor. The notables of Lamu came to visit the Seyyid, but he could not bring himself to speak to anyone, so deep was his grief and humiliation at the loss of his army, destroyed by a few wild islanders.

In 1854 Saïd sailed for Oman, for the Wahabi were again on the offensive.

Preparations for this journey took over two months. Since the Seyyid had presented the *Liverpool* to England, he had no steamship in his fleet, and the slow dhows had to be fully victualled for the long journey. One thousand people must be provided for, for at least ten weeks.

Salt beef was unknown to the Arabs; preserved food was *haram* or forbidden, since it was unclean by Moslem rules. Tens of thousands of biscuits were baked, and the ships also took on board large numbers of livestock, at least a dozen milk cows, and several hundredweight of fruit which, soon deteriorating, caused many cases of dysentery. Those princes who wished to accompany their father were allowed to do so, but very few princesses went, and only two favourite sarari. This caused but little grief among the ladies, for the Royal Family of Zanzibar was despised by the Royal Family of Oman. The ladies of Arabia did not hide the fact that they considered their half-brothers and sisters, born in the African island, as being slightly tainted by their contact with negroes, and the fact that they could speak such a vulgar language as Swahili, besides their native Arabic, debased them still further in their eyes.

When, therefore, Saïd embarked for Muscat, there was no great desire on the part of his family to go with him, much as they loved him, and would feel the separation.

When all was ready, the Seyyid and his ladies and sons and retinue embarked. His own ship was named the *Kitorie*, for 'Victoria'—in honour of his great ally in England.

The thousand or so people who were to travel with him

Princes of Zinj

squeezed themselves into two or three other dhows. Eastern travellers do not require much room, and such a thing as a cabin for each person was unheard of. All they needed was enough deck space on which to spread their sleeping-mats, and there they lay through the warm nights, under the starry sky of the Indian Ocean.

The courtiers and slaves embarked first. At five o'clock next morning, just before the sea began to catch the light of dawn, there came to the gang-plank a small procession of veiled, cloaked women, the Royal ladies and their slaves who were to accompany the Seyyid.

At noon, Said himself appeared, surrounded by his sons, and followed by a huge gathering of sheikhs and nobles, merchants and tradesmen, slaves and fishermen and sailors and peasants, who came crowding to the water's edge to bid farewell to their beloved ruler. The Princes Khaled and Majid and some of their young brothers boarded the ship with their father, and stayed with him until the anchors were weighed. Prince Barghash, a younger son, sailed with him.

When the *Kitorie* passed Mtoni, Said could see the rest of his family grouped on the shore, waving and weeping and praying for his safe and quick return.

Twenty-one guns boomed from the ship in farewell, as the heavy, stately vessels moved away northwards, their big sails bellying and the tips of their long masts leaning slightly forward, seeming to point the way. Sadly the women and children trooped back to their palace, and a great quiet settled upon the Royal Houses. Without Said, there seemed no joy in life; there was less noise, less laughter; and though the crowds of people in Mtoni and Bet-el-Sahel were as dense as ever, and outwardly things were as before, a certain gaiety was always missing.

Khaled, the eldest Zanzibar son, acted as his father's regent, while the beautiful Khole, his favourite daughter, had been 'appointed by Said to superintend the whole family and both the palaces. Khole did her best to keep everyone happy, but was handicapped by the jealousy of some of the others; while Khaled, though conscientious, was severe to a fault. Once his strictness nearly ended in a tragedy. A fire broke out at Bet-el-Sahel, and when the terrified women rushed wildly to the entrance, trying to escape from the flames, they found the gates chained and

Saïd Leaves his Home

guarded by soldiers, posted there by Khaled with orders to allow no one into the streets, for fear their Royal faces might be seen by the common people.

The fire was luckily extinguished before a holocaust occurred.

The weeks and months dragged on and ships returned from Muscat, bringing messages and presents from Saïd to his family. Then Khaled suddenly died, and his place as regent was taken by his gentle, delicate brother Majid, whom everyone loved for his kind and thoughtful ways. By the time Saïd had arrived at Muscat, the Wahabi onslaught had been repulsed, for Thuwaini, his eldest son and the Regent of Oman, had appealed to the British Navy for help.

Captain Kimball, Resident in the Persian Gulf, had sailed at once in the *Clive*, and his powers of persuasion, added to the grim appearance of his men and guns, resulted in a compromise.

The main Wahabi force was withdrawn, though a garrison remained at Buraimi; the arrears of 6,000 dollars owed by Oman to the Wahabis was paid, and the annual tribute increased.

The next threat to Muscat came from her old enemies the Persians. For many years the Seyyids of Oman had rented the valuable port of Bandar Abbas from the Persians, and Seyyid Sultan had, long ago, established there a British 'factory', and Resident. In 1854, suddenly and without warning, a Persian force appeared before the fortress, drove away the Arab Governor and his garrison, and destroyed the British factory. Saïd was not the man to submit quietly to such treatment; he gathered the Arabs of Oman together, and advanced to the attack. An army under Thuwaini approached Bandar Abbas by land, while Saïd himself tailed with his fleet to blockade it by sea. But the Persians were too strong. They defeated Thuwaini's army; their ships broke up the blockade, and set the Arab dhows alight.

Saïd, who had tried all his life to avoid asking the English for help unless he was desperate, was now forced to appeal to them.

The Persians were breaking their word under the terms of the lease, and they had also destroyed British property; Saïd was confident that the English would move at once to help him and to avenge the insult.

But Palmerton was at that moment engaged in negotiations with Persia which were putting a severe strain on England's relations with that unpredictable nation. He was quite ready to

Princes of Zinj

sacrifice Said in the interests of diplomacy, for Said had done what he could for the British and was not of much further use to them.

England, therefore, refused all aid, and took the further precaution of discouraging the neighbouring Arab chiefs from helping the Seyyid.

This staggering and unexpected blow took Said completely by surprise. Remembering his own flawless loyalty to his allies, he could hardly believe the news. He had made great sacrifices, taken great risks, and had given the English all they asked for, and more besides. Now, when they could so easily have saved him, they turned their faces away and denied their friendship.

Said felt that he had been betrayed. There was nothing he could do but submit to the demands of the Persians. The hard, and humiliating terms they inflicted on him, added to his grief and his disillusionment at England's treatment, broke his spirit and hastened his death.¹

The lease of Bandar Abbas was renewed for twenty years; the rent was doubled. The Omani Governor was to be approved by the Persians before his appointment; he was to keep agents of foreign powers from the town, and to protect the coast from Persia's enemies.

Saïd's only desire now was to get home to Zanzibar. He was much overdue, for he had expected to return seven months after he had sailed. One day, indeed, long before this, a boat had arrived in Zanzibar, bringing the happy news that Seyyid Said was just about to start from Oman. Everyone was overjoyed. The men polished their weapons, and bought their wives new clothes to wear. The women got out all their necklaces and earrings and anklets and bracelets, and prepared to make themselves beautiful to meet their dear ruler.

Saïd's own family were enraptured at the prospect of seeing him again.

The palaces were scoured from top to bottom, the mirrors burnished, the hundreds of clocks wound. Women and children and servants rushed about, planning dishes, buying food and scent and incense; weeding the gardens; sweeping the sandy paths which led to the sea. As the time approached when Saïd's vessels

¹ In 1857, the year after Saïd's death, England declared war on the Persians, defeated them in two short battles, and imposed her own terms on the beaten and humbled nation. Saïd had been needlessly sacrificed.

Saïd Leaves his Home

should have been sighted, people stood all day long on the roofs and on the shore¹, shading their eyes, watching the sea, thinking that every dhow they saw must turn out to be the *Kitorie*, bringing Seyyid Saïdhome.

But the weeks passed and the monsoon winds subsided; hopes died down; and when the calm weather set in there came a dreadful anti-climax. In their disappointment many of the sarari and the older children turned to soothsayers and diviners for comfort. One of these fortune-tellers was a huge woman, whose unborn child spoke through its mother's mouth, giving to all who paid the hoped-for tidings. This spirit not only saw Saïd's three ships upon the sea, but went and sat on the mast of the *Kitorie*, reporting the movements of the Seyyid himself. Hopes were raised for a while; the fat soothsayer received many presents, and her fame increased. Not till long afterwards did Seyyidah Salme discover, to her shame, that they had all been taken in by a ventriloquist.

Months went by, and still Seyyid Saïddid not come. At last, two years and a half after he had left Zanzibar, Saïd sailed for home in the *Kitorie*.

Before he left Muscat he said good-bye to his mother, and told her that he felt that this farewell was his last. He also took the unprecedented step of carrying on board with him several loose planks, surprising his suite by saying that if anyone should die on board, the body must not be buried at sea, as was the custom, but must be embalmed and taken to Zanzibar in a coffin.

The *Kitorie* sailed on September 15th, 1856, and three days later Saïd fell dangerously ill. The old wound in his leg became inflamed, his temperature rose; soon he was delirious. He had only two desires: to reach Zanzibar alive, and to see Hamerton once more. He kept calling for his English friend, over and over again. By October 13th dysentery had developed, and as the big dhow made her slow way southwards, the Seyyid grew ever weaker. The two distracted sarari and the weeping children crowded round him, but it was his son Barghash, the eldest of the children present, who knew what he really wanted. He tried to comfort his father, who was still whispering Hamerton's name, and promised to carry out his wishes.

On October 19th Seyyid Saïd died.

The ships had reached the Seychelles, and were only a few

Princes of Zinj

days from home. They were seen by a fisherman who sped to Zanzibar with the news that the royal ships were approaching. Word spread over the island like wildfire, and both palaces were instantly in an uproar, as everyone rushed to put on their prettiest dresses and jewels, which they had been keeping for this happy moment. The rooms were scented, the cooks prepared a huge feast; crowds trooped down to the shore, to welcome the voyagers home.

Despite the big sea raised by the monsoon, Prince Majid with his retinue set out in two small cutters, to meet the Seyyid on board. The ships were now only two hours away, and Majid expected to be back, with his father, by seven o'clock that evening. But the sun went down, stars appeared between the clouds, and still no ships were seen. Gradually the terrible thought took hold of people's minds, that Majid had perished in the raging waters, and then the even more dreadful rumour started, that all the ships had sunk and everyone was lost. While the night dragged on, no-one thought of rest, but all waited for the dawn, in great fear of what the light might bring.

Day came at last; the ships were in sight; and the watchers saw that from each prow hung a mourning flag. At last the people knew what had happened, and such a crying and lamentation broke out that the very air seemed to shake with sorrow.

Barghash had obeyed his father's wishes, and placed his body in the rough plank coffin. This was against Arab law, which decrees that bodies must be returned, unprotected, to the earth, whence they derived, or else dropped into the sea.

But Barghash meant to seize the throne from Majid, if he could, and the first step was to dispose of his father's corpse. Before Majid reached the ship, Barghash had left it with the coffin. He took it secretly and swiftly to the family burial ground, and buried it beside the body of Khaled, Saïd's eldest son.

So Said slept at last in the beloved island which he had enriched and beautified, protected and cared for, nearly all his life.

7

A Palace Revolution

After Saïddied, his family seemed to fall apart. Lacking his strong and wise presence, the thirty-six brothers and sisters living in Zanzibar, and their numerous stepmothers, aunts and uncles, nephews and nieces, divided themselves into small cliques, jealous of each other, quarrelling all the time, and dangerous to the peace of the kingdom.

Majid, the eldest surviving Zanzibar son, became Seyyid of Zanzibar and the coast; Thuwaini, the first-born of all, was Seyyid of Muscat, and another brother, Turki, governed Lohar, a province of Arabia. Thuwaini, seeking tribute, sent an emissary to Majid, who promised to pay 40,000 crowns a year. After a year, however, the payment ceased, for Majid's treasury was nearly empty. His father had lost so much revenue through the curtailment of the slave trade that Majid was almost ruined. He owed money in every direction. He had borrowed as much as he could from his brothers, he paid the chiefs of the Northern Arab tribes, of whom he was afraid, 10,000 crowns a year to keep the peace; and besides all this, he was surrounded by greedy and corrupt servants, who preyed upon his meager funds. Soon Thuwaini was preparing an expedition to sail to Zanzibar and collect the missing tribute. He began by dispatching a messenger named Nassir-bin-Ali, to whom one payment was made. But Nassir-bin-Ali had other work to do, besides receiving the money owed. He went whispering about among the people, trying to set them against Majid, promising them an earthly paradise if Thuwaini should become their ruler, and telling them that meanwhile they must obey Barghash, who was Thuwaini's deputy, and Majid's heir-apparent.

Majid, well aware of what was happening, and himself no mean schemer, had also been doing a little intriguing. He won his brother Turki over to his own side, sent him guns and ammunition, and very soon had him waiting on Thuwaini's frontier,

Princes of Zinj

armed and ready to pounce, should the Seyyid of Muscat sail against Zanzibar. Nevertheless, Thuwaini sailed.

Nassir-bin-Ali's mission had been a failure. Apart from the El Harthy tribe of island Arabs, always antagonistic to Saïd and to Majid, the people of the island armed themselves for Majid, whom they loved; while hundreds of mainland tribesmen, under their chiefs, sailed over to help their Sultan. Zanzibar was full of soldiers. All the northern ports were garrisoned, and the dhows lying close to the shore held thousands of Majid's men. When the first of Thuwaini's ships arrived, they found that they could neither attack the embattled ports, nor even take on food and water. They could only surrender, being unable to return to Muscat without fresh provisions.

And now Great Britain intervened. The sea-way to India was not to be disturbed by the quarrels of two petty princes. Calmed by the soothing words of England's representatives, awed by the big guns of England's Navy, the Seyyids agreed to arbitration. Thuwaini sailed back to Muscat, and Majid laid down his arms.

Each of them was well aware that there would probably be a lapse of at least five years before the arbitration talks even began, which would give them time to strengthen their hands and indulge in more intrigue, before the next opportunity to fight each other arose.

But before long, the impatient Thuwaini sent another emissary to Majid; he chose a man called Hamed-bin-Salim who, accompanied by Nassir-bin-Ali, offered to mediate between Majid and his brother.

While the long, flowery, complicated conversations took place, Nassir-bin-Ali visited his friends the El Harthy Arabs, and when he judged that these excitable people were sufficiently inflamed, Hamed-bin-Salim's audiences suddenly ceased and both emissaries returned to Muscat. Majid's main danger now lay nearer home. Barghash was consumed with jealousy of his brother, and could not bear to wait for the throne, which must, in any case, soon be his. Directly after his father's death he had essayed a *coup d'état*, which failed. Afterwards, intriguing with Thuwaini, he promised to help him in his attack on Zanzibar. But Barghash meant to use Thuwaini as a stepping-stone; no-one but he himself should occupy the throne. After the abortive attack

A Palace Revolution

from Muscat, he determined to make an attempt of his own, and began quietly to collect around him the El Harthy tribesmen, and the other malcontents in the island. He even seduced from their loyalty to the Sultan, the beautiful Khole, her half-sisters Salme and Meye, and a small brother named Abdul-Aziz, not yet twelve years old.

The Arab love of intrigue now took full charge of this divided family. Spies were employed by both sides, and muffled figures bringing scraps of information about their opponents came to the princesses' houses at dead of night, to be rewarded with handfuls of gold coins hastily snatched up, and thrust, uncounted, into their outstretched palms. There were secret meetings between Barghash, Khole, Salme, and two nieces who were also involved in the plot; their three tall houses stood close together, only separated by the narrowest of lanes. They could speak to each other out of their windows without raising their voices, they could lean out and clasp each other's hands. None of these members of the family would visit Majid, and he, gentle and affectionate as he was, was deeply hurt by their behaviour. His subjects loved him, which made the others more jealous than ever; he was popular with the English, too, who described him as 'a young man whose pleasing features and very light complexion generally resembled those of his father'.

'Every Arab,' wrote Bishop Tozer to his sister, 'is a perfect gentleman, and so you may be sure that the Sultan's manner and behaviour were perfect. There was a grace and ease which I never saw equalled.'

Besides exquisite manners and an attractive appearance, Majid had a voluptuous and sensuous nature, loving beauty and peace. No warrior, he would always rather pay than fight, and yet throughout his short reign he had nothing but wars and quarrels to contend with. In his search for serenity he built a small palace and village on the mainland opposite Zanzibar, which he called Dar-es-Salaam, the Harbour of Peace, but he hardly had time to visit this haven. The devotion and loyalty of most of his subjects and nearly all his family, aroused the equally violent hatred of his opponents. From the sublime to the ridiculous did this hatred rage. While Barghash's plots were leading the islanders towards battle and bloodshed; the young princes and princesses conducted their warfare on a different level. Revelling in the comic-opera

Princes of Zinj

situation, which they took with deadly seriousness, they missed no chance of hurting each other.

Did one desire a certain horse, slave or house, another would instantly buy it, out of pure spite, and at an absurdly high price. Should a new piece of jewellery be worn, the jeweller was at once besieged with orders for more, just like it, or bigger and grander. Any friend of one member of the family became automatically the detested enemy of another, to be pursued with a hatred worthy of a blood-feud.

There was no peace or joy any more in Saïd's once happy household, but the merchants of Zanzibar flourished. Majid knew that his brother was plotting against him, yet he still hoped, by gentleness and forbearance, to win him over. He longed beyond all things to avoid a rupture with Barghash, and especially was he determined to spare his sisters and his nieces, whom he knew to be involved. But Barghash was not the sort to respond to kindness, or appeals to his loyalty. He was almost out of his mind with his longing for the throne and the power; he had worked himself into a state of such wild excitement that honour and caution were thrown to the winds.

The situation became so dangerous that at last Majid was forced to take the obvious and necessary step.

Barghash's house was suddenly surrounded with troops, and he, Abdul-Aziz and their followers were placed under house-arrest. Majid's ministers begged him to arrest Khole and Salme too, but this the Seyyid refused to do, still hoping to save them; for, in spite of their treachery, he loved them.

Majid ordered Barghash to leave the island, and generously sent him 10,000 crowns to help him on his way. But Barghash, though he agreed to go, did not keep his word. It was easy for him to communicate with his sisters, whose house was so close to his own; and the valiant, foolish girls determined to rescue him. Summoning their two nieces to join them, they set forth one night, with a large escort. Khole and Salme, their hearts in their mouths, walked up to the officers in charge of Barghash's guard, and spoke to them pleadingly, begging to be allowed to visit their brothers and their sister, Meye, who was imprisoned in the same house. The Arab officers were speechless with astonishment at being approached by the two princesses; hitherto guarded and hidden from men's eyes as though they were holy creatures. With

A Palace Revolution

Khole's dazzling eyes upon them, with Salme's gentle voice in their ears, they could refuse the suppliants nothing, and allowed them and their retinue of women to enter the house. Barghash, Abdul-Aziz and Meye, watching from an upstairs window, were astounded when they saw their sisters talking with the guard, and then coming into the house. They rushed to greet them; the two girls breathlessly explained the rescue plan, and showed the garments they had brought, while everyone listened excitedly. Little Abdul-Aziz got into his feminine disguise without a moment's delay; but suddenly Barghash appalled them all by haughtily refusing to wear women's clothes. Quite unbalanced with pride, he was ready to lose every chance of success, and endanger all his followers, because of a sudden whim. For once, however, no-one listened to him. He was quickly wrapped in the voluminous black robe which Arab women wear abroad, and he and his small brother left the house with their sisters; Barghash walking among the tallest women, so that his height should be less noticeable.

The soldiers at the gate had never thought of counting the number of people who went into Barghash's house, and they did not notice the extra two who came out. As the party reached the guard, their courage nearly failed them, but they were not stopped. Not till next day did Salme learn that one of the Baluchis at the gate had recognized Barghash, but, thinking the prince meant to flee the country, and not wishing to involve the princesses in any trouble, he had said nothing.

The fugitives silently passed through the streets of the sleeping town, until they reached the open country. Then they began to run, and the spoiled, soft girls, in their thin little slippers of green and gold, fled with the others over the rough ground; scrambling through bushes and hedges, falling into ditches and climbing out again, until they reached the rendezvous they had made with the rest of their party. The princesses were panting and exhausted, but still able to adjust their veils and clothes, and assume that attitude of modest reserve proper to a high-born Arab lady, when she finds herself among strange men.

There was no pause; Barghash seized his brother by the hand; not even bothering to thank his sisters for their tremendous exertions on his behalf, he called a hurried farewell, and vanished into the darkness.

Princes of Zinj

For some time the women stood there, tidying each other up and trying to compose themselves, then they quietly, and by different ways, returned to their houses. And there they were suddenly overcome by fits of nerves, brought on by mental strain and physical exhaustion such as their pampered bodies had never been called upon to endure before.

They lay on the floors of their rooms, weeping, groaning, shrieking, fainting; and when morning came, they stayed close together, trembling at every sound, and momentarily expecting to be arrested.

Barghash and his party had, meanwhile, reached Marseilles, the curiously named estate in the middle of the island, which belonged to his nieces. The house had been made ready for a siege, quantities of food and arms were stored there, and Barghash's followers had assembled within the walls.

Zanzibar town seethed with excitement. Large crowds of Arabs had been seen making their way towards Marseilles; and the Baluchi soldier who had recognized Barghash, had now, with considerable courage, made his report. Majid, driven to action against the rebellious brother whom he had always tried to protect, marched on Marseilles at the head of five thousand troops. He was still hoping against hope that Barghash would surrender, and lives be spared, but his offers of forgiveness were met with rude taunts, and the Seyyid was forced to open fire upon the little fortified palace. Barghash immediately sent his men out to attack his brother's troops; the fight continued till sunset, with neither side prevailing against the other. At night Majid camped with his army in a sugar factory, and when the sun rose next day, they went forward to the assault, only to find that Barghash and his Arabs had vanished. Majid pounded the empty palace with cannon-balls until it was totally destroyed; then he returned to the town, having discovered that Barghash was back in his house in Zanzibar, with a larger following than ever. The patient Majid, once more believing that Barghash meant to surrender, and wishing to make it easy for him, sent a nephew of theirs, a kind and gentle man, older than either of them, to assure Barghash that all would be forgiven if he would promise loyal behaviour in the future. But the rebel was unrepentant and unafraid; he seemed to have lost his sense of proportion; he was determined to kidnap Majid and seize the throne, and he still believed that this

A Palace Revolution

could be done. He insulted his nephew, S'ud-bin-Hilal, and refused to submit to his brother.

Majid turned to the British Consul for help and advice. Colonel Rigby, the successor of Hamerton, who had died in 1857, was a man of stronger character than Majid, and he was utterly exasperated with Barghash and his ways. He took, quick steps to put an end to the rebellion. A British gunboat, H.M.S. Assaye, was in the harbour, and, having a shallow draught, she was moved to the seaward side of Barghash's house.

Rigby landed a detachment of marines and marched them to the front of Barghash's house. He called on Barghash to surrender, and when there was no reply the English opened fire. Bullets smashed through the narrow windows and struck the inside walls, while Barghash, Abdul-Aziz, Meye, and the others, fled to rooms at the back. In no time, the sisters and their women in the house across the street had worked themselves into a state of hysteria—weeping, praying and screaming, their emotional Arab natures again in a turmoil of excitement and terror.

The beautiful Khole, calling across the narrow space to Barghash, at last persuaded her obstinate brother to surrender, and when the people inside his house cried out, 'Peace, peace!' the marines stopped firing.

But Barghash would not come out. Colonel Rigby marched up to the door and hammered angrily upon it with his walking-stick; when at last it was opened, he had the pleasure of personally arresting Barghash and ordering him to embark the next day on the Assaye, for India.

Abdul-Aziz insisted on accompanying his brother on this new, thrilling journey. Khole and Salme went that evening to say good-bye, they were extremely wrought up, and their farewell was painful to a degree.

The Arabs, loving and hating with an intensity and passion unknown to the Northern races, had, during this long-drawn-out affair, suffered such agonies of suspense, rage, frustration and disappointment, that their excitement could not easily subside.

But Salme, a little calmer and better balanced than Khole, was secretly thankful that the whole episode was over, and that her 'noble brother Majid', who would not even consider punishing his three silly sisters, was still safely on the throne.

They had hourly expected some dreadful form of vengeance,

Princes of Zinj

such as they knew they deserved; but they realized now that they were safe with Majid. Salme's remorse at her treachery to her brother was only equalled by her horror at having helped in the preparations which had caused the deaths of so many of her countrymen, and her realization that, however magnanimous Majid might be, the rest of the family would never forgive her.

Next day the *Assaye* sailed for India, bearing Barghash and Abdul-Aziz, with their suite. The princes were honourably treated. On their arrival in Bombay they were given a house and servants suitable to their rank; and so courteously did the British behave, that Barghash began, much against his will, to like them. He, who had always reviled and loathed his father's allies, and had wished them every ill he could think of, gradually, as time passed, grew wiser, calmer and more trustworthy.

In the end, the English became his friends, as they had been those of his family for three generations, and two years later he was allowed to come home.

The Royal Family, their passion spent, settled down to a period of comparative calm. Meye, Khole and Salme led lonely and retired lives, for no-one would speak to them except their all-forgiving brother Majid and the two nieces, who were also ignored by the rest of the family. They spent much time on their country estates, since, in the town, their pleasures were few and visitors of their own race were rare. But Salme began to make friends among the European ladies living in Zanzibar. They were sorry for her; she was so young, so sweet-looking, so pathetic. Her fault had been a misplaced loyalty to her outrageous brother Barghash, and the white women felt she had suffered enough. Salme's shame and self-reproach never left her, but the kindness of the foreigners comforted her a little. She watched their ways with interest; she found them lacking in courtliness, and felt that they pursued their anti-slavery politics with too ruthless a disregard for the sufferings of the Arabs. But in spite of this the Europeans attracted her. She began to envy the comparative comfort with which they managed to surround themselves. Primitive as it was compared to life in Europe, it made Arab luxury, which had hitherto seemed the last word in splendour and magnificence to the naive young girl, seem rather mediocre.

From her windows she could see the dinner parties given by a young German named Ruete, who was employed in an office

A Palace Revolution

in Zanzibar. He, for his part, was quite aware of the interest shown by the Sultan's sister, and before long he was looking into her soft dark eyes from his flat roof-top (only a few feet from hers), telling her the gossip of the day, and sending her presents. The lonely girl was fascinated by his friendship and soon they were deeply in love. Ruete began to visit Salme, an unheard-of crime, for which they might both have died if they had been found out. At last, she promised to elope with him, but this was an almost impossible feat to accomplish. In the family tradition, when in great need, Salme turned to the British for help. Perhaps the English ladies had a hand in what followed.

Going down to the sea with her maids one holy day, to make the ritual ablutions, she and a screaming slave ('Lord how she screeched!' wrote a sailor in his letter home) were seized by British seamen, and taken on board a ship, which at once put to sea. Salme arrived safely at Aden, and there awaited her lover, trembling lest her family's fury might destroy him. She was baptized a Christian with the name of Emily.

Zanzibar buzzed like a hornet's nest. A fresh wave of anti-European hatred raged through the town; the white people kept to their houses; and the Arabs stormed round the German consulate, howling for blood.

'What a funk they are all in!' wrote Dr. Kirk to his wife in England.

Majid alone remained calm.

He forgave Salme once again, though some said that this shame she had brought to the Royal House was an even greater wickedness than her former treachery. He protected her lover and helped him to leave the island. Ruete reached Aden safely. He and Emily were married, sailing immediately for Hamburg. Majid set aside jewels and money for his sister, which he later dispatched in one of his own ships, to her home in Germany. The ship arrived, but the contents were stolen. The Arab sailors, however, managed to find her house, where their wild delight at seeing her again made her weep. Salme's first baby was born, and for a time the young mother was all the rage with German society, and was made much of at the Prussian Court. The Germans were eager to extend their influence in Africa, and they believed that in this Arabian Princess they had a powerful political pawn. But Salme's happiness was soon over, for after only three

Princes of Zinj

years of marriage her husband was killed in an accident and she was left alone with three small children.

Zanzibar now subsided into a period of political calm; though the inhabitants of the Azanian coast were often harried by raiders of one sort or another. Bands of marauding Masai warriors, travelling fast and almost foodless through the fly-infested land behind the coast-line, would suddenly appear at the edge of the sea, killing men, seizing cattle, and departing again as swiftly as they had come. They drove the cattle at top speed through the fly-belt; and though many died on the way, there were always a few cows to be brought in triumph to the Masai villages, after one of these lightning raids. The Masai feared nothing. They are a Nilotic-Hamitic people, and they had evolved for themselves a discipline and a form of drill, which, though primitive, made them the terror of all the other tribes of East Africa. From the time a Masai was circumcised, at about twelve years old, to the time of his retirement from the ranks of the warriors, aged about thirty, he kept fit and fierce on a diet of meat, milk, and warm blood, straight from the cow's jugular vein. He was not allowed to drink alcohol or smoke tobacco, and his only relaxation was the presence in the camp of the young girls, the *Ndito*, who went everywhere with the warriors, and slept in their beds.

Burton wrote an account of a band of Masai raiders which swept past the mission house where he was staying.

Wanyika scouts had warned the townspeople of the rapid approach of the Masai, and the wise ones fled at once to the *Kaya*, a hidden stronghold where they took refuge in time of danger. But many others put off their departure till the morrow, when they meant to take their herds and hide them too.

'Ere that morning dawned upon the world, a dense mass of wild spearmen, numbering some 200 braves, sweeping like a whirlwind, with shout and yell and clashing arms, passed the Mission House ... dashed upon the scattered village in the vale below, and strewn the ground with the corpses of wretched fugitives. Thence driving their loot they rushed down to the shore, and met a body of 148 matchlock-men, Arabs and Baluchi, Waswahili and slaves, posted to oppose progress. The bandits fled at the first volley. The soldiers, like true Orientals, at once dispersed to secure the plundered

A Palace Revolution

cattle, when the Wamasai, rallying, fell upon them, and drove them away in ignominious flight, after losing twenty-five men, to the refuge of their walls. The victors presently retired to the hill-range, amused themselves with exterminating as many Wanyika as they could catch, and, gorged with blood and beef, returned triumphant to their hills.'

Though the Masai country proper was nearly three hundred miles from the coast, and on their raids they had to traverse the land of the hostile Wakamba, the latter were no match for the Nilotic fighters. The Masai raided the coast whenever they wished to do so. Once they appeared at the village of Shimoni, miles south of Mombasa, surprising the inhabitants and killing every male they found, but not hurting the women. The surviving villagers rushed to their boats, and paddled to a nearby island, leaving the Masai triumphantly leaping and dancing round the remains of the burnt-out village.

In Zanzibar itself the quiet of the streets and gardens was shattered every year by the advent of several thousand Northern Arab pirates, who came in their dhows from Muscat and Persia to steal children and slaves. The harbours were filled with the big, dark boats. The narrow streets swarmed with small, wild-eyed, light-skinned men; whose jet-black hair hung in snake-locks from beneath immense turbans, who carried silver-handled daggers thrust through their waist-bands, and long-muzzled guns slung over their shoulders. They terrorized the citizens of Zanzibar, just as their ancestors always had frightened the softer people of the Southern islands; they stole and murdered as they wished, for the Sultan's soldiers were afraid of them. While they were in the island, girls and children were sent to the interior, or kept hidden in the houses all day, while no-one of wealth would venture into the streets without an armed escort. In spite of all precautions, however, people were robbed and murdered; while almost every day children were carried through the streets, gagged and hidden in baskets.

In caves dotted round the coast, victims lay quiet under the threat of death, to be removed at night in long-boats to the dhows, where, packed in suffocating rows, they were taken to Arabia, Persia and India. The British Navy was always on the look-out for slave-ships but, even with the help of the Seyyids of

Princes of Zinj

Muscat and Zanzibar, it was not easy to stop the pirates' traffic.

Sometimes foreigners in Zanzibar were threatened by these dhow Arabs.

When the American Consul protested at their committing nuisances in front of his house, they attacked and wounded four of his servants, blocked the door, and stood armed at all the ground-floor windows, yelling that they would kill him. Others rushed to the British Consulate with swords drawn, and threatened the sepoys on guard with every sort of horror, hoping to provoke them into shooting. The British-trained Indian soldiers, however, stood steadfast and silent, and the Arabs, not quite able to nerve themselves to fire the first shot, went no further than screaming insults and furiously brandishing their weapons. Majid remained in the upper storey of his palace, to avoid the insolent demands made on him by the pirates; but at last he sent one of his men to the crowds seething round the Consulates, and bribed them to go away, with a gift of a thousand rupees. Thus encouraged they, of course, returned and demonstrated again, and the situation was rapidly deteriorating when a British cruiser, H.M.S. *Lyra*, commanded by Captain Oldfield, steamed into the harbour.

The sight of English bluejackets marching through the streets, well-armed, calm and orderly, quelled the Arabs at once. Captain Oldfield gave the pirates forty-eight hours to depart, and in far less time than that there was once more perfect quiet in Zanzibar. Every Arab on the coast knew Captain Oldfield and the *Lyra*, which they called El-Shaitan, 'The Devil'; and they were quick to carry out his orders.

Although it was still legal to transport slaves between Kilwa in the South and Lamu in the North, traffic farther afield was forbidden by the treaty of 1845.

But no-one except Saïdhad helped the British to enforce this rule. Hard as the ships worked, and brave as the sailors were, they could not entirely put a stop to slave-smuggling, for they were too few.

In 1859 nineteen thousand slaves were imported into Zanzibar from the mainland, of which about half were subsequently smuggled away to Arabia, Persia, and Cuba, the latter, of course, in European vessels.

Next year fifteen dhows anchored off Chake-Chake, the

A Palace Revolution

capital of Pemba, their crews swarming through the district, murdering and kidnapping and terrifying everyone until they were frightened away by the arrival of one of the Seyyid's ships of war.

During the years 1862 to 1867 it was estimated that 17,000 of the 20,000 slaves exported from Kilwa were taken to foreign markets, escaping the vigilance of the British sailors.

In 1867 Admiral Sir Leopold Heath, Commander-in-Chief East Indies Station, was ordered to Zanzibar.

It was the duty of his squadron, consisting of seven ships, to patrol the northern part of the East African coast. From 1867 to 1870 Sir Leopold and his men captured 116 dhows, releasing 8,645 slaves; but in spite of all their efforts it was estimated that 17,000 more slaves were carried away in dhows which escaped capture, not counting those thrown overboard, or left to die in the mangrove swamps during a chase. This was still more discouraging for the English sailors on the spot than it was for their masters in Westminster, though even they were forced to admit that in their determination to destroy the slave trade, they were causing more suffering to the wretched slaves who were being rescued than these would ever have experienced in the household of an Arab master.

The formality of dispatches from foreign potentates normally received and perused by Foreign Office officials were sometimes enlivened by notes from Majid, couched in courteous Arabic terms, of which the following is a typical example:

'In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate!

To His Excellency, Lord Stanley, the Humane. A salutation more gentle than the zephyr, sweeter than a shower received by the meadows and the hills, more fragrant than ambergris mixed with musk, and more diffusive than combined civet and aloes wood; and a compliment brighter than the beaming light, and more resplendent than the leafy flowers, are offered to His Excellency, who possesses perfection and superiority, who ministers greatness and virtue. His Excellency, the most noble, the most illustrious, the happiness of the age, the rarity of the times; the pillar of the body of Ministers; him in whom the exalted men of council glory; the manager of the jewels of the Kingdom, to whom the least

Princes of Zinj

and greatest give attention; the Minister of Foreign Affairs; the Tongue of the British Government!

May God preserve his noble person and his beauteous ascendancy! And may his penetrating views continue to clear up the intricacies of contention, and the beams of his genius to cast light upon the dark points of opinions. Amen.'

After this the message began.

Despite the sufferings of the islanders—no more, perhaps, than those to which all flesh is heir and less than those in many other parts of the world—and the unknown diseases which attacked the Europeans so often—the strange loveliness of Zanzibar bewitched all comers.

The critical Burton, who spent much time there, left this idyllic picture of the island:

'The sea of purest sapphire . . . lay basking, lazy as the tropical man, under a blaze of sunshine, which touched every object with a dull burnish of gold. The waves had hardly energy enough to dandle us, or to cream with snowy foam the yellow sand strip which separated it from the flower-spangled grass, and from the underwood of dark, metallic green. The breath of the ocean would hardly take the trouble to ruffle the fronds of the palm which sprang, like a living column, graceful and luxuriant, high above its subject growths.'

The natives of the Azanian coast were examined by Burton, with the practiced eye of a much-travelled man. He did not believe that the cultural and mental status of the negro was equal to that of the Arabs and Indians. He remarked on their behaviour to animals. Apparently the Arabs were willing to pay as much as fifty dollars for a good European watch-dog, which they treated with great kindness and care. But the negroes were brutally cruel to animals, which so shocked Burton that he wrote unkindly:

' . . . his approximation to the lower animals causes him to tyrannize over them.'

Sometimes on his travels Burton met 'European' dogs deep in the interior of West Africa, 'where a white face is rarely seen.

A Palace Revolution

The frantic display of joy, and the evident horror at being left behind have more than once made me a dog-stealer.'

During Burton's time in Zanzibar there were as many as 400 'Bhatias, or Cutch Banyans' in the island, all traders.

Not one woman of their race was with them, and they used Swahili girls and up-country slaves as wives and companions.¹

In the Lai Bazaar, the red light district was entirely staffed by Swahili women. They had, says Burton:

'faces like skinned apes, and lean legs encased in red silk tights.' Some put round their eyes a 'kind of loop of perfumed turmeric, whose golden tint causes the outer darkness to gloom extra sooty; others apply curry-coloured dabs to their woolly hair. In former days we (i.e. the English) used, for instance, rosewater and vinegar, with a little woman's milk.'

Zanzibar was a dangerous place in those times, with its corpse-strewn harbour, its filthy streets, its dark corners and alleyways, and its gangs of roaming slaves, some of whom had been the property of Christian Arabs and Indians and were now free, masterless and homeless.

'The impudence and audacity of the wild slaves almost passes belief. Such is their habit of walking into any open dwelling and carrying off whatever is handy, that no questions are asked about a negro shot or cut down in the act of simple trespass. At night they employ themselves in robbing and smuggling, and at times in firing a house, when they join the crowd and spread the flames for the purpose of plunder. They are armed burglars, and not a few murders are laid at their door. In the plantations they gratify their savage, quarrelsome, and ungovernable tempers by waging desultory servile wars with neighbouring gangs. Hundreds will turn out with knob-sticks, stones, and a few muskets and blaze wildly in the direction of one another; at the first casualty, all will run.

Circassians and white slave girls, being exceedingly rare, are confined to the harems of the rulers. They are brought

¹ In the census of 1948 it was revealed that the Indian population of Zanzibar numbered 15,892 people.

Princes of Zinj

from Persia, and are as extravagant in tastes as they are expensive in prime costs. *AJariyeh l bayza* soon renders the house of a moderately rich man unendurable.'

Sometimes a tribal chief or man of the ruling class was taken alive by slavers, and brought to Zanzibar to be sold. During Saïd's reign, Burton wrote of one, with whom he was greatly struck. He was a chief from Unyamwezi, 'Land of the Moon', six-foot-two in height, of majestic mien, his expression showing courage and pride. All the slaves in the city, both domestic and wild, recognized this man as great, either as a chief of fighting men or perhaps as a powerful witch-doctor. When he walked in the streets they prostrated themselves; he touched them with the tip of his staff as he passed. When he ate, they brought him his food on their knees, and so remained until the meal was finished. The gifts they gave him were laid on the ground before him, and he put his foot on them.

He was bought by an Arab who failed to appreciate his rare quality and who, when he refused a certain form of work, struck him. He spat back at his owner, defying him, and saying that even if he was burnt alive, he would not cry out. The hapless Arab had met one who was more than a match for him, for further blows were forbidden by the law of Zanzibar; the slave knew he had the right to appeal to the Seyyid, and at once demanded an audience.

Standing proudly before Seyyid Saïd, and speaking as to an equal, he said: 'God exalts men, and brings them low. We both are kings; the misfortune which has made me captive, might also come to you.'

Not for this proud speech, but for his refusal to work, he was confined in the fort, while all the slaves in the city howled and wailed at his captivity.

Prison had no effect on him, and the wise Saïd, recognizing a spirit which would not yield, ordered him to be released and given his freedom.

The tall slave refused the gifts which were offered him, and departed from the island empty-handed as he had arrived.

Majid's life was nearly over. He had not been happy as a ruler, and his health was worse than ever, for the fits from which he had always suffered came upon him more and more frequently as he

A Palace Revolution

grew older. In 1866 he was invited by Her Majesty's Government in pay an official visit to India. In his father's old ship *Kitorie*, Seyyid Majid embarked with two younger brothers and a large following of Arab nobles. The rest of his suite travelled in two Other vessels; and thus, with great pride and pleasure, Seyyid Majid set forth in state to visit his friends and allies across the Indian Ocean.

In the same year his half-brother Seyyid Thuwaini, ruler of Muscat, was murdered in his sleep by Salim, his son, who, like so many of his race, could not wait for the throne.

Salim succeeded his father for a short time as Seyyid of Muscat, but in his hand and those of his successors the barren little kingdom lost more and more of its revenue and importance, while Zanzibar became the hub and centre of the East African world.

Seyyid Majid was only thirty-six when he returned from India to die. His sensuous habits, the stimulants he lived on, and the strain of his brother's enmity had eaten away what little strength he had. When he heard that Majid was nearing his end, Dr. Kirk, medical attendant at the British Consulate, hurried to him. He found him lying on the floor, hardly conscious, but dressed in his robes and wearing his sword. Even in that moment there was no peace for him; as Dr. Kirk knelt beside him, he asked him about the succession.

Unable to speak, Majid feebly moved his hand until it rested on the hilt of his sword, and then he died. It was October 7th, 1870.

8

Barghash's Reign Begins

BARGHASH was eagerly waiting to take his brother's place on the throne he had so longed for. When the Seyyid breathed no more, Barghash, with his brother and heir-apparent, Khalifa, went to see their dead ruler. As he stooped over the body his dagger fell from its sheath to the ground, and Khalifa picked it up and returned it to him. This friendly action greatly shocked the Arabs of Khalifa's entourage.

'What is the use of a man like that?' they asked each other, 'one thrust and he would have been on the throne. . . .' Khalifa's forbearance and loyalty led to years of imprisonment and to near-insanity.

Barghash was at last Seyyid.

His was a different nature from Majid's. He was bold, ruthless and cruel; he had all his father's shrewdness, and he had learnt that it paid to be loyal. His years in India had opened his eyes. He realized, as his predecessors had, that the English were the most useful friends to have. All the damage they were doing by destroying the slave trade did not count beside their strength and prestige, the glory of their Queen and the power of their guns. Barghash determined to cling to them. Besides, despite the British Navy, the slave trade was still quite a successful affair.

Admiral Heath and Admiral Hillyar (who was also stationed on the East Coast of Africa) were not sanguine as to the results of their efforts. Admiral Heath, in his report before the Select Committee of 1871, stated:

'I think we have gone on for twenty-five years, and have done no good whatever. The trade is far too profitable and will not be affected by a risk so small as that incurred by the proceedings of H.M. Ships. To put down this trade requires far more effort and far more energy than England has yet shown in the matter.'

Barghash's Reign Begins

The Admirals felt that better results would be obtained if the whole problem was handled from a political, rather than a naval angle. The work of the Navy had been bitterly criticized by a certain missionary who gave evidence before the Committee. He said: 'It does not appear to me that the Navy has ever seriously 'given its mind to the suppression of the slave trade as a great object. I mean to include the authorities at home as well as the officers on the station.'

He accused young naval officers of getting drunk, interfering with native women, and behaving 'in a rough, irregular way'. The angry Admirals protested vigorously against these calumnies. Nor, considering the heavy death-roll suffered by officers and men on the East African Station, were they pleased at the missionary's statement that the sailors on the station were not 'giving their minds' to the work they had been ordered to do. Many of them had, indeed, given their lives.

But it was obvious to the men on the spot that present measures would never suffice to stop the slave trade. Admiral Heath wrote:

'The only radical cure will be the making Zanzibar a centre from which British civilization will radiate to that part of Africa. . . . Purchase the sovereignty of the island of Zanzibar,' urged Sir Leopold, 'and make it a protectorate, if not a colony.'

Sir Leopold Heath and Seyyid Barghash were firm friends. The Sultan gave the Admiral seven ornamental knives, one for each of his children. One of these knives is still owned by the Admiral's grand-daughter, writer of this book.

Sir Bartle Frere and the Secretary of State for India poured scorn on the Admirals. 'You might as well talk of purchasing Germany,' they said. Time showed, however, that the sailors were right, and had their plan been carried out then, as it was later, the lives of hundreds of English sailors and thousands of African slaves might have been saved.

Year by year, East Africa was becoming better known to the British public.

This was the era of African exploration. From 1840 to 1856 Livingstone had tramped through the wilder parts of Central Africa. Falling under the spell of the Dark Continent, he, like Krapf, found he was able to combine his love of travelling with the dictates of his conscience. He believed it his duty to preach

Princes of Zinj

the Gospel to the primitive and credulous people of the interior, many of whom were quite prepared to worship him for his magical ways and for the medicines he carried. When they discovered that he did not wish them to adore him personally, they obediently transferred their allegiance to the God he urged them to believe in.

From the missionaries' point of view, Africa was one of the pleasanter spots. China, Japan and India were full of missions, and every year, in these countries, a certain number of priests and nuns were tortured and murdered. In many a beautiful, unhealthy, tropical island countless martyrs died painfully; and there was little left of the truly wild and pagan world for roving priests to discover.

But East Africa was different. The climate was excellent. Tropical rainstorms rarely lasted for more than an hour at a time; the days were not too hot, the nights were not too cold, as in desert countries; and there were unlimited quantities of wild birds to shoot, while the great plains were black with game. Though several missionaries were murdered and some died of unknown diseases, as time passed they learnt to take care of themselves, and it must be admitted that life in Africa did not involve quite such dangers and hardships as their supporters in England imagined. In the interior of Africa there were millions of savages; many of them gentle and friendly people; delighted to wait on the white man, cook his food, carry his loads, and flatter him. They were easily influenced, utterly ignorant, the very picture of primitive man, not having ever evolved a form of writing for themselves, or even seen a "wheel. Whether they believed what they were told or not, their natural good manners prevented them from appearing doubtful, and they quickly learnt to repeat the Holy names taught them by the missionaries, and to say some easy prayers. They loved Bible stories, so many of which are founded on themes of husbandry, such as the African understands. The missionaries lost no time in getting the natives into European clothes. The African male's sole garment hitherto had been a cow skin or, in the case of chiefs, a kaross or blanket made from rock rabbits' fur, beaten soft by the women, and often beautifully embroidered with beads. Fastened on one shoulder, it was a garment which let the fresh air in and gave no harbourage for insects, Under the missionaries' influence this old-fashioned

Barghash's Reign Begins

raiment was discarded and the Africans dressed themselves in European hats, shirts and trousers, which soon became tattered and filthy; and wore shoes which hurt and softened their tough feet. The women, also, were given shapeless garments of dun-coloured cloth, with three holes for the head and the arms, while the richer ones soon adopted blouses and long, heavy, dirt-collecting skirts, in imitation of their white sisters.

The Christian natives on the coast were encouraged to discard their national dress; the long loose white robe and embroidered waistcoat were abandoned, and the men took to trousers and shirts; while the women put aside the graceful, cotton cloths, gay with printed flowers, which wrapped them round from breast to ankle, and gave them such a queenly air, and wore instead the clothes of the white women; heavy, hot and dark, such as they were at that period. These changes delighted the missionaries, while in England many kind-hearted ladies spent happy hours knitting thick woollen stockings for those whom they compassionately thought of as the helpless, hoseless natives of Zanzibar. Missionaries and explorers usually assembled their safaris in Zanzibar or Mombasa, sometimes attaching themselves to Arab caravans, which made their way easier and safer.

In 1857 Burton and Speke discovered Lake Tanganyika; in 1859 Livingstone travelled to Nyasa—Von der Decken went inland in 1860, while Speke and Grant travelled overland to Egypt in 1861, '62 and '63.

In 1860 Dr. Amand Manponit, Bishop of St. Denis Reunion, sent his Vicar-General to Zanzibar to found a French Roman Catholic mission; and in 1864 Bishop Tozer and Dr. Steere started a Protestant one in the same town.

In 1865 von der Decken discovered the Juba River, but he did not return from this expedition, and the next year two of his compatriots, Bremer and Kenzellach, set out to look for him. The year 1867 saw the start of Livingstone's last journey. In 1870 missionary Wakefield travelled up the Tana River from Lamu, and also spent some time wandering about the island of Pate, while missionary New climbed to the snow-line on Kilimanjaro. The same year the naturalized American, Stanley, went on behalf of his paper, the New York Herald, to look for Livingstone, who appeared to be lost. But the dour, tough old Scotsman was still travelling interestedly about Africa, and during this last journey

Princes of Zinj

of his he discovered the upper Congo, and explored the northern shore of Lake Tanganyika. Stanley, having found him at Ujiji and spent some time with him, continued on his way to Mombasa, and in 1873 Livingstone died, worn out by the rough journeys, the poor food and his recurring bouts of fever. His body was embalmed and brought to the coast by his native servants, one of whom, Matthew Wellington, died in Mombasa in 1947.¹

Barghash's reign was as troubled and difficult as Majid's, but his strong character and personal courage helped him to keep his throne. The English were ever beside him; on the one hand nagging at him about the slave trade; on the other, shielding him from his enemies and helping him to develop Zanzibar's trade and economy.

In India, Barghash had seen luxury far surpassing anything that his ancestors or their unsophisticated subjects had ever dreamed of. Not for him now were the simple robes, the plain utensils, the unadorned dagger sheath; or the austere way of living, as of a desert chief, which his father had affected.

Barghash knew the splendour of the Princes of India; the ropes of pearls, which hung from their throats to below their waists; the diamonds in their turbans as big as eggs; their huge emeralds and rubies; the sheaths of their weapons, studded with precious stones, which flashed with every movement. He had seen their palaces, with hundreds of rooms and thousands of retainers in each building, their bejewelled, bedizened, painted elephants and horses and vehicles; the almost god-like worship with which they were received by the multitudes, when they went forth from their palaces into the rambling, populous streets of their vast cities.

¹ In that year the film *of Livingstone and Stanley* was shown in Mombasa, and Matthew Wellington was invited to see it. When 'Livingstone' appeared on the screen, wearing the peaked cap with a handkerchief hanging down behind which Matthew remembered so well, the poor old man sprang to his feet, tears pouring down his face, crying out '*Bwana! Bwana!*'

Eight years later, during anti-Mau Mau operations in the Aberdare forests, men of the Black Watch found a large quantity of papers in an empty shack—one was a letter from Livingstone, complaining of sickness and desertion among his porters at the coast. 'If the Government's dilatoriness continues,' he said, 'the whole expedition will collapse.'

These papers were probably among loot stolen from the house of some European who had been hacked to death by the Mau-Mau Kikuyu.

Barghash's Reign Begins

Barghash knew that his little island of Zanzibar would never be able to compete in ostentation and luxury with these potentates of the East, the richest men in the world; but he was determined to do what he could to embellish his court. The silver services which had contented his predecessors disappeared, and gold cup and basins, plates and dishes took their places. The divan coverings woven by hand from the hair of goats and camels were replaced by silks and taffetas from London, Paris and Bombay; fine French carpets covered the floors, while Barghash himself, and the ladies of his harem, wore ornaments of precious stones, beautifully set.

He built many palaces, perhaps the most charming of which was Marahubi; with baths standing under decorated domes, pillars up which climbed purple and flame-coloured bougainvilleas, flowering shrubs as tall as trees, pretty stone ponds with water lilies floating on the surface, and little sandy paths, leading down to the sea, whose cerulean waters could be seen through the trunks of the palm trees.

Here Barghash kept his ladies in the strictest seclusion. Outside the encircling wall stood armed guards, with orders to kill any intruders who might be seen lurking near the palace. Any female caught waving to a passing boat might vanish forever, and even now one can see tiny apertures, built into the thickness of the walls, with chains fastened to the stones, ending in heavy rings, which were, say the local people, used to confine offenders. There were one hundred ladies in the Sultan's harem; but he only had six children, of whom five were girls.

Among Barghash's many palaces was one in the town itself, facing the sea, called Beit-el-Ajaib, or House of Wonders. It stood on the site of the home of Queen Fatima, that brave woman of the Mwenyi Mkuu family who had tried in vain to help the Portuguese, over a century before. This splendid building was paved with marble brought from Europe, and panelled with the finest woods, while the carved doors were covered with texts from the Koran painted in gilt, on a green ground.

Barghash also planted the Victoria gardens; a flowery retreat in which to rest during the long ride to Chukwani, where he had built a palace on a cliff above the sea, facing the setting sun. His most useful gift to Zanzibar was the pure water which he brought from the springs at Bububu to the town. The result of this great

Princes of Zinj

work was that the terrible waves of cholera which had decimated the islanders from time to time ceased to occur. But there were plenty of troubles in store for Barghash, whose robust health, unflinching courage and ruthless determination made it easier for him to handle them, than it had been for his delicate, nervous brother Majid.

In 1872 a devastating hurricane roared through Zanzibar, beheading palm trees, levelling huts, destroying gardens and causing many deaths. Seyyid Barghash poured out his money to relieve the victims, but the whole economy of Zanzibar was ruined, and the people suffered terribly. It would take years to rebuild and replant, and more years before the new palm trees would bear nuts.

Indolent and slow-moving as they were, the people of Zanzibar set about repairing the damage as best they could. Swahili peasants and the slaves worked leisurely but persistently at cultivating the land for replanting, while the Arabs directed the work and the priests prayed for good crops.

In 1873, long before the island had recovered from the hurricane, another blow was struck at it. This was the visit of a mission from England, led by Sir Bartle Frere, Her Majesty's 'Special Envoy'.

The mission arrived in four warships, *Enchantress*, *Briton*, *Daphne* and *Glasgow*, an imposing array. Seyyid Barghash was overjoyed at their arrival; he apparently believed, with surprising naiveté, that Her Britannic Majesty had sent some of her Ministers all the way to Zanzibar on a simple courtesy visit. Or perhaps they had come to condole over the hurricane, and to offer the stricken islanders help. The moment the anchor was down Barghash sent one of his Chief Ministers on board the flagship, accompanied by Sir John Kirk: He himself went part of the way from his palace to meet them, the greatest honour he could show. He was delighted and proud to receive such an eminent servant of the Crown as Sir Bartle Frere. He led the Englishmen into his audience chamber, and they seated themselves on cushions and rugs round the walls, while servants brought them glasses of water, tiny cups of thick, black Mocha coffee, and highly spiced, peppery things to eat.

Besides Sir Bartle Frere the mission consisted of the Reverend G. P. Badger, who had known Barghash in Bombay; Colonel

Barghash's Reign Begins

Pelly, Resident in the Persian Gulf; Colonel Euan-Smith, Captain Fairfax, R.N., Mr. Hill and Mr. Grey, both of the Foreign Office.

It seems hardly credible that the real object of the visit still did not occur to Seyyid Barghash, but perhaps he thought that his father and brother had already given up so much to please the English; causing such financial loss to themselves, and misery both to the Arabs, deprived of their labour, and to the slaves, deprived of their homes, that the English were now satisfied.

Barghash was soon disillusioned, for Mr. Badger quickly explained the terms of the mission, which were that Barghash should forbid the export of all slaves from the coast, even if they were destined for another part of Seyyid's dominions. In other words, the transport of slaves from one port to another, hitherto permitted in certain areas, was totally to cease.

Barghash was thunderstruck. If he agreed to these harsh terms, which would cause him a further heavy, financial loss, he believed the desperate Arabs would take his throne—perhaps even his life when they heard of this fresh disaster. The fact that Zanzibar had not nearly recovered from the hurricane made no impression on the Englishmen, who could not understand that slaves were needed to cultivate the new plantations.

Barghash and his advisers declared these new demands seemed like an order to commit suicide. Barghash spoke of the hurricane, 'it will take years to recover the losses, and now the prospect of being obliged to give up the supply of slave labour, will absolutely ruin us.

'You import coolies from India into the Seychelles and Mauritius—what would happen to those islands if such supplies were stopped at once?' The Englishmen were unmoved. Barghash was nearly in tears as he pleaded with them, but although they could see all round them evidences of the disaster, and they knew that the Seyyid was speaking the truth, they would not relent.

To soften the blow, and in recognition of the fact that a treaty ought to benefit both parties, Lord Granville had told Frere to say that should Barghash agree to sign, he would not only receive the friendship and protection of Great Britain (favours Barghash was not aware had been withdrawn from him), he might also cease in future to pay the 40,000 dollars allocated long ago to his brother Thuwaini of Muscat.

But since the death of Thuwaini, the tribute had not been

Princes of Zinj

paid at all, and the thought may have crossed Barghash's mind that the British could themselves, out of their own pockets, have given him financial compensation, rather than show such generosity at the expense of another Arab prince.

The Arabs in the island were not concerned with financial relief for Barghash; that was his affair, not theirs. But they fiercely told him their point of view, clamouring loudly that the Seyyid and his English friends were going to make them all die of hunger. The Arabs were not a particularly far-seeing race; they could not understand that even if Barghash refused to sign the treaty with England, the slave trade would, in any case, some day come to an end.

Barghash was in despair, driven by his Arabs, whom he feared, and by the Commissioners, whom he knew he could not sway.

'A spear is held at both my eyes,' he cried, 'with which shall I choose to be pierced? Either way is fatal for me!'

Sir Bartle Frere and his party paid a visit to Captain Fraser's plantation, Mkokotoni, a few miles from the town. Captain Fraser had obtained a concession of 2,500 acres, had made roads, cleared the bush, drained the swamps, sold the whole place to an Indian, and now rented it again. He grew sugar on the plantation, and had a small factory for oil and soap in the town. All his labour, of course, was paid, and on the two days a week which every slave had to himself, those in the town used to troop over to Fraser's plantation, and ask to be allowed to work there for those two days. Sometimes there were as many as five hundred applicants at a time. His plantation was a great success, and he found it quite easy to make a profit, despite the fact that he employed no slave labour.

When Sir Bartle and his staff saw the Fraser plantation they were much impressed, and could not understand why the Arabs could not employ paid labour, and make a profit too. Fraser and Barghash tried to explain that by their hereditary instincts, their Oriental lethargy, their mental make-up, by their very race, the Arabs were not capable of running their affairs in the brisk, business-like fashion of the English. But Frere did not believe them. He was determined to show no mercy to the Arab slave-owners, and to ignore their problems. His intolerant attitude finally stiffened the Seyyid's resistance. No treaty was signed with

Barghash's Reign Begins

Sir Battle Frere. He and his staff sailed for England, but left instructions with Dr. Kirk, now England's plenipotentiary, that the Seyyid was to be told that should the treaty not be signed before the arrival of Admiral Cumming with his ships, there would be a blockade of Zanzibar.

When the Englishmen had left, Barghash and the Arabs relaxed, for they were hoping that the French, inveterate slavers themselves, would come to their aid. No French ship, however, appeared; but day after day Sir John sought audience with the Seyyid, and implored him to sign the treaty. Drawing upon his imagination, he painted an alarming picture of the troubles a blockade would cause in the island, and so played on the feelings of the Arab chiefs that even they, at last, joined their entreaties to his and begged the Seyyid to sign.

For his part, Barghash did not worry much about the blockade and said so to Kirk. 'If it is all going to be so difficult, and there will be no meat coming to the island, I shall simply move over into your house.'

Kirk's eloquence was reinforced by the strength of the Navy, an argument which Barghash and the Arabs understood and appreciated. The blockade began; and the ships on the station were so cleverly disposed that hardly any slavers succeeded in

getting past them. By the end of May, 1872, 4,000 slaves had been imported into Zanzibar during the year; but only twenty-one had passed through the Customs House up to May 31st, 1873.

The slavers, at last, were beaten; and in Kirk's dispatch to the Foreign Office of May 31st he paid a glowing tribute to the work done by the Navy:

'Captain Malcolm of the *Briton* . . . rejoined by H.M.S. *Daphne*, Captain Bateman; . . . has by a well-planned disposition of . . . the slender means at his disposal. . . paralysed the Arabs ... I should . . . also bring before your Lordship's notice the energy, endurance, and high moral courage displayed by the junior officers and men of H.M. Navy.'

Perhaps Dr. Kirk had not approved of the aspersions cast on the Navy by the missionary in his evidence before the Select Committee in 1871, and was glad to take this opportunity of refuting the libels. Kirk's eloquence, patience and firmness

Princes of Zinj

won from Barghash the treaty which Frere's threats had failed to obtain. On June 14th the following cable reached London:

'Treaty with additional clause signed by the Sultan this day. Slave market closed same afternoon. Admiral of Fleet not yet arrived. All quiet at present.'

The signatures on the Treaty were:

'John Kirk, Political Agent, Zanzibar.

The mean in God's sight, Nassir-bin-Said-bin-Abdullah.

The humble, the poor, Barghash-bin-Saïd.'

9

Barghash Visits Europe

WHILE Zanzibar and the coast, under the influence of Barghash and the Europeans who lived there, became more civilized and more disciplined, the kingdom of Oman was in its customary state of upheaval, as the princes of the ruling house murdered each other and then, for brief intervals, sat upon its dangerous throne, and were in their turn killed or exiled.

After Seyyid Thuwaini had been slain in his sleep by his son, Salim, the murderer proclaimed himself ruler of Muscat. But when a cousin of his, Azzan-bin-Kais, raised the country against him, he fled to India. Azzan became Sultan, but was soon murdered by Prince Turki, brother of Thuwaini and former Governor of Lohar. Turki seized the throne. Another of Thuwaini's sons, named Hamed, was married to Turki's daughter Turkiyyeh, and I bus one might have expected that Oman would have a few years of peace. But Hamed, like the others, was bored with inactivity, and before long he was plotting to kill his father-in-law. Turki, warned in time, forced Hamed to divorce his wife, and retire to India whence, in due course, he came to Zanzibar.

Despite the family links, and the arrival now and then of a Prince of Oman who chose to live in Zanzibar, the ties between the two kingdoms became looser, though the voyages of the trading dhows did not, and never have, ceased.

Meanwhile many mission stations were being established in Africa. All over the continent, missionaries settled down to preach to the natives, and to teach them European languages and habits.

Three hundred years before, when the Portuguese were masters of the coast, Jesuit priests had voyaged up the Zambezi; but after a brief period of success most of them were murdered, and the survivors returned to the coast. Later, a certain number of Portuguese Jesuits and White Fathers, led by Cardinal Lairgerie, returned to the scene of their forerunners' martyrdom, only to be

Princes of Zinj

massacred in their turn. In Burton's time there were stories from the Chagga country, near Kilimanjaro, of the image of a woman with long hair, holding a child in her arms and seated in a chair. It was also said that the Wanyika people, living near Mombasa, possessed certain small statuettes which they called 'little devils' and which were carried among the warriors before a fight. These idols, said to come from the "West, were jealously hidden from strangers' eyes, and anyone attempting to see them would probably have been killed.

The nineteenth-century missionaries had less to fear than their Portuguese predecessors; and more and more of them came flocking to this beautiful and attractive country. Besides the Roman Catholics, there were Protestants of many denominations. From England came a strong contingent.

The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society, the Baptist Mission, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary Society, the Free Kirk, the established Church of Scotland, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Friends' African Mission and the Universities Mission, established themselves in Africa, all preaching their different creeds to the somewhat bewildered natives.

Switzerland, Sweden, Holland, America, Norway and France, also partook in the scramble for souls, and helped in the geographical surveying which was going on in the Dark Continent.

In the name of Christianity, a bloody civil war broke out in Uganda between the natives trained by the Roman Catholics and those trained by the Protestants.

The Roman Catholics taught their converts the technical crafts; how to become masons, carpenters, ironworkers and hospital attendants; while the Protestants favoured a more classical education, teaching them the History of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire; how to write essays on the lives of famous men such as Martin Luther; how to be clerks, secretaries and accountants. These mental exercises came hard to the African, and real proficiency continued to elude all but a very small minority, though they were, of course, unaware of this. The time came when Protestant 'mission-boys' were roaming the country, offering their services as clerks, but disdaining manual labour on account of their superior education.

As the years went by, those who could read and write began

Barghash Visits Europe

to have personal ambitions as political leaders; and the fact that they were envied and looked up to by their more unsophisticated countrymen, helped to enlarge their ego. So came into being the politically minded East African of the present day, a direct product of the mission schools.

Hut politics are not among the inherited talents of the East African natives, and it would be unfair to expect them to show, in a few generations, any great aptitude for one of the most difficult arts ever practiced by the peoples of Europe, and far from perfected by them, even after thousands of years of trial and error.

The natives of the interior, until the advent of the white man, were simple pagans, believing in one supreme God, who was trusted over everything and blamed when things went wrong; and whose ministers included devils, ghosts and witch-doctors. The Africans quickly took to the various Christian creeds they were taught. They were readily attracted by anything new, and quite content with the outward and visible signs. But they were not capable of continuous self-discipline unless under supervision; when this was removed they soon became bored. As long as the missionaries stayed among their converts, nursing, healing and teaching, smiling, patient and kind, the natives remained Christian. They liked the missionaries and the clothes, comforts and care they received from them. There was also the pleasant sense of superiority which being baptised conferred upon the convert. But once the white people left them, everything stopped, and the African soon reverted to those primitive habits of thought and behaviour to which all his inherited instincts drove him.

In 1913 Sir Harry Johnston wrote:

'No race but that of purely negro blood accepts and loses Christianity with greater facility. The negro (unless he be Muhammadanized) is easily converted, and as easily relapses into gross superstition or a negation of all religion, including his former simple but sound ideas of right and wrong.

In order that Christianity may become permanently rooted in a negro race it is necessary for it to be maintained by a European power for a long period as the religion of the State. If the negro Kingdoms which remained independent retained their Christianity it was in an unrecognizable form.

Princes of Zinj

It is not so with Muhammadism—the explanation being that Muhammadism as taught to the negro demands no sacrifice of his bodily lusts, whereas Christianity with its restrictions ends by boring him, unless and until his general mental condition, by individual genius or generations of transmitted culture, reaches the average level of the European.'

The missionaries caused the Government of Zanzibar a certain amount of trouble. They disregarded the laws of the country they were living in, and made their own rules. One of these was to give refuge to runaway slaves before they had been legally freed, though this was strictly against the terms of the treaties; and any slave, in any case, could and did at once appeal to the Seyyid, should he be ill-treated by his master.

By the end of 1870 there were about a hundred and fifty of these runaway slaves living at Rabai, protected by the missionaries. When the owners whose legal property these slaves still were, and who had received no compensation for their loss, claimed them, the missionaries refused to restore them, and there were ugly scenes between the obstinate white men and the angry, defrauded Arabs, which might have led to bloodshed but for the intervention of Seyyid Barghash. These events and other incidents, when a certain lack of tact towards the Arabs was displayed by the European missionaries, caused constant friction and ill-feeling, which in no way helped Barghash in his sincere efforts to eliminate the slave trade.

Once having given his word, the Sultan kept it. On June 5th, 1873, the very day the Treaty was signed, messengers from the palace came to the slave market and closed it, clearing away sellers, buyers and merchandise. Proclamations were put up prohibiting transport of slaves by sea, anywhere within His Highness's dominions. Barghash sent his soldiers to arrest not only those slavers who were still trafficking in slaves, but also those who seemed to be making preparations to do so.

Naturally, there now sprang up a 'black' market in the forbidden goods. Their prices in Zanzibar and Pemba doubled. The many thousands who had accumulated in Kilwa were marched north through the bush, just cut of sight of the sea, and shipped off secretly to those places where they could still be sold. The British Navy redoubled its efforts, but the smugglers were

Barghash Visits Europe

estimated to be exporting between 10,000 and 12,000 slaves a year,

In 1875 Dr. Kirk, returning from leave in England, brought Barghash an official invitation to visit Great Britain.

This was, perhaps, the happiest event in the whole of the Sultan's life. Great honour had been paid him, his *heshima*—the Arab word for personal pride and fame—was greatly increased; not one of his predecessors had been so favoured.

An Arab named Ali-bin-Saud was appointed regent, and Barghash set forth on May 9th, accompanied by his Prime Minister, five other Arab nobles, the leading Indian merchant of Zanzibar, Dr.. Kirk and a large number of servants.

As they crept through the newly opened Suez Canal, Barghash began to realize, perhaps for the first time, what the white people were capable of. Not only was he deeply impressed by the fact that this vast channel had been dug through miles of sand; but also by the endless amount of maintenance and the ceaseless vigilance required to keep it open. Along the shores of the Mediterranean he saw mountains and forests; huge, densely populated ports; clusters of villas and what looked like palaces; and at night he beheld, glittering on the water and illuminating the countless dwellings, the lights of millions of gas burners. Admiral Seymour, with the Channel Squadron, had been ordered to Lisbon to meet the Sultan, and to give him an idea of Britain's Sea power. In Portugal, the mother-country of those brave men whom Barghash's ancestors had fought for so long, he set foot on European soil for the first time. He was to pay a visit to the King and Queen in their palace. Honours were indeed coming upon him thick and fast. But he was worried, for his suite consisted of only six Arabs and one Indian; and it seemed to him that these were not nearly enough to convey to the European monarch s an accurate idea of his real dignity. He cast around in his mind and had an inspiration. All the presentable people among his personal servants were hurriedly dressed up in clean clothes and borrowed turbans, and came to the palace with him, as members of the Household. Dr. Kirk, in the leading boat, was very surprised to see the enormous crowd with which Barghash was surrounded; he could hardly believe his eyes. But as they began to disembark, he realized, to his horror, that most of them Were servants in disguise.

Princes of Zinj

He was just in time to prevent the entry of this mixed company into the Royal Presence, and to steer them away from the main entrance to the palace.

While he drove through the streets of Lisbon, Barghash looked about him. Although his well-schooled Oriental face showed nothing but polite pleasure at the scenes that met his eye, his heart was struck with amazement. The beautiful proportions and the coloured mosaic paving of the huge Black Horse Square where they were received; the tall, gay houses of Lisbon, with their walls covered in coloured tiles; the stately fish-wives, in long, voluminous petticoats and smart little pork-pie hats; and others whose curly-brimmed headgear shot forth, to the Arabs' utter astonishment, showers of sardines when the wearers bent their heads forward; the flowers and flags in the wide streets, the wooded hills amongst which Lisbon is set, all these wonders made a tremendous impression on the Arabs.

But their expressions betrayed no surprise, for that would have been to class themselves with the ignorant negroes of Africa, whom they regarded as so far beneath them.

They came before the King and Queen, who received them with great warmth and kindness.

The Queen seated herself, and the King invited Barghash to a seat, but the others were left to stand. The Arabs were surprised and annoyed that a woman should be allowed to sit down in their presence, while they themselves were kept on their feet. Telling each other in Arabic that such a thing was against their dignity, they all sat down, some on chairs, some on the floor.

But the incident was not mentioned by either side, though both parties inwardly deplored the other's barbaric manners.

The conversation proceeded in French, with occasional asides in Portuguese between the hosts. Dr. Kirk knew the language perfectly, though no-one was aware of this. He stood beside Barghash, staring at the opposite wall, and listened to the plans the King was making with his foreign minister. After various entertainments, they said, they would bring up the difficult question of the boundary in East Africa between the dominions of Zanzibar and Portugal. Feeling it was the worst possible moment to talk politics, Kirk decided they had better sail that night, and, on their return on board, he asked the Admiral to do so. The Foreign Minister, hearing that they were leaving so soon,

Barghash Visits Europe

came to see them again, and managed to steer the conversation to the subject of the boundary. But Barghash, forewarned, calmly replied:

'These things are drawn with the sword, not with the pen.'

It was on June 15th that Barghash first saw England. On that summer day Gravesend, hung with flags, was looking its best; though the grey, narrow streets, the dun-coloured houses, the muddy river banks, and the dark tugs and barges did not, perhaps, strike so gay and decorative a note as the flowers and tiles of Lisbon, and the painted fishing vessels on the Tagus. The Arabs went up the Thames in boats belonging to the Thames Steamboats Company.

A party of distinguished gentlemen from the Foreign Office, including Sir Bartle Frere, Reverend G. P. Badger, and other old acquaintances, welcomed the visitors at Westminster Palace steps, and escorted them to a suite in a Piccadilly hotel.

Everything was done to make them as comfortable as possible. Behind the hotel there was a private slaughter-house and a private kitchen, where the native butcher and four native cooks prepared food in the Moslem way, so that no unclean meat should pass the Arabs' lips. Barghash said the formal prayers twice each day, and it was arranged that the entertainments planned for him should not interfere with his devotions.

The day after his arrival a round of gaiety began. He visited the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. He was much struck by the sailor suits worn by the Royal children. It is said he talked about them for a long time; perhaps the thing that really astonished him was the idea of members of a Royal House wearing the uniform of working-men. He went to balls, concerts and garden parties; to the races, the opera and to the British Museum. He visited Brighton, Woolwich, Aldershot, Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester.

Everywhere vast crowds turned out to see him, and to roar their welcome; while hostesses fought for his presence at their parties, Mayors made speeches, and politicians sought audiences with him.

His beautiful Arabian manners were strange to England. At a concert at the Crystal Palace, when the choir rose to sing, Barghash and his suite immediately rose too. Seeing this, the audience also stood up, and Barghash's mistake had to be

Princes of Zinj

explained to him, in order to prevent everyone in the theatre remaining on their feet all through every performance which he might, in the future, attend.

An occurrence which may have tried his patience, but never affected his manners, was the behaviour of the bishops, missionaries and leaders of various reform societies whom he met. With more enthusiasm than courtesy they enlarged on the evils of slavery in His Highness's domains, praised the excellence of the Bible (not scrupling to hint at its superiority over their visitor's own Holy Book, the Koran) and extolled to the skies the work of their own missionaries (whose behaviour had, in fact, not always been above reproach from a political and legal point of view).

Very soon a new treaty, bringing further restrictions upon the slave trade, was drawn up by Lord Derby, and ratified at once by Barghash, who may have perceived its loopholes. This Treaty provided that household slaves might accompany their masters at sea without the ship being confiscated, but if they were carried against their will, they were to be free. From the point of view of the English, the arrangement was not a success; for hundreds of personal servants were soon to be found making the Mecca pilgrimage, whence only a few returned, the rest having been profitably disposed of.

After four weeks of intensive sightseeing and entertainment, Barghash and his Arabs went to Paris. Here they felt at home. No-one lectured them about slavery, and the French lavishly displayed their customary endless and varied hospitality. Barghash no doubt found their way of living and their ideas of amusement vastly different to what he had experienced in England. A few days later he and his suite travelled by train to Marseilles, and embarked for Zanzibar, which they reached on September 20th.

Perhaps his native isle seemed rather small to Barghash, after all he had seen; and the Arab entertainments a little naive and limited; but his people were overjoyed to have him home, and showered upon him all the tumultuous affection and the gifts with which they delight to welcome their returning loved ones. Barghash celebrated his arrival by freeing all his slaves.

In 1877 the Seyyid, ruefully comparing his army of dirty, tattered Arabs and Persians with the disciplined English soldiers,

Barghash Visits Europe

decided to have smart, clean troops of his own, which would not only be a credit to him on parades, but would obey orders and light for him loyally against the slavers; something the Arab troops could not always be trusted to do.

Turning, as usual, to Kirk and the Navy for help, he was allotted a young lieutenant named Lloyd Mathews. This man was destined to become one of the greatest among the splendid band of brave and honourable men who have guided with such wisdom various native monarchs who desired England's help, and have been England's friends. Under Lieutenant Mathews, the Arab officers and native troops of Barghash's new army quickly became soldierly and disciplined.

'Attracted by the martial sound of fife and drum', wrote Mr. Vause of the *Natal Mercury* in 1877, 'we follow its direction, and soon come upon a string of black recruits, at the run to their rendezvous. Filing with them into the police-barracks, we find Lieutenant Mathews, R.N. of H.M.S. *London*, in the drill shed.

Lieutenant Mathews has a quiet, happy knack with him, drills them in English, and they take to soldiering as naturally as ducks do to water . . . they really do not look half amiss in their short black jackets, white trousers and jaunty red caps. . . . The Arab officers, who give the word of command in good English, in their gold and silver lace and blue frock-coat and trousers, look great swells.'

In April 1878 the British Government, approving of the Sultan's new army, sent five hundred Snider rifles, complete with bayonets and ammunition, and seven Whitworth guns, to Zanzibar. These weapons were formally placed in the hands of the delighted soldiers—whose only arms hitherto had been wooden muskets—and the smartly drilled troops were then inspected by the Seyyid.

Mathews and his men were soon in action. *Esprit de corps* was very high, the men were loyal, brave and enthusiastic. Their first mission was to police the district of Pimbir, where two members of a Belgian expedition, named Carter and Cadenhead, had recently been murdered.

The natives had become hysterically excited at the sight of

Princes of Zinj

blood, and were in a dangerous mood. The arrival of a well-disciplined army soon quietened them. The troops remained in the district for three months, keeping order and at the same time protecting the natives from prowling slavers.

Soon after this, there came to the Sultan's ears stories of constant slave-smuggling between Pangani and Pemba. Mathews sent two spies to Pangani to investigate, and, following them two days later, he marched his men into the town.

This quick movement was a complete surprise to the Arabs; Mathews captured not only the director of all the smuggling enterprises, but also several dealers, with their merchandise and their ships, into which he put armed guards. A trip to Tanga was not so successful, for by now the coast was ringing with stories, wildly exaggerated, of the doings of Mathews; and when he reached Tanga there was not a slave to be seen or heard of. Mathews, however, did not return empty-handed, for he arrested the chief slave dealer and confiscated his dhow, taking both to Zanzibar.

As soon as he had gone the slave-traders of Tanga, seriously perturbed, brought their slaves back from the bush where they were hidden, and sent them by dhow to Pemba, since the chiefs of that island regarded themselves as at least the equals of Barghash, and quite independent from him and his servile attitude towards the English. They gladly received all the slaves they were sent, for Pemba is a wonderfully fertile and closely settled island, and there was always a good market for house and plantation slaves. The surplus were shipped away to the Eastern ports.

The Tanga dhow was intercepted by a boat from H.M.S. *London*, but the sailors ran out of ammunition and were obliged to turn back. The dhow landed her slaves, who were spirited away by the dealers. Barghash, at Kirk's request, wrote to his agent in Pemba, Mahomed-bin-Jama, telling him to arrest all those engaged in slave-smuggling forthwith.

But the chief slave-trader was a rich man from Muscat named Hindi-bin-Hattam, brave as Northern Arabs are. He defiantly refused to appear before the Seyyid's agent; and summoned his friends and tribesmen around him.

The Arab chiefs of Pemba were already highly incensed at Barghash's behaviour. He was, they said, only a leader appointed by themselves, not above them in any way. To be sent Orders by

Barghash Visits Europe

flim, and to have those orders delivered by a servant, was an affront not to be endured. They would take no notice of his insolent message, but would do as they pleased in their own island.

Dr. Kirk pointed out to Barghash that this was the ideal opportunity to bring Pemba to obedience, and to teach the chiefs who was the ruler and who were the vassals. Mathews and his fast-growing army were despatched to bring order to Pemba. The chiefs had never in their lives seen drilled soldiers—and negroes at that—under disciplined and loyal Arab officers. They vcrý soon submitted; while Hindi gave himself up quietly. The Operation ended in an anti-climax, for Hindi-bin-Hattam was tried, and acquitted for lack of sufficient evidence.

It was obvious that Lieutenant Mathews could not continue to be commander-in-chief of the Sultan's troops, and remain a junior officer in the Navy. He was, therefore, released from the Service and confirmed in his command of Zanzibar's army, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

As was only to be expected, Hindi-bin-Hattam, not under-standing the complicated ways of English law, and having been pronounced innocent of a crime which everyone knew he had committed, returned to his slave-running with a light heart. He realized he might be caught and tried again, but, with perfect logic, could not imagine why he should ever be convicted. He had once sailed under French colours. He used these colours in a new dhow, and it was the sight of them which aroused the suspicions of Captain Brownrigg, R.N., who was cruising from Zanzibar to Pemba in H.M.S. *London s* steam pinnace, *Wave*. He ran his pinnace alongside the dhow and ordered Yates, the coxswain, to board her, and grapple her to the pinnace. As Yates stepped on board he saw a crowd of Arabs crouching behind the bulwarks, aiming their rifles at him. They fired and missed; the battle began. The Arabs fired into the pinnace, killing or wounding almost all the small crew; while Captain Brownrigg fired back at them, killing two with one bullet. Then the Arabs poured over into the *Wave* and attacked Captain Brownrigg, who fought on alone, since all his men were dead, wounded or overboard. He swung about with his clubbed rifle and, losing this, with his telescope. It was an Homeric battle, of one man against many. As he Struck at his enemies with all his great strength, beating

Princes of Zinj

them down even with that one small weapon, their long swords stabbed and slashed him, and at last one gashed him across the face, blinding him. A second later he fell, shot through the heart; already a great hero in the eyes of his killers, and one whose death was to be sung of for many years. The Arabs attacked the wounded men in the pinnace, mutilating and killing them savagely, and then tried to smash the machinery and sink the boat, but this they failed to do. At last they went back to their dhow, and sailed away. The stoker, who had been in the sea all this time, climbed back on board, started the engine, rescued from the water those who were still swimming about, and returned to the Naval depot.

Hindi-bin-Hattam reached Wete, in Pemba, safely, with his hundred slaves, and having disposed of these, he hid the dhow in one of the innumerable creeks with which the island's coast is indented.

When news reached Zanzibar of the death of Captain Brownrigg, General Mathews went to Pemba. Then began such a man-hunt as even the slaves had never seen before. The dhow was found very soon, deserted and blood-stained. None of the Arabs and natives who were questioned knew anything. Mathews did not detain them, but sent his men in small parties through the island, searching every hut and village, for a day and a night. Word soon came that a cousin of Hindi's had been arrested. Frightened by Mathews, and tempted by a bribe of 500 dollars, this man promised to lead them to Hindi; but he lost his nerve at the thought of the reprisals he might have to suffer, and played for time until Mathews felt convinced he was lying. The General thereupon secured his person, burnt his houses and sent him with a party of other suspects, to Zanzibar.

He next arrested Nasur-bin-Ali, the chief Arab of Wete, and ordered him also to be sent to Zanzibar. Just as the anchor was being weighed, Nasur-bin-Ali confessed that he knew the hiding-place of Hindi, and promised to reveal it. To encourage him to keep his word, Mathews impounded a plantation of his valued at £20,000 and set a guard over it. This was enough for Nasur. He led the white men to Hindi's forest hiding-place, only to find that Hindi had once more escaped, and had fled to the wild, broken, wooded country of the east coast. By now, however, the inhabitants of Pemba realized that the Sultan's troops were bound

Barghash Visits Europe

to win, and they were, to a man, on Barghash's side. Very soon one of them was leading the soldiers to the hut of another slaver, Saleh-bin-Rhabish, where Hindi was hiding.

It was nearly dark. Mathews disposed his men around the hut, and walked up to the door, calling on Hindi to surrender.

There were several armed men within, filled with all the fiery valour of the Muscat Arabs. Saleh ran out, sword in hand, straight at Mathews, who shot him down. Three more men appeared, one escaped and two were captured. Hindi was still inside, crouching like a leopard in the darkness of the hut, waiting to spring upon his foes. An officer called to him and he came with a rush, cutting the officer down. Then he was among them, fighting alone and as bravely as the man he had murdered at sea, until his sword hand was shot nearly away and a leg hit in two places.

Crippled and helpless, he was their prisoner. The surgeon who had accompanied the soldiers was obliged to amputate his hand, and then his leg. Though everything was done to save Hindi's life, he died of shock and loss of blood, boasting to the last of his prowess in killing Captain Brownrigg, that great fighter who had slain two of his men with but a single shot.

Now came the first of those many official messages which have been sent to Whitehall, for nearly a hundred years, in praise of East African troops.

Mr. Holmwood, the political officer at Wete, wrote:

'I cannot close this report without remarking upon the steadiness, good behaviour and patient endeavour of the Sultan's native forces. They have had to keep guard day and night over a considerable village and its approaches, also to furnish patrols and outposts; yet they have always been ready at a moment's notice to march on the expeditions, generally occupying the whole night, which their leader has ordered. General Mathews himself has worked indefatigably. . . .'

This was the end of the independence and arrogance of the chiefs of Pemba. They understood now who was the master; like all Orientals, they respected force more than anything else in the world, and what they had seen of the Sultan's General and Army, convinced them that it would be best in the future to obey the Sultan's commands.

Princes of Zinj

Barghash's days were very busy. He was a man of great energy; entirely lacking the lethargy of so many of his race.

Every morning he arose at 4 a.m., and entered the throne-room carrying a lamp and the Koran, from which, seated on the throne, he read certain passages aloud. At 4.30 he was joined by twelve pious Arabs, all taking it in turns to read from the Holy Book. Fifteen minutes later they prostrated themselves in the morning prayer, then further readings took place until 6, when the sun rose. Now was the moment to break their fast; tea, milk and cakes were brought to them, after which the rising-sun prayers were said. From 6.30 to 7 o'clock, the Seyyid's 'Confidential Agents' came to him, giving him news of events which had occurred during the night; they were succeeded by the treasurer and the customs officers. Interviews continued until 8, when the Sultan left the throne-room for the first time in four hours, to partake of the first full meal of the day. In his private dining-room Barghash sat alone at a large table covered with food. All round the room stood the eunuchs, their arms crossed on their breasts, awaiting Orders to carry morsels of food to the favourite ladies of the moment. Returning to the throne-room, the Sultan remained there from 9 till 11 o'clock, patiently and courteously listening to the swarms of officials, merchants, travellers, plaintiffs, beggars and slaves who brought him greetings, requests and complaints.

His travelling agent, Abdulla Salim el-Kheimri, was instructed what to buy on his next journey. Watches, ammunition, jewellery, carpets, ships and clothes, all came within his province. Barghash took a personal interest in everything. The purchase of plantations, the building of bridges, shops and palaces; other people's quarrels and miseries, were all dealt with by him. No one was too humble or too poor to come before his presence; his sympathy and attention were at the disposal of all his people.

From 11 till 1 he retired for a siesta in the harem palace, ministered to by his favourite ladies and servants; then he returned for midday prayers, when for a short period his friends came to talk to him, and to eat the sweets and fruits they were offered. From now till afternoon prayers at 3.30 the discussion was always* on religious matters. His Faith is very close to the Arab's heart; from the time the first prayers are whispered into his baby ears, when he is but a few hours old, to the moment he lies dying;

Barghash Visits Europe

prayer and a sense of the nearness of God form the most important part of his moments of leisure.

After prayers, Barghash again retired to his own apartments, for the second meal of the day, and then it was time to examine the work of the native judges, who dispensed justice in the Palace Square.

At 6 p.m. there took place the beautiful and picturesque ceremony of the Closing of the Day. While the sun sank into the ocean, turning sea and sky to gold, the Seyyid, and his nobles, stood watching from a verandah. When the last red rim had disappeared, he raised his arm; guns fired a salute, the band played the anthem, and the crimson flag of Islam came fluttering down the staff.

Now came the moment for evening prayers, after which visitors were received, and sometimes the Royal Party were entertained by a professional reciter of poems, who declaimed of war and courage. At last it was time for the night-prayers, and then the weary Sultan could retire to sleep.

This exhausting programme was strictly adhered to; but every month Barghash took a few days' rest at one or another of his country palaces.

He had a complex character, and was a curious mixture of cruelty and kindness. Believing, quite wrongly, that his brother, Khalifa, had plotted against him, even as he himself had plotted against Majid, he imprisoned him in an underground chamber for six years. Not, perhaps, through any active brutality on Barghash's part, but rather because of a typical Oriental reluctance to concentrate for long on a monotonous and, to him, boring subject; no further thought was given to the prisoner by anyone in authority, and no-one was made responsible for him. Khalifa, far from receiving the courteous attention which had been Barghash's lot during his exile in Bombay at the hands of the British, was starved and neglected. Kirk protested in vain; Khalifa was abandoned to the mercy of his jailers, who gave him just enough food and water to keep him alive, and otherwise completely ignored him.

The captive Prince, though no more sensitive than any other Arab, suffered so terribly that his mind was affected, and for the rest of his short life he was a nervous wreck.

Barghash's callousness was of the passive kind, so that he could

Princes of Zinj

not bring himself to order the execution of the several criminals lying in jail under sentence of death. Perhaps it was soft-heartedness, or perhaps again it was an instinctive shrinking from a difficult and unpleasant action, to which he could not be troubled to force himself.

For years the prisoners stayed there, barely alive. Maybe, if they had quietly died everyone would have been relieved.

Barghash endeared himself to his subjects by giving pilgrims free passage every year to Mecca in one of his own ships; but his sudden harshness to those who displeased him made onlookers tremble; and, if the culprit was a hot-tempered Arab of noble family, he would become infuriated against the Sultan to a dangerous degree.

If Barghash saw a house or a plantation which attracted him, he had no scruples; if the owner refused to sell at the (often extremely low) price suggested by the Sultan, the property was simply confiscated. If a jewel or an ornament caught his eye and he wanted it, he took it on the spot. People soon learned to hide their treasures from his rapacious gaze and, although the generous feasts with which he regaled the populace pleased the poorer people, these other things were remembered against him.

Barghash's Troubles and Death

SEYYID BARGHASH, like most Arabs, had only one wife, a lady of Royal blood, Bibi Moza-binti-Hamed-bin-Salim. He also had a good many sarari. But a large harem, such as was considered necessary to a ruler's prestige, was the exception rather than the rule among the Arabs of Zanzibar. Arab women, says Salme, are fiery and possessive; passionately loving, passionately jealous. Many refused to accept a suitor unless they knew he was unmarried, and also insisted on a formal clause in the marriage contract, whereby he swore to wed no other, nor even to buy a Surie. Without these precautions, the jealousy of the women for each other, the scenes they made to the husband, to say nothing of the expense of keeping each of his four legitimate wives in a separate house with a separate establishment of servants, was enough to make any normal Arab into a monogamist.

Should there be sarari in the household they, though slaves by birth, became automatically free-women on the birth of their first child. If their master died, they were at liberty to marry one of his relations, and they then, as free-women, became legitimate wives. The women of an Arab household were nearly always respected and well treated.

After many years in Germany, Salme wrote:

'Certainly there exists in Zanzibar as well as in this country the uncomfortable character known as the domestic tyrant, but I may state upon my conscience that I have heard here a good deal more of husbands who sometimes think fit to establish their argument by physical manipulation. Any decent Arab would feel ashamed and dishonoured by such an action. It is different with negroes, for I have frequently had to separate couples fighting on my plantations and make peace between them.'

Princes of Zinj

Arab ladies, says Salme, received no housekeeping allowance; they used their husband's money as they pleased and thought best. If a man had two wives, he divided his income between them. Arab wives also had their own separate property, with which no husband would have dreamed of interfering. Some ladies were so intelligent and businesslike that they could, and did, manage the whole of their husband's affairs; directing all the work and seeing to all the financial details in town houses and country plantations. Every detail of the home, and the entire upbringing of the children, was in the hands of the lady of the house. Her rank did not change with marriage. A commoner married to a prince retained her status as a simple citizen, and was known to all as 'the daughter of so and so'. Sometimes, on the other hand, an Arab noble would marry his daughter to one of his slaves, in which case the husband, though freed by his marriage, would always remain the servant of his wife, and refer to her as 'Highness' or 'Mistress'.

Divorce was permitted, and, though the formally arranged *marriages de convenance* often turned out happily—if the couple could not agree, they could have their freedom. If the husband wished to break the marriage, the whole of the marriage settlement made by him was given to the wife; but if she was the plaintiff, the marriage settlement remained with the husband, though the wife, naturally, kept her dowry, which was her own inviolable property.

Some Arab women were born fighters, such as the famous Binti Imam, sister to Seyyid Sultan, and aunt and champion of Seyyid Saïd. She rode out with her troops to battle, as fearless a leader as any man of her valiant race. She it was who saved the dynasty of Al-bu-Saïd from being overwhelmed by the ambitious Bedr. For many years her deeds were celebrated in song and story, and her name was great among the wild tribesmen of Oman. She cared little for etiquette or custom, her only thought was for the dynasty. She appeared before the ministers in person, merely wrapping herself in a *schele*, the voluminous black garment with which Arab women cover themselves when out of doors. She was firm in her judgment, decisive in her actions, and full of courage. After the murder of Bedr, she directed the state and guided the young Saïd. During one of Oman's frequent civil wars, when the countryside round Muscat was ravaged, the

Barghash's Troubles and Death

people slaughtered, and the besieged city filled with homeless refugees, Binti Imam was equal to the occasion. Dressed in men's clothes she rode out to the walls at night, supervising the sentries, examining their arms, thoughtfully watching the enemy's fires twinkling in the desert on the landward side of the beleaguered town. She was informed one day that there was a plot to open the gates that very night and let the enemy in, so that the defenders might be massacred, and the rival faction gain the Imam-ship which was so deeply coveted by every Arab of royal blood, so precariously held, and which so often ended in violent and painful death. Once more the Binti Imam thought of a way of saving the dynasty. In her male disguise, she approached the officer in charge of the night defence of the walls, and offered him a large reward, if he would only open the gates that night and admit the enemy. 'The officer and his men were furiously indignant, and on the point of killing her, when the Binti Imam revealed her identity, praising their loyalty, and happy about the fidelity of her army, she rode back to her palace in the city. But Muscat was still besieged. Food and ammunition were almost exhausted. It was decided by the Regent and her ministers to make one last sortie against the enemy, that the fighting-men might at least die like soldiers. The lead for bullets was all finished, so the guns were loaded with pieces of iron and brass, and silver bullets were hurriedly made from the dollars which Binti Imam gave from her private treasure.

The enemy was taken completely by surprise and fled, leaving the ground strewn with their dead and wounded.

'Muscat was saved; and delivered out of her deep distress, the brave woman knelt on the battlefield and thanked God in fervent prayer.'

Arab ladies, undisputed rulers of the household, often obtained such an ascendancy over their husbands that nothing was done without their consent. That small tigress of a woman, Azze-binti-Seif, ruled Seyyid Saïd with a rod of iron, and no act of state was carried out without her advice and approval being sought.

When an Arab husband and wife met, they had the charming habit of kissing each other's hands. The ladies, once firmly established in their superior position, did everything they could to please their husbands. Moving with the careful gestures of well-brought-up Arab women and exercising all the charm they

Princes of Zinj

were capable of, they waited upon them when they entered the house; unbuckled their weapons, gave them cool drinks and small dishes of sweet things, then sat beside them caressing their hands or entertaining them with singing or music. When they went out, their wives fastened their daggers upon them and handed them their cloaks, waiting upon them as their slaves would have done, if the latter had been so permitted.

The secrets of their domestic lives were closely kept by the Arab ladies from curious European eyes. There is no one more persevering than a certain type of British woman, when she feels it her duty to uplift and improve others. White ladies, clad in such enormous hoops that they could barely negotiate the stairs, would visit the ladies of Seyyid Saïd's household, bent upon bringing a little joy into their sad and pitiful lives. They were escorted into the presence of their hostesses by silent eunuchs, and received by veiled women who would talk of nothing but clothes. The Arabs, sinking with easy grace to their cushions on the floor, watched their visitors with wary eyes. Nothing of the Arab way of life was revealed by their conversation; for they deeply resented the discourtesy of inquisitiveness, and with one accord presented to the intruder a polite and negative facade. They understood perfectly well that these Europeans, completely ignoring the truth, believed that Arab women were regarded as inferiors by Arab men; that they were ill-treated, unhappy, under-privileged, and in need of all the sympathy and help which the white women were so ready to extend to those whom they felt were deserving of their aid. Amused at this attitude, too proud to explain themselves, and very content with their own way of life, the Arab ladies made no confidences and, says Salme, the Europeans returned from their visits to the harem as wise as when they arrived.

One of them wrote to a friend in England that the unhappy inhabitants of an Arab harem were so bored with their endless inactivity and their empty lives, that they were reduced to sitting on the floor and playing with mechanical toys.

In 1884 certain European powers began to infiltrate into the Arabian Empire in Africa. Twenty-two years before, England and France had agreed to respect the Sultan's domains, both in Africa and Oman; and neither had any desire to alter this arrangement. Saïd and Barghash had both offered their entire dominions

Barghash's Troubles and Death

to England, for they sensed the danger ahead, and wished to be under the protection of the only European nation which they really trusted. But England did not desire the responsibility and expense involved in accepting the Seyyid's offers, so for the time being nothing was done. Now in this year of 1884, Barghash's fears were realized. The Germans, long established in Zanzibar, began to spread on to the mainland. By a curious train of events, it came about that a certain Dr. Karl Peters, acting on behalf of the 'Society for German Colonization', found his way to Kilimanjaro, hundreds of miles south of his planned destination, and laid the foundations of the German colony of Tanganyika.

The single steamship which sailed between Aden and Zanzibar had received a large consignment of rifles, addressed to a party of

Germans who were trying to get concessions in the forest of Witu, just south of Lamu. The English skipper's suspicions were aroused by the size of the consignment, which was out of all proportion to the small number of Germans at Witu, so, on his arrival at Zanzibar, he reported the matter to Sir John Kirk. Sir John cabled to England, and was instructed to present the ship's captain with sealed orders, to be opened only if a Dr. Karl Peters should come aboard. Returning to Aden, the captain did indeed meet Dr. Peters, who requested a passage to Lamu. At sea, the captain opened his orders, and found that under no circumstances was he to land Peters at Lamu, but to convey him to Zanzibar. He sent for his passenger and informed him of this fact. Peters, a man of most violent temper, swore and cursed until he had worked himself into a frenzy; but this demonstration of Teutonic temperament had no effect whatever upon the British captain. To Zanzibar they went, where Peters rushed with complaints to the German Consul. His next step was to try and board a dhow for Lamu, but failing in this, he altered his plans and took ship for Dar-es-Salaam, whence he began his first inland journey to what is now known as Tanganyika Territory.

The English, disturbed at this curious affair, sent a company of soldiers to Lamu, and thence along the banks of the River Tana until they reached the foot of snowy Kenya. From here they travelled forward to the Kingdom of Uganda, thus, possibly, frustrating Germany's plan to seize the whole of the territory from the sea to the boundaries of the Sudan.

On his way towards Kilimanjaro, Peters made treaties with

Princes of Zinj

various native chiefs and with the village headmen called 'Sultans', receiving from them, some of whom swore they had never heard of Zanzibar, wide tracts of land which did in fact belong to the Seyyid. Some of these chiefs were recent immigrants into the land they now inhabited, having driven the original natives away, or sold them into slavery; for there was much fighting, territorial conquest and movement between the various African tribes, until the white men succeeded in establishing order.

To Juhkle, Peters' successor, Sultan Funga, of Bondei village, said: 'The land which I with my own power, together with my race, have taken possession of, belongs to the great district of Bondei. ... I and my race should be very glad if the white people would settle among us, for we believe that they have the power to protect us. . . . Then fighting between the_ black people would cease, and the Masai would no longer make predatory excursions into our country. If you will bring white people into our country we will let our disputes be settled by you. . . . Moreover we will give to the white people all the land they wish to have. . . .'

Once the treaties had been signed between the chiefs and the Germans, the German flag was raised, and the land became a German Protectorate. On February 17th, 1885, the German Emperor accepted the suzerainty of Uzagara, Nguru, Uzeguha and Ukami (all of which places were in Barghash's territory), and granted a 'Charter of Protection' to the Society for German Colonization.

Barghash was thunderstruck at the news that the Germans, using agents who had only been able to penetrate the interior under letters of protection from the Seyyid, were now seizing his land. He wished to leave at once for Berlin, *to* make his protest in person. But Kirk, who had recently received his K.C.B., knew well that Barghash, the protesting Arab ruler, would not receive the courteous treatment at German hands which had so delighted and honoured Barghash, the ally of England, on his visit to Great Britain. In order to protect him from insult, and to spare his pride and feelings, Sir John dissuaded him from undertaking the journey to Europe. Barghash sent, instead, General Mathews and his army, to strengthen the neglected military posts inland, and to swear the chiefs of the Chagga tribe, and others around Kilimanjaro, to loyalty. These oaths the chiefs readily took, for the true meaning of loyalty and

Barghash's Troubles and Death

reliability were quite beyond their understanding. No sooner had Mathews left them than Juhkle reappeared, and they facilely turned to the newcomer, and promised him everything he asked for.

All these political moves meant, as was only to be expected, nothing more to the chiefs than a momentary excitement, a pleasant feeling of self-importance, and a small financial gain. Mandara, the Chief of Moshi, having just put his mark to a treaty with Juhkle, then revealed to him the real desire of his heart. 'I beg thee,' he said, 'to bring with thee a better flagstaff than General Mathews brought with him.'

To Barghash, this seizing of territory which owed allegiance to him, this seducing of local headmen from their fealty to Zanzibar, was a devastating blow, which undoubtedly hastened his death. Sir John Kirk, also, was angry and shocked by the Germans' grasping behaviour.

The Sultan's dispute with Germany was now taken up at the highest level, and talks followed between Lord Granville and Prince Bismarck, which did nothing to help the Sultan's cause. England was once again to disappoint her Arab ally, just as she had disappointed his father in his quarrel with Persia. At this moment England had on her hands a dispute with France in Egypt, another with the Boers in South Africa, and a threatened quarrel with Russia. She felt she could not afford to have Germany supporting any of these potential enemies. Granville therefore agreed to allow Germany possession of the Sultan's land in Tanganyika; at the same time informing the Germans that certain British capitalists were interested in investing large sums of money in the wild, untouched and largely uninhabited country lying between the Great Lakes and the coast. This vast tract of land, totally undeveloped, populated only here and there by small tribes of primitive Bantu, and even smaller, but fierce and fearless tribes of those master races, the Nilotic Masai, Nandi and Kipsigis, had only recently been penetrated by white men, though long used to the incursions of Arab slavers.

The explorer Thompson, attaching himself to various Arab caravans, made his heroic journey to the eastern shore of Lake Victoria in 1882-84. Several times he was nearly murdered by young Masai, though often, strangely enough, helped and protected by Masai elders. Always he was in danger from elephants,

Princes of Zinj

buffalo and rhinoceros, which perpetually charged his safari and scattered his porters. He saw for himself the vast plains of good grass, over which the Masai roamed at intervals; and the rich black earth in the forests, where only the wild animals lived. He looked at the empty land, and realized that English people could live here, farming with modern methods, improving the pastures, building their homes, raising their children, and bringing health, protection and safety to the black peoples. On his return he submitted his report to the Royal Geographical Society, which had sponsored his journey; and the founders of the British East Africa Association listened with great interest to what he had to say. To lay the railway which they visualized from Mombasa to the Lakes meant encroaching on the Sultan's domains. The English, however, unlike the Germans, did not seize His Highness's land, but asked his permission to build and improve, as they saw fit. For these concessions they paid him rent, and protected the country they had leased from the dangerous and land-hungry Germans.

In Mombasa, Kilifi, Lamu, Pemba, and the other dominions belonging to the Sultans of Zanzibar, which were brought within the British 'zone', the red flag of Islam continued to fly over the Government buildings, and still, to this day, it floats out freely beside the Union Jack.

The Germans, not content with sequestering the Sultan's land round Kilimanjaro, were ambitious to acquire Zanzibar itself, and to depose the Al-Bu-Said dynasty.

To this end they did all they could to provoke Barghash to an act which would give them an excuse to seize his person. Barghash, however, with Kirk beside him, was not to be drawn. At last the Germans persuaded poor Emily Said-Ruete, the former Seyyidah Salme, to return to Zanzibar. They told her she might intercede for them with her brother; but they knew that he would never listen to her, and their hope was that her presence on the island would end by irritating him into having her arrested. Emily was now a German subject, and to lay hands on her would, reasoned the Teutons, justify them in declaring war on Zanzibar and killing or imprisoning the Sultan.

Emily arrived in a German ship, and went ashore to her old house. From here she sent many messages to Barghash, all of which remained unanswered. It was a sad pilgrimage for the

Barghash's Troubles and Death

widowed princess. She visited Mtoni, the home of her so-happy childhood, and found most of it in ruins. She looked through the fronds of palm trees to the dancing points of light on the cerulean sea; she smelt once more the sweet, heavy scent of cloves. Walking through the remembered streets she saw again the booths, gay with cotton cloths, weapons and jewels for sale, and piles of scarlet, green and golden fruit; the huge carved, brass-carved doors in the tall white houses, she felt the life-giving heat of the sun beating on her body, and all those years of home-sickness in the cold, damp Northern land were suddenly as though they had never been. Nostalgically, she wandered about her old haunts, hoping all the time to be able to see her brother, warn him against the scheming, treacherous English, and beg him to put his trust in her friends the Germans.

Just as the Germans had hoped, his sister's presence in Zanzibar caused Barghash great anger. But they waited in vain for him to lay hands on her. Coached by Kirk, who had easily guessed the German's plans, Barghash did nothing at all, his Oriental patience, combined with the wit and good sense of his English adviser, completely baffled them.

At last Emily, with more pride and dignity than the Germans had shown, withdrew of her own accord from a position which had become too unhappy for her to bear; and saying farewell for the last time to the beautiful and beloved island, she returned to Germany, where she died in 1924, a lonely, sad and forgotten old lady.

Failing in their efforts to annex Zanzibar, the Germans infiltrated along the coast further north, round the mouth of the River Tana, and the town of Witu. Very soon they announced to Barghash that the Sultan of Witu had agreed to a German Protectorate over lands which had from time immemorial been within the domains of the Imams of Oman and the Sultans of Zanzibar. Seyyid Barghash was horror-stricken, and he never recovered from this further blow.

On August 7th, 1885, a German fleet under Commodore Paschen entered Zanzibar harbour, taking up stations opposite the town; and on the 11th a demand was presented to the Seyyid for the recognition by him of the German Emperor's 'Protectorate' over Uzagara, Uzeguha, Nguru and Ukami in the west; as well as over Witu in the north. The Germans also

Princes of Zinj

ordered Barghash to withdraw his garrisons from these places, and gave him twenty-four hours in which to sign away his lands.

The fury of Barghash and his Arabs, the shocked indignation of Sir John Kirk and General Mathews, availed them nothing. Poor Kirk received orders from the Foreign Office, which he obeyed with the utmost reluctance, to persuade the Sultan to submit. Barghash did not reproach him, nor did he use the phrase *Perfide Albion*, though perhaps those words rang in Kirk's humiliated head. Soon it became obvious that the boundaries of the Sultan's domains, and those territories which Great Britain, Portugal and Germany claimed as Protectorates, would have to be clearly demarcated.

A commission was formed in 1886; England, France and Germany sending their representatives to Africa to examine the terrain for themselves. The Commissioners themselves could not agree; but in the end it was decided between England and Germany that Barghash's dominions should comprise all the islands, and a ten-mile wide stretch of coast land, from Mogadishu in the north to the River Miningari in the south.

Gone was Saïd's splendid kingdom, and those tribes in the west which had listened to the stories of the Arab caravan leaders, seen their riches and their arms, and revered the name of the Seyyid of Zanzibar, were his vassals no longer.

Barghash once more bowed to the inevitable.

Not only was he being harassed by the Germans in the west and north, but the Portuguese in the south now began to importune the Seyyid to agree with them, once and for all, on the boundary between their territories and his. Although it was over a hundred and fifty years since the Omani Arabs had finally driven the Portuguese out of all the territory north of Mozambique, feeling had not quite died down between them. The Arabs never forgot they had conquered the white men; the Portuguese never forgave them for the humiliation and the slaughter.

In June of 1886 Barghash had suggested to the King of Portugal that a Commission should be formed in Zanzibar, to discuss the boundary question. Negotiations were begun with the Portuguese Consul-General, a wise and understanding man; but his health broke down, and he had to return to Europe. Even so, the boundary question might have been settled peacefully. But

Barghash's Troubles and Death

the Germans, less than two months after signing their treaty with the Arabs, came to a secret arrangement with Portugal.

They gave her Barghash's land from the boundary river of Miningani to Tunghi, twenty-four miles further north. At Miningani there was a small port used for the ivory trade, and Inhabited almost entirely by British Indians; while Tunghi town boasted a fort, a garrison of the Sultan's soldiers, and a Liwali, or Governor, from Zanzibar.

In January 1887 the Governor-General of Mozambique, I Captain Castillo, announced to Barghash his intention of visiting him, and proceeded to Zanzibar. The Sultan, however fiercely he may have resented the treachery of the Germans, was by now far too wise and well-schooled in the ways of European diplomacy to make any definite pronouncement on his own authority, but referred Castillo to the Anglo-German agreement.

The Portuguese, however, refused to consult the Ministers in Europe, but haughtily informed the Sultan that, unless the territory was at once handed over and the garrison recalled, he Would break off diplomatic relations, and leave Zanzibar. Barghash's reply was to refer Castillo, once more, to the Governments of England and Germany. Castillo immediately hauled down the flag over the Portuguese Consulate, and departed in his Corvette. At Tunghi he found a Portuguese gunboat waiting, and next day seized the Sultan's ship *Kilwa*, with her German captain, Crew and cargo, which had entered Tunghi harbour. The angry Germans were taken prisoners by the Portuguese and sent to Zanzibar, while their ship, flying the Portuguese flag and with her cargo sealed, sailed to Kilwa.

The Portuguese now completely lost their heads. Miningani was shelled by the gun-boat while the valiant Castillo bombarded Tunghi from his corvette.

There was no reply from either place, for all the inhabitants had taken to the bush. The Indians in Miningani lost their homes and shops; always accustomed to British protection, they were amazed and enraged at what was happening. When Miningani had been almost completely destroyed, the Portuguese landed and burned what was left; while the bombardment of Tunghi continued, off and on, for three days, until Castillo felt it was safe to send a company of riflemen and marines ashore to complete the ruin of the empty town. The *Kilwa*, flying the Portuguese

Princes of Zinj

flag and carrying a cargo of provisions and reinforcements of native soldiers, returned to Tunghi harbour, and soon Castillo, pleased at having shown himself to be a fearless conqueror as well as an able diplomat, went home in triumph to Mozambique.

Once more Barghash had been humiliated, and his pride had been affronted; so that he longed to take up arms and attack his enemies. His ministers and subjects in Zanzibar, also, were wild with rage, and implored him to make war on the Portuguese, whom they felt convinced they could again defeat. But Sir John, as always, counselled patience, and his words prevailing, Barghash curbed his wrath and was persuaded to submit this fresh dispute, also, to the diplomats in Europe.

The Portuguese were excited by their great victory. They refused to pay any compensation to the seventy or so Indian merchants whose homes and property they had destroyed. They refused, also, to discuss what they had done, being quite convinced that they were in the right. They had found that aggression pays, and they said they saw no reason to submit to interference from anybody else. They threatened to attack Zanzibar's merchant ships, and even those trading with India, but were firmly told by Lord Salisbury that such an action would not be permitted.

At last, pressed by England, they returned the Kilwa, which was sailed from Mozambique by her same captain and crew. But Barghash's land was never restored to him, Germany taking one part, and Portugal keeping the ruins of the villages which Castillo had destroyed.

What must have been Barghash's feelings, when he looked back on his life and his reign? Did he see any fatal justice in the sorrows which came upon him? In his youth he had treacherously plotted against his brother, Majid, ready to murder him and seize the throne; treated his sisters, who had risked and lost so much for him, with the coldest ingratitude; and his brother Khalifa with brutal callousness; he had been violently anti-European in his politics, but preferred to side with the French rather than have any alliance with his father's friends the English. When he came to the throne, he indulged the expensive and luxurious tastes he had acquired in Bombay, viewing his fine inheritance with complacent pride; his lands and islands, towns and castles stretching up and down the coast; the strong and well-armed caravans

Barghash's Troubles and Death

travelling far into the interior, returning with their rich booty of slaves for Arabia; ivory for India and China; rhinoceros horn for the worn-out voluptuaries of the Orient, silver for decorative Weapons, and hides for the floors of the tall white houses of Muscat.

As the years passed he had become wise, reliable and patient, and now he trusted and loved the English. He understood the limitations of his Arabs' minds, and copied what he could from England; he appointed an Englishman to form and train his armies and listened to the counsels of an Englishman, when things became too difficult for him to handle alone.

He had had more honour paid to him than any of his ancestors; travelling to Europe, the favoured guest of England's Queen and Princes. He had suffered more humiliation than any of his family before, losing his land in the interior and his prestige with his subjects; feeling in his heart the agony of fallen pride, and realizing his helplessness in the hands of the European powers, who were dividing his inheritance between themselves. But, in spite of all, his rule had been good for his people. He had improved and enriched Zanzibar out of all recognition. He had brought pure water to the city, built many beautiful palaces; surrounding their gardens with high walls, such as he had seen on the nobles' estates in England; and he had inaugurated the first steamship service between Aden and Zanzibar. He had loyally fulfilled the promises forced upon him with regard to the suppression of the slave trade, and, in spite of the loss of revenue incurred thereby, he had, from his sources, increased his personal income of .£70,000 to over .£200,000 a year. But the rage and shame inflicted on him by the Germans and Portuguese helped to precipitate the fatal effects of consumption and elephantiasis, from both of which diseases he suffered, and to shorten his life. At the beginning of 1888 he complained of tiredness and pain.

A trip to Mogadishu did not improve things, and when he came back to Zanzibar his friends were distressed at his changed looks. Finally, he decided to go to Muscat, hoping that the healing springs at Bushire, and the desert air, might help him. Although, as he said, he was on good terms with his brother Turki the Seyyid of Muscat, in his heart he cannot have trusted him, for he cabled to Lord Salisbury, asking rather pathetically that the British Consul in Muscat should be instructed to receive him

Princes of Zinj

'favourably'. Thus protected, he sailed on February 23rd for his brother's kingdom. Turki was awaiting him, and at once telegraphed to Zanzibar, 'Have seen Barghash, he is much better.' He spent a week at the springs, but felt no improvement. At last the British Agency Surgeon, with considerable courage, told him that the end was near. Barghash, like his father, wished to die at home. He started back for Zanzibar, only his will now keeping him alive. But almost as soon as he landed, his illness overcame him, and on March 27th, 1888, he died, aged only fifty-four.

He Who Blinks

AMONG the thousands of Arabs who set forth on their slave and ivory hunting expeditions through the almost unknown interior, one name stands above all the rest; that of Tippoo Tib, or Hamed-bin-Muhammed. He was of mixed Arab and Negro blood, with the appearance of the latter and the beautiful manners of the former. His nickname, Tippoo Tib, meant 'the blinking one', from the nervous tremor of his eyelids, a trick which embarrassed, but never left him. When still quite young, he went on a journey with his father, continuing further inland by himself. This trip gave him a taste for travel, and after another successful expedition, when he met Stanley near Lake Mweru, he embarked on a safari which lasted for fifteen years.

A great deal of his time was spent in what is now part of the Belgian Congo, where he visited Arab settlements used as supply bases by slave and ivory traders; and appointed himself Sultan of Utetera. Never a martyr to shyness, he had decided long ago that only a Sultanship was suitable to one of his fame; and he therefore explained to the local ruler that his own right to the throne was greater than that of his host, since, on his mother's side, he was related to the royal house; and backing this fairy story with a show of considerable force, he made such an impression on the Sultan of Nyangwe that the latter gracefully and instantly ceded his rank to the trader.

For years Tippoo Tib wandered about this part of Africa.

Many of the tribes he encountered were cannibals, and the slavers took advantage of this. One had the good fortune to fall in with a conquering tribe who were on the point of eating their many captives. He was able to buy the prisoners very cheap; and was understandably hurt when some European reproached him with being a slave-trader. 'Which would *you* rather be,' asked the Arab, 'a slave or a meal?'

Tippoo Tib noted, explored and traded with great profit,

Princes of Zinj

imposing his personality on all whom he encountered, forging his way through swamps, forests and deserts, forcing hostile or timid natives to give way to him; intimidating the cowardly ones, allying himself with the courageous ones; until his name was respected and feared among peoples who had never seen him. He fell in with some of the white men who also at this time were wandering in Central Africa. Cameron, Stanley and Von Wissman all crossed his path and all received his help; the last travelled back to Zanzibar with him in 1882. Tippoo Tib became rich, making great profits from his deals in black and white ivory. When he got home he invested money in houses and plantations in the islands, always keeping back enough to equip his caravans lavishly with the best food and arms obtainable.

Like other slavers, he was casually cruel to his captives, but far less cruel than were the natives themselves to each other. He was too intelligent wantonly to throw away lives on the long march to the coast. He took a certain amount of care of his slaves, and the death rate in his caravans was the lowest of all. In 1887 Stanley arrived in Zanzibar, leading an expedition for the relief of a remarkable character known as Emin Pasha. This man, born Edmund Schnitzler, a German Jew, became a Christian and, at the age of thirty-six, after several adventurous years in near-Eastern countries, entered the service of the Egyptian Government, and was appointed to General Gordon's staff. He travelled with Gordon in the Sudan and Uganda, soon falling under the spell of Africa. Before long he became Governor of a huge, wild territory known rather vaguely as Equatorial Africa. Here he brought order and peace to a country which had hitherto known only the ravages of tribal warfare, slave-hunts and cannibalism. Forts were built, roads were made; medical centers established and cattle-breeding improved; while agriculture and irrigation schemes prospered. Soon people who, since the beginning of time, had been at the mercy of diseases, droughts and their own bloodthirsty chieftains, were thriving and multiplying under the new ruler's European way of administration.

Meanwhile, his masters were being perpetually harassed by the activities of bands of criminals which existed in the poorer quarters of Egyptian cities. Agitators inflamed the mobs; there were outbreaks of anti-European and anti-Government rioting. The Khedive fled; some Europeans were murdered. Then British

He Who Blinks

ships of war appeared, and in their majestic presence the fever quickly subsided. The Khedive was restored to his palace; order re-established in Egypt.

But another agitator had arisen in the south, one who hated the Egyptians and their English Commander-in-Chief, General Gordon. This man's name was Mohamed Ahmed, nicknamed the Mahdi. He roused the tribes of the Sudan with talk of a religious war; leading hoards of fanatical warriors, who annihilated the small, scattered English outposts one by one, finally Capturing Khartoum and murdering Gordon on the steps of the palace. The column sent belatedly and grudgingly to Gordon's relief by Gladstone's Government, was meanwhile slowly steaming up the Nile, the officers and men wild with impatience, hoping in vain that they would be in time to save the general's life.

The Sudan fell into chaos; Emin saw his works of peace crumble away all round him, as envoys from the Mahdi incited the people against him, and one by one his subordinates turned away from him. The whole of the Northern Sudan had been conquered by the Mahdi, and it did not seem that the Egyptians would even try to hold the south.

In 1886 Emin received official notice from Cairo that the Sudan had been completely abandoned, and he was advised to save himself as best he could. It was hard for him to desert his great province, where he had achieved so much, where the people were happier, healthier and safer than they had ever been before, where agriculture flourished and slavery had ceased; when he knew the suffering and destruction which the Mahdi's rule would bring.

He had already moved south to Wadelai on the Nile, and there established what was left of his government. He thought of marching to the east coast, but his men refused to accompany him, and in any case the hostility of the King of Uganda would have barred his way. Emin was in a desperate and dangerous situation, by now he must have realized that there was not one soul he could trust, and perhaps at night, when he heard the drums beating, and the savage, high-pitched laughter and shrieks of the Africans as they danced, he must have been overwhelmed with fear as he wondered when, and how, they would kill him.

But though the Egyptians had deserted him, others were

Princes of Zinj

planning his rescue—Sir William Mackinnon, head of the British East Africa Company, appealed for funds to send an expedition to save Emin Pasha. Money poured in both from England and America; the Egyptian Government gave -£10,000; the King of the Belgians promised the help of the whole fleet of the Congo River, should that route be taken. Very quickly the subscriptions totalled -£21,500; and Stanley was sent for.

The greatest difficulty facing the relief party was the opposition of the Arabs living in Central Africa. These men, all slavers, saw their only means of livelihood being ruined by the ceaseless efforts of the Europeans to stop the slave traffic, and they welcomed the Mahdi's regime and the consequent return to the freedom of the good old days. They were naturally intensely antagonistic to Stanley's expedition. It was curious that they had not long ago murdered Emin and thus kept, as they might so easily have thought, the interior safe for themselves.

Stanley realized that the only way to overcome their hostility was to gain the friendship of the chief trader, Tippoo Tib. In Zanzibar a meeting between the Arab and the American was arranged at the British Consulate. Tippoo Tib made a splendidly theatrical entry. He came slowly and importantly into the room, followed by servants carrying three Krupp shells towards which he pointed, saying that such were the gifts he might expect from Europeans. There was no reason at all for this dramatic display; for Tippoo Tib had never quarrelled seriously with the white men, and had never come to blows with them. But this was probably a typically Arab gesture, whereby he wished to convey his reluctance to have anything to do with Stanley, and thus to put his price up. Stanley, himself quite a showman, was not in the least put out; but begged Tippoo Tib to forget the past, with its petty quarrels between hot-headed youngsters who knew no better; and, like the great man he was, look to the future, wherein he had the power to do such deeds that all men would revere his name, and his fame would live forever.

Back and forth flowed the stream of far-fetched Arab compliments, parables and arguments. Stanley finally produced his ace of trumps: an offer from the King of the Belgians to Tippoo Tib of the Governorship of the whole of that province of the Congo which had been ceded to Belgium by the local chiefs, and had then been taken over by the powerful Arab traders. Tippoo

He Who Blinks

Tib could not resist this dazzling position. It would not only enormously increase his wealth, but would lift his name and prestige to such heights as even he had never dreamed of. Blinking even more rapidly than usual with surprise and excitement, he agreed, as soon as was compatible with his dignity, to this new proposal.

His salary was to be £30 a month. He was to have a European official attached to him. He was to raise the Belgian flag wherever possible, stop slave-hunting, and prevent, when he could, the natives from bringing in their surplus women and children for sale to the Arabs.

Carried away with delight, he promised to provide the caravan with six hundred porters who were to take the expedition's ammunition into the interior and then return to the coast, bearing the seventy-five tons of ivory, worth at least £10,000, which Tippoo Tib knew to be in Emin's possession, and which would help to pay for the expedition.

A ship belonging to the British India Line, the *Madura*, sailed from Zanzibar on February 25th, 1887, taking the travellers and their stores to Cape Town. Arrived at this thriving, busy port, Stanley was amused and pleased to see that Tippoo Tib, blinking furiously, could not hide his astonishment at all the wonders spread before him. Accustomed, as he was, to the suave and gentle English people in Zanzibar, the only ones he had ever seen and whom, because of their quiet speech and patient ways, he had regarded as more or less harmless idiots, he was thunderstruck at the hustle and industry, the noise and machinery, the hundreds of ships and thousands of houses, the fantastic and beautiful, the useless and useful, endlessly varied goods in the shops; the crowds of Europeans and Africans, seemingly thick as ants upon the ground, the hospitals and schools; all the dazzling, deafening new sights and sounds which he now saw and heard. He was, for a time, almost speechless, and from that moment, as he later admitted, he felt a new respect for the European, whom he henceforth regarded as immensely superior to the Arab.

Leaving all these wonders, the ship journeyed north until, on March 18th, she dropped anchor in the mouth of the Congo. Here the real difficulties began. Partly on foot, partly by boat, the expedition moved slowly forward; but the going was very hard. The porters quarrelled and fought, the steamers expected at one spot never appeared. Those which they hired leaked, and

Princes of Zinj

some disintegrated. The party decided to split into two, an advance column under Stanley was to hurry ahead in the soundest boats to their disembarkation point, and the boats should return for the rest. The Europeans in the rear column were Major Berthelot, Jamieson, Herbert Ward, John Rose Troup and William Bonny. All these men were young, brave, enthusiastic and healthy. Between them they had been in Afghanistan, Borneo, New Zealand, the Zulu country, the Sudan and along the Nile. The tragedy which struck their part of the expedition and almost annihilated it was the result of a series of unlucky events and not the fault of any one member of the expedition.

It was decided that Berthelot, the oldest and most responsible, was to take charge of the rear column, with Jamieson as second-in-command. Stanley, Berthelot and Tippoo Tib set forth together; after a while the two last named left their leader, and proceeded to Tippoo Tib's headquarters, Stanley Falls. The new Governor had asked Stanley for gunpowder, to arm the six hundred porters he had promised, but Stanley refused. It was, he said, the Governor's task to equip and protect the porters, and he was told to buy his own powder, at Stanley Falls. Tippoo Tib finally parted from Berthelot and went on his way, raising Belgian flags, of which he carried a large quantity, at every suitable place. The Arab could not resist making the Englishman the most fantastic promises at parting. It is an oriental trait, and part of their good manners, to leave a friend with the happiest possible memories in the pleasantest possible atmosphere. When one Arab promises another the moon as a parting gift, and receives in return the assurance that the Milky Way will be dispatched by the next available runner, no sensible person would give these charming expressions of affection another thought. But English people are brought up not to promise more than they mean to perform, and thus the flowery phrases of the East have occasionally been taken too literally by the serious-minded occidental listener, sometimes with tragic consequences.

In this case Tippoo Tib promised Berthelot the six hundred men within nine days. The young Englishman did not really believe him, but kept hoping against his better judgment that perhaps, just this once, the Arab meant what he said. And indeed, he did send off five hundred men quite soon after his arrival. But their commander, a thoroughly unreliable man named Ali bin

He Who Blinks

Mohamed, only took them a short way and then, finding himself in the vicinity of a tribe who had massacred an Arab caravan some years earlier, he fired off all his ammunition and returned to Stanley Falls.

Several further attempts were made to fetch or send the porters. Berthelot and his friends undertook frequent journeys between their camp and Stanley Falls, looking for Tippoo Tib, who was very often elsewhere, fulfilling his governmental duties. His attitude was that he had sent off five hundred men, and it was not his fault if they did not reach their destination. Berthelot maintained that the porters had been promised, and should be provided. Stanley had foreseen the possibility of the porters not arriving, and had left precise and well-thought-out instructions as to what movements the rearguard should carry out, in this case. But the Englishmen, in their frustration and anxiety, lost their heads, failed to carry out Stanley's orders, and made one mistake after another. A whole year passed, during which the energy and ingeniousness of the Englishmen seemed to be sapped away, and many of their porters and askaris died. Berthelot's camp was not a happy one. The people were lazy and surly, and the Arabs were insolent. They seemed to have quite lost the beautiful manners of their brethren on the coast, and missed no chance of rudely showing their resentment against these representatives of the race who were slowly, but terribly surely, ruining their livelihood.

By June 14th, 1888, Berthelot, after no less than seven journeys to Stanley Falls, felt he had collected enough men, and they all set forth. They made their way very slowly, averaging barely two miles a day. They reached a village where the headman was so insulting that Berthelot actually turned back for the eighth time, to find Tippoo Tib. Everyone's nerves were strained, and tempers were bad. Berthelot was on edge; the constant journeys and disappointments, the poorly cooked food, bouts of malaria, and various other nagging, if not serious complaints; the ceaseless demands and grumbles from the blacks; the never-ending noise in the camp, the yells of the Africans and their women and children as they conversed together; their ear-splitting screams of laughter; their twanging, tuneless songs; the barking of dogs, the clatter of tins: all combined to bring him to the verge of what is nowadays called a nervous breakdown. The climax came one

Princes of Zinj

night when, as he was trying to rest, a fearful din of native dancing and singing broke out. Despite his orders to the contrary, they were having an *ngoma*, or party, to celebrate the beginning of the morrow's journey. The men beat tins and drums, leaping about so that the ground reverberated under their feet, while the sound of the women's singing pierced the air.

It was too much for Berthelot, who rushed out, shouting, and, as one said later, 'made passes with a spear at one of them'. The husband of the threatened woman shot Berthelot dead, and then he and his wives and children ran away into the jungle. Pandemonium and panic broke out; some of the Africans ran away; others, more practical, plundered the loads; while some stood loyally and bravely by Bonny—the only other Englishman present—and tried to restore order. This, after a time, they succeeded in doing, and the excitement died down.

Three days later Jamieson appeared and, following Stanley's orders, took over the leadership. He determined to get Tippoo Tib to accompany the caravan, for he did not believe that, without him, they had any hope of controlling the porters.

Once more the long trek back to Stanley Falls began, and a month later Jamieson arrived. He luckily found the Governor, and told him of the murder of Major Berthelot. Tippoo Tib was horrified to hear of the tragedy, he sent his soldiers out at once, and they soon came back with the murderer and his family; all in chains.

Having listened to their stories and questioned the witnesses, Tippoo Tib and his Belgian advisers agreed to hand over the prisoner to Jamieson, who sentenced him to death.

'So our slave, Senga, was shot.'

Jamieson and Bonny begged Tippoo Tib to come with them. The Arab was sorry for the two young men, flattered that they could not get on without him, and tempted by the offer of fifty or sixty thousand dollars which Jamieson promised to pay himself, if the money was refused by the authorities in Europe. But the Governor could not leave his post without permission from Belgium. Jamieson therefore set forth himself for the place whence the cable must be sent to Europe, but on the way he died of fever, and Bonny was left alone.

Stanley's rearguard, on whom so much depended, was almost entirely destroyed. Troup had been sent back to England, very

He Who Blinks

ill, Ward had long ago quarrelled with Berthelot and had gone off on his own—only Bonny, 'a staid and observing man', was left. This native strength of the caravan had shrunk to half, for deaths and desertions had taken place on a big scale.

Stanley meanwhile had reached Emin Pasha and finding him, after all, apparently safe, returned to collect the rear column*. He was appalled when he heard the disastrous story; but took what was left of the expedition back to Emin's camp, only to be foil fronted with a fresh problem.

For the Pasha did not want to be rescued, he did not want to leave his beloved people and province. He argued fiercely and nearly wept when he found that Stanley was determined not to leave him behind. Emin had lived for so many years among the Sudanese, and had had so little contact with white people, that he was terrified at the thought of being uprooted from his home and hurled into the midst of a lot of strangers. Stanley, however, could obviously not return empty-handed, after all the money and publicity his rescue expedition had received, and he dragged Emin away. The further they got from the Sudan, the more afraid and sorrowful did Emin become. He had lived so long away from all contact with Europeans, except for one or two travellers who did come his way, that he felt shy to the point of panic at the bare idea of being surrounded by white men and, even more terrible to contemplate, white women. He could not imagine how he would get on with them, what he could talk about, what to do with the various knives and forks and plates and glasses which made European meals so complicated.

The journey eastwards to the coast was safely accomplished, and they reached Bagamoyo on December 4th, 1889. There Emin's worst fears were realized. He felt as though he were living in a nightmare, from which there was no awakening. The hearty welcome given him by his rescuers, the banquet they had arranged to celebrate his arrival were torture for him to face.

Emin felt desperately lonely and nostalgic for his own people, whose sad black eyes, gazing after his departing caravan, he could not forget. The place which was home to him, set in the beautiful, remote country he loved; the African night-sounds, the shrilling cicadas, the cry of the night-birds, the roar and grunt of lions— all these things had made up his life, and now they haunted his

Princes of Zinj

heart. He believed he would never see them again, and misery overwhelmed him.

He wished he could die. Later, at the banquet, some of his jovial hosts, seeing his obvious unhappiness, asked another guest what was the matter? 'He wants to go home,' was the reply. 'He is going home,' replied the others. 'We've rescued him and now he's going home to be feted and famous.'

'He's miserable. He wants to go home to the Sudan. Why don't you let him? He'll run away if you don't look out.'

'Tosh! Stuff and nonsense, my dear fella!'

Emin, during the banquet, awkwardly fingered the knives and forks, looking at the others to see what they did. He drank glass after glass of wine, and naturally, after so many years of almost complete abstinence, the wine very soon took effect. Emin swayed in his chair, he began to cry. Through his muddled brain two thoughts were hammering. They would ask him to make a speech—he wanted to die. He looked at the open French window, and thought he would leap to his death and escape them all. Making indistinct excuses, he got to his feet and stumbled across the room. One more step and he would be free—smashed and dead in the street far below. He jumped through the window, and vanished. His horrified hosts rushed to the window and scrambled through, for they had been sitting in a ground-floor room, and Emin had only fallen a couple of feet. He had, nevertheless, fallen so hard that his skull was cracked, so he was forced to spend several weeks in bed.

By the time he recovered his terror had left him, and he went to Europe with equanimity; there to take service with the German Government and return to Africa some time later, as their agent. In 1892 he was once more near his old home in the Sudan, nursing the sick remnants of an expedition which had fallen on evil days. He was happy to be at last so near his former province, but before he could reach Wadelai he fell foul of an Arab slave-trader, who persuaded the natives to murder him.

When Stanley came back from Lake Albert and found the wreckage of his caravan he was furious, and all his rage was directed against Tippoo Tib. He remembered that it was he who had arranged for Tippoo Tib to become a Governor, he who had paid his passage and that of his entourage from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls, and he bitterly blamed the Arab for the non-arrival

He Who Blinks

of the porters, and the subsequent tragedies. He wrote claiming a refund of all the passage money and expenses involved, and compensation for the lost loads. He threatened to enforce his claims through the British Government. At the same time he hinted at a new contract—hoping, perhaps, that Tippoo Tib would be frightened into making more favourable terms than he might otherwise have contemplated.

But Tippoo Tib was not frightened. He readily agreed that he owed his position as Governor to Stanley, but at the same time maintained that he was not Stanley's servant, but that of the King of the Belgians, that he had supplied nearly all the porters he had promised, and it was not his fault if they did not arrive. His duty to the King necessitated his absence from Stanley Falls on many long journeys, and it had not been possible for him to find the time to assemble another caravan of porters. He had kept his side of the bargain and was not to blame for what had gone wrong. Stanley had no right to attack him, and nothing would induce him to enter into a fresh agreement with this spoilt, arrogant, overbearing white man.

Tippoo Tib was indeed doing a very fine job of work. His huge district was at peace, slaving had ceased, trade was flourishing, the Belgians and other Europeans who came to his headquarters liked and admired him immensely.

'Every month came Europeans to the camp in two or three boats, and they all took ivory on board—often they had to leave some behind. Stanley Falls was quite full of Europeans, and all that you could wish for was to be had there. It was a great port, and everything that one desired was to be had. Belgian and French trading companies also came there, and everywhere flourishing towns arose. And every boat that came took away ivory.

And it was at Stanley Falls as on the coast. No-one sent for anything from Zanzibar or Tabora or Ujiji; everything was to be procured on the spot.'

Thus wrote Tippoo Tib, with understandable pride and pleasure at his own achievements. He thought of all he had done, of the friendliness and trust of the Europeans who came his way; he wanted to vindicate himself in the eyes of the world, and to

Princes of Zinj

show Stanley to be wrong. He knew himself now to be a great man, respected even by the Governor of the Congo, who himself came to Stanley Falls to visit him, and arrange with him the details of a new ivory tax. It is said that Tippoo Tib, while accepting the new and higher rate of 14 per cent on ivory profits for his own tusks, requested that the ivory of all the other Arabs should be taxed at only 3 per cent. If this is so, and we have Tippoo Tib's own word for it, one may suppose that he found other means of compensating himself for his losses, later on: for he was not the type voluntarily to impoverish himself for the sake of an ideal.

In 1888 came the news, by telegraph, of the death of Seyyid Barghash. Perhaps the thought struck Tippoo Tib and his friends, and was discussed by them, of how fast everything was moving, even in the depths of Africa; now that the inventive genius of the Europeans penetrated the remotest recesses of forest and jungle. Only a few years ago news from Zanzibar would have taken months to reach the villages in the Congo; and now, merely by tapping on wires, messages arrived within a few days. Their ignorant ancestors, said the Arabs smugly, would have thought such things to be the magic of witch-doctors, but they, civilized as they were, knew better, and had almost come to take them for granted.

Tippoo Tib decided to send loyal greetings to Seyyid Khalifa, Barghash's brother and successor. His son, Seif, was already on the way to the coast, but could still be overtaken by runners bringing promises of allegiance. But suddenly Tippoo Tib himself received a warning from the King of the Belgians, saying that Stanley accused him of responsibility for the death of Berthelot, and for the damage done to Stanley's expedition. Stanley had cited him before the English Court in Zanzibar, a law-suit was pending; Tippoo Tib's property had already been sequestrated.

Tippoo Tib was startled and indignant. His conscience was clear, and his honour was being assailed. He determined to go himself to Zanzibar. His friends and relations prophesied the worst if he left the safety of his own territory, but in spite of their protests and lamentations he continued to believe in the justice of the English, and began the long journey home. He left Stanley Falls in March 1890. He was feted and welcomed at every village and town, treated as a King all the way. At one place he heard that one of his vassals, Rumalisa, was preparing to make war

He Who Blinks

against a Belgian officer named Captain Jacques, who was on his way to the district on behalf of the Belgian Anti-Slavery Society. All the Arab slavers and most of the ivory-traders were, naturally, violently anti-European, and it was easy for them to rouse the excitable Africans.

The war, indeed, would already have begun had not all their ammunition been put in a boat which leaked so badly that the powder was ruined.

Tippoo Tib violently reprimanded Rimalisa and forbade him to oppose the Belgian expedition; but the moment he had gone the preparations continued, for such a thing as an anti-climax of disarmament was unthinkable.

Even had he wished to, Rimalisa was not strong or brave enough to enforce peace on the inflamed tribesmen, to whom he had just promised a victorious campaign. He had his war, and at the end of it much blood had been shed and food destroyed, many villages burnt and lives lost, while the power of the Arabs and the lighting forces of the natives in that district were both utterly broken.

Tippoo Tib pressed on. While on his way he learned that Stanley was claiming from him the huge sum of £11,000 and that if he did not appear in person within six months judgment would be given against him. He finally reached Tabora, now in the hands of the Germans and under the control of a stern young officer, named Freiherr von Bulow. All the Arabs were afraid of him, which greatly increased Tippoo Tib's delight at his own kind reception by the Freiherr. In his journal he joyously wrote:

'We asked each other after our health and he offered me tea and coffee. When I left I pitched my camp at the watering place near him. He sent me all sorts of things and seven men to make me quite content.'

Any sign of European favour was happily recorded by Tippoo Tib, who was thus able to demonstrate the superiority of his own intellect and charm over that of his less clever and attractive fellow Arabs. Soon after this satisfying meeting with von Bulow he contracted such a bad attack of dysentery that he nearly died. Only the devoted nursing of the White Fathers saved his life. At the end of July 1891 he left Tabora in a litter, and two days

Princes of Zinj

later managed to get on a donkey. This was the first time in his life he had travelled on land in any other way than on his own two feet. The time for the trial was long overdue; he was very worried at the thought that he might arrive to find that he had already lost his case. Then something happened which drove all his own troubles out of his head. At the mission-station of Mpwapwa, the Fathers told him a terrible story.

They said that Stanley had actually accused Jamieson of having bought a slave-girl at Yambula, and given her to some Manyema tribesmen, who had killed and eaten her in front of him. This ghoulish tale naturally aroused the greatest horror in Europe. Jamieson's widow and brother at once set out for Africa to clear his name. When Tippoo Tib heard all this his rage knew no bounds. If Stanley had been within reach he would probably have tried to kill him.

'The story is a lie!' he said. I was not there but neither saw nor heard anything of it until today among you. That he—Jamieson—should do such a thing is absolutely impossible. Or do you think that I would tolerate such a thing? But I have never seen a European or any other being that could lie like this fellow. And how can the people judge whether he is lying?

'All the great kindnesses that I showed him were not enough for him—by way of thanks he wants to drown me now as well. I had a specimen in the promises that he made me! "When I get to Europe I do not know what I shall not give you, for I shall obtain boundless wealth and great influence!" And he sent me his photograph! And when we met again he presented me at Cape Town with a dog. I at once passed it on to Jamieson. It was a wretched little dog. I knew he was a liar. No, it was not enough for him to malign me after his cheating. He maligned a dead man—Jamieson—as well.'

Tippoo Tib at last reached Bagamoyo on the coast, and delightedly recorded the honour with which he was received by the German Governor of the district, Schmidt. An official named Freiherr von Soden in person escorted him to Dar-es-Salaam, and soon after this he came to Zanzibar.

Here he found that Stanley's accusations had completely failed. The arrival in the island of Jamieson's widow and brother had set all the Europeans against the explorer; and Tippoo Tib was, here as elsewhere, hospitably and honourably received by

*He Who Blinks*189

everyone. Stanley's own agent, the local director of Smith, Mackenzie & Co., invited him to his house, and there a document was signed whereby both Tippoo Tib and Stanley withdrew all their demands and claims against each other.

Tippoo Tib's wanderings were over. He stayed on in Zanzibar, full of years and honour, consulted and respected by the Sultans and the English, loved and venerated by the Arabs and Swahilis of the island. He became an important figure on the Council of Zanzibar, and his views were continually sought on all subjects. He was rich and clever, owning property valued at more than 50,000, invested in land and good stone houses. He was thought to have been over seventy when he died of malaria on June 13th, 1905.

He outlived Stanley by one year, while his German friend, Major von Wissman, died the day after Tippoo Tib. These three men whose paths had crossed so often had, each in his own way, played a great part in turning the leaves of that mysterious book which holds the story of Africa.

Bushiri's Rising

BARGHASH was succeeded by his brother, Seyyid Khalifa. For the first time in many centuries the accession of the new ruler took place calmly and peacefully. There were no palace revolutions, no murders, no imprisonments. The whole affair was smoothly handled by the British.

Colonel Euan-Smith, Her Majesty's Agent, informed the French and German Consuls of his Government's views on the subject of the succession, and found that their instructions agreed with his. While these diplomatic conversations were taking place, General Mathews marched his troops to the square in front of the palace, where, in Seyyid Barghash's time, the crowds gathered nightly to watch him salute the departing day. The soldiers stood in their disciplined ranks, and for a while the only sounds to be heard were those of Barghash's women, and the professional mourners, wailing within the palace. Then there came rolls of drums, fanfares of trumpets, and the loud, enthusiastic acclamations of the excited people, as Seyyid Khalifa-bin-Said was proclaimed Sultan of Zanzibar. Seyyid Ali, Khalifa's brother, and the Arabs of the nobility had already agreed to England's choice. They all believed that it was wisest to be on England's side. They regarded the British as their protectors, by the will of Allah, from the alarming designs of the other European powers, though they never ceased to detest and bemoan the efforts England made to ruin the slave trade.

Messengers went to Khalifa to tell him of his accession. The poor prince, half-crazed by his years of imprisonment beneath the palace of Beit-el-Hukm, had lately been permitted to live in a house in the country. Here he passed his days quietly, relishing once more the almost forgotten sight of the sunshine, the sound of the murmuring sea, the calls of the island birds, and the scent of growing things. When the nobles appeared before him, bowing and touching their foreheads and breasts, he could not believe his

Bushiri's Rising

eyes, but stood dazed, unable to understand that suddenly he was Safe, free and powerful; master of Zanzibar and the coast.

They brought him to his palace in the town, and his first thought was to send for General Mathews, begging him to serve him as he had his brother. Seyyid Khalifa at first continued to honour the treaties made by the English with Barghash, regarding the suppression of the slave trade. Perhaps his clouded brain did not quite appreciate what it was all about, but his instinct was to cling to and please the British, and to agree with General Mathews' suggestions, whenever a dispute with slave-running Arabs arose.

Khalifa had been on the throne for less than two months when he was faced with a difficult situation, caused by a predatory gesture on the part of Italy. This country had long coveted the Benadir coast, and the port- of Kismayu. Her attempt to seize Abyssinia had been frustrated by the natives of that turbulent country in the most thorough and humiliating way. Now she felt that something must be done to 'save face', and it seemed an easy thing to browbeat the timid and utterly inexperienced new Sultan into parting with some of his domains.

In May 1888, in the middle of Ramadhan, when no official business takes place, and men's wits are hazy from fasting all day and eating for a large part of the night, the Italian Consul wrote to Seyyid Khalifa saying he had instructions to present him with a signed letter from the King of Italy. As was only to be expected, during Ramadhan, no answer was received. The normal procedure would have been for the Consul to send the Sultan a reminder, but this was not done. Two weeks later Signor Filonardi informed Colonel Euan-Smith that the Sultan had deliberately insulted the Italian King, and the only form of reparation which would be considered tolerable would be the cession of Kismayu and its coast-land to Italy.

General Mathews at once explained the situation to the Sultan, who replied that he deeply regretted his discourtesy—so unusual in one of his race—and wished to send a letter to the King apologizing profoundly and describing the difficulties caused by Ramadhan.

Mathews and Euan-Smith were not surprised when the Consul, on receipt of this message, begged them not to forward the letter, as this would 'spoil everything'.

A few days later the Consul demanded the unconditional

Princes of Zinj

surrender of Kismayu. Khalifa firmly refused. Thereupon the Consul hauled down the flag on his Consulate and formally broke off relations with Zanzibar. But this time it did not suit England and Germany to have the Sultan's prestige impaired, and after certain conversations had taken place in Rome and Berlin, Italy temporarily withdrew her demands.

France, alongside the other nations, had signed anti-slavery treaties, but the officials in the French-controlled ports and islands of the Indian Ocean were not noticeably helpful. Any Arab dhow-owner who possessed land in a French island such as Madagascar, had the right to sail under the French flag. The French Government strongly resisted the British claims to search these dhows, although they knew that slaves were being carried in them all the time. The English sailors had to stand by and watch slave-laden dhows sail coolly past them, flying the French flag at their mast-heads; while the Arabs working the ships called out insults and jeers, and made gestures whose meaning was plain even to men who could speak neither Arabic nor Swahili. The slaves themselves had no desire to be rescued by the English—'White men eat black men,' the Arabs told them—and if a dhow at sea was being pursued by a gunboat, the slaves were brought on deck to see the smoke streaming from her funnels; caused, they were told, by fires being stoked up to cook them.

Often there were running sea-fights; the Arabs were, of course, more numerous than the English, though the latter were better armed. At night dhows ran into creeks where they lay hidden, while captors and captives took to the bush. The slaves made no attempt to escape, preferring the perils they knew to the awful fate awaiting them in the galleys of the English ships. Sometimes the Arabs, impatient at being penned ashore while an English ship prowled like a sheep-dog up and down the mouth of their creek, would abandon the slaves and sail innocently away in their empty dhow, and then the slaves had to fend for themselves, foraging weaponless in a land where, besides hostile natives of different tribes, dangerous beasts of prey and reptiles abounded. Most of them died of hunger, or were killed, but sometimes a few survivors would creep down to the shore, dumbly offering themselves to the British, hoping against hope that they would not be eaten.

Khalifa loyally kept his promises to the British in all these

Bushiri's Rising

matters, and even sent to Aden for imprisonment, some slavers who had escaped from jail and been recaptured.

Meanwhile the Germans were consolidating their positions all along the coast. Their patience was limited and their methods were harsh. Although the Arabs loathed the British anti-slavery policy, they liked the British themselves, and never were their Feelings aroused against any Europeans as they were against the Teutons. The latter were, without doubt, behaving perfectly reasonably when they set out to occupy land over which they had been granted a 'sphere of influence' by treaties with Barghash, however much the treaties may have been obtained by trickery or duress. But their manner was often arrogant and sometimes brutal; and nearly all of them failed to show proper courtesy to the faultlessly polite Arabs. Unlike the English, they refused to allow the Sultan's flag to fly beside their own, but ostentatiously hauled it down; thus wounding the feelings and arousing the wrath of the coastal people. There were frequent scenes; cries of protest, and; then blows. Suddenly the whole coast was up in arms, German gunboats appeared in some harbours and those towns fell quiet; but others, not threatened by the ship's guns, put themselves quickly into a state of war. German boats rushed from port to port, but they could not be everywhere at once. At Bagamoyo there was some fighting, and at Tanga the Arabs fired on a small boat containing Germans, until a gunboat arrived, which bombarded the town and landed marines. The towns people disappeared into the bush. At Pangani the German agent was shot at; he went to Zanzibar and returned with a German man-o'-war. Troops landed to chastise the inhabitants, but found nobody. While the angry Germans were marching about the empty streets, searching for someone to punish, General Mathews was begging Seyyid Khalifa to let him go with his own men to Pangani, and clear up the situation. The Sultan agreed, the Germans were persuaded to retire temporarily and Mathews arrived at the port. With his perfect combination of tact and strength, his beautiful manners and his great reputation, he brought calm to the scene. Arabs and natives emerged from the bush and came to meet him. They had made themselves into a well-armed force, a thousand strong, they were seething with rage, and determined not to be browbeaten by the Germans. At last the General persuaded the Chiefs to come with him to

Princes of Zinj

Zanzibar, and to lay their troubles before the Sultan and the German Consul-General.

Five deputies were chosen to go with Mathews. They told their stories and made it clear that they would endure no more insults from the Germans. They would allow the Germans to administer the customs, they said, and nothing else. Khalifa pointed out that the Germans had certain rights in the disputed territory and suggested that Arab officials might work under them. But the Arabs would not consider this. They all went back to Pangani, angrier than ever; and when Mathews followed them there and tried to pacify them, they told him plainly that although they liked him personally, if he went on working in the Germans' interests he would be killed.

Mathews was in real danger, and any man of weaker personality, and less beloved by Arabs and natives alike, would probably have perished. All the coast was in revolt. The Arabs had accepted the idea that they were no longer the subjects of His Highness the Sultan, but of His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor, and they would probably have taken their new position with perfect calm, had they been treated with the courtesy, tact and kindness which they had, after their dealings with the English, come to expect from white men. But Teutonic ways were not to their liking, and they almost literally flew at the throats of their new lords.

At Kilwa two Germans and eleven natives who had worked for them were murdered, after putting up a great fight, in which they killed twenty-one of their assailants. Outnumbered and attacked everywhere by the furious Arabs and their African followers, the Germans abandoned the small sea-towns and fled. A very few remained at their posts, close to their ships and protected by their guns. It must have seemed to the excited people of the coast like the rout of the Portuguese all over again.

It was obvious that very strong measures would have to be taken to restore order. The local representatives of the various countries concerned felt that here was an excuse to show their strength, quell the rebellion and at the same time suppress the slave trade once and for all.

An order was signed by Khalifa prohibiting the import of arms and ammunition, and the export of slaves. England, Germany, Italy and Portugal arranged a new blockade of part

Bushiri's Rising

of the coast-line and some of the islands; even the French, hitherto 10 un-co-operative about the right of search, at last agreed to Waive their veto, now that what was practically a state of war existed along the coast of Africa.

There were many formal preliminaries to the blockade. The Governments concerned were most particular that everything should be conducted in an orthodox manner.

All foreign consuls and traders, all British Indians within His Highness's domains, and all Walis, Sheikhs, Akidas, Elders and Others in Authority' were warned that naval operations were about to take place, and a blockade would begin which would restore peace and order to the country, and put an end to the slave trade.

Rear-Admiral Fremantle, for Great Britain, and Rear-Admiral Deinhard, for Germany, jointly announced that the blockade would start at twelve noon on December 2nd, 1888. The two Admirals arranged between themselves which part of the coast each would patrol, the British being allocated the island of Pemba, in addition to their other territory, owing to the fact that they had been hunting slavers longer than the Germans, and therefore had more ships at their disposal. The Italians sent 1 cruiser and some small boats, to blockade a section of the coast to the south. The French refused to take any part in these naval operations, but sent a ship to Zanzibar to watch the proceedings. They also promised to be more particular in future when granting vessels the right to sail under their flag. The Arab dhow-masters, brave as ever, resourceful, ingenious and ruthless, measured the formidable odds against them, and continued on their way. They had already made such huge profits in the slave trade that they could well afford a few losses. Moreover, the slave markets of the Orient were clamouring for merchandise more loudly than ever, that the price of slaves rose steeply, now that they were so much harder to get. Partly because they knew of no other way of earning their living, partly because they were sailors and could not bring themselves to live and work ashore, partly because they were just as fond of a fight as any other man, and partly because the profits were so high, they did not give up slave-running, but only became more alert and watchful for those white boats which they knew to be British. Thus it was that several came to grief before they realized the difference between English and German

Princes of Zinj

ships. German ships were painted black, and more than one dhow, sailing peacefully on her way, was caught by a strange dark vessel, which suddenly pounced on her and towed her away as a prize.

On shore, the rising became serious. An Arab named Bushiri, a brave man and born leader, rallied the angry and bewildered people round him, and defied the Germans. He made his headquarters at Bagamoyo, whence he dictated terms. He told the Germans to leave the country at once, adding, however, that if they wished to 'farm' the customs they would be allowed to do so, on condition that they made no attempt to influence the local tribes. Naturally, the Germans refused to be dictated to, and fighting broke out again. Bushiri had three small cannon, and two thousand men, armed with breech-loaders. They had no discipline and only a fitful courage. The Germans, though so few, were resolute, unimaginative and splendidly armed. Besides their own weapons they were supported by their ships-of-war, which landed parties of sailors to mount guard every night. In three days' fighting over a hundred natives were killed, and only one German. Bushiri moved to a position between the Germans and the sea; had he been able to rely on his men this might have meant the end of the Germans. But a rumour spread that the house in which the Arabs had taken up their quarters was mined; and that same night they panicked and rushed into the streets.

Bushiri lost control over his men, who ran amok. All their primitive instincts swept over them in waves of savagery; they went mad with a lust to torture and destroy. They swarmed through the town plundering and burning houses, killing all the blacks they could find. The night was made horrible with the roaring of flames, the shrieking of terrified and wounded natives, and the yells of the blood-mad Arabs and Africans who, pushed over the edge of sanity into hysteria by the sight and smell of blood and fire, were barely conscious of what they were doing.

Bushiri's men found a column of Unyamwezi porters, who had fought their way into the town with loads of German-owned ivory, and rushed to their masters for protection. The Germans put them in a house and left them there to defend themselves. The Arabs broke in, captured them, and, holding

Bushiri's Rising

daggers to their throats, offered them the choice of joining Bushiri's forces, or death. The Unyamwezi, perhaps because they feared the Arab rioters less than their own stern employers, or, perhaps, because they were men of another race and from another country, proud of themselves and scornful of the coast people, all refused, and were killed, or had their hands cut off. Bushiri, having destroyed the town and with it the food supplies on which his men depended, marched to a spot five miles to the west, while the survivors of Bagamoyo fled to the mission of the Black Fathers.

There two thousand of them were fed, comforted, and cared for. Bushiri and his men had, for the moment, expended all their energy; their emotions needed a rest, and they subsided into lethargy as easily as they had leapt into hysteria.

Meanwhile, Arabs and natives in the other coast towns which were within the German zone were robbing and harrying traders, though in the British zone all was still quiet, despite the feeling/of unrest and mounting tension. English missionaries at the station near Mombasa had been annoying the Arabs considerably by illegally harbouring runaway slaves. Although slaves were nearly always well-treated by their Arab owners, and had an unfailing protector in the Sultan himself, life at a Christian mission, with the minimum of work, the maximum of food, complete liberty, and many hours of enjoyable idleness, proved an unfailing attraction. There was also a certain snobbish value in having a European master rather than an Arab, Indian or Swahili one. But it had been clearly laid down in the various treaties made between the Sultans and Britain, that runaway slaves were not to be given asylum until the merits of each case had been investigated, and their owners had been given compensation by the courts. Once again, that most patient person on earth, the British tax-payer, was forced to find money for the benefit of far-distant peoples of whom he knew nothing. This time the total sum paid out in compensation to owners of runaway slaves amounted to £3,500. It worked out at twenty-five dollars a head, with which the Arabs were delighted. The missionaries were again instructed not to shelter absconding slaves until their cases had been examined; but they persistently ignored these orders, causing embarrassment to the British Government, and arousing the angry contempt of the Arabs, who could not understand why

Princes of Zinj

they perpetually broke the promises made for them by their Government.

The Arabs were also annoyed by the missionaries' methods of attracting converts. At first they had ignored the private conversion of Africans to Christianity. But as British influence grew and the protection afforded the missionaries by police and troops increased, the missionaries took to holding public services of conversion in the market-place of Mombasa, while their ladies offended the Arab ladies by visiting them in their homes and preaching at them.

The Wali of Mombasa warned Mathews of the anti-European feeling aroused by the missionaries' 'indiscreet zeal'; for the Arabs were saying that, but for the presence of the British Government 'these priests would not dare in the public streets to declaim against the doctrines of our religion'. •

Murders of missionaries took place occasionally. A Mr. Brooks and some of his porters were killed while travelling through German-controlled territory. Arabs attacked the mission at Dar-es-Salaam, the missionaries fled to a German gunboat, and hundreds of runaway slaves were recaptured. One night at Pugu four missionaries, one of them a woman, were shot, and three, including another woman, were captured. The prisoners were later exchanged for some Arab slave-traders, and six thousand rupees. The jubilant Arabs now found themselves with, for once, too many slaves on their hands. The market at Bagamoyo was reopened, and the slaves were sold off, as quickly as possible, at very low prices. Bushiri, who was not interested in indiscriminate cruelties and killings, forbade attacks on mission stations where free Africans and refugee villagers were sheltering.

But he could only control the men under his immediate command. Those Arabs who had been most incensed by the behaviour of the Germans were in a state of mind which could not easily be calmed; and, when they could, they killed. Bushiri, however, missed no chances of obtaining ransom money, or of bartering the release from prison of Arab slavers, against that of captured missionaries. But the real protector of the English at the mission stations was an Arab named Nassir-bin-Sulaiman, who for fifteen years had been Governor of Bagamoyo. He was one of those generous, chivalrous Arabs who abound in Africa, and who have for so long honoured the English with their friendship

Bushiri's Rising

and affection. This noble person used his great influence, and sometimes risked his life, to protect the missionaries, and to keep the missions from destruction.

Amidst all the upheaval, Khalifa's clouded mind veered hither mid thither; first friendly and co-operative with the British, and then suddenly hostile. He came completely under the influence of two undesirable men: Bakashumar, a violently anti-European schemer possessed of cunning but no political foresight; and Peera Devji, 'a low Hindu servant'. These two did the Sultan and the country great harm.

Unstable as his feelings towards the English might be, Khalifa was unvarying in his dislike of the Germans. In November 1888 he wrote that the main causes of all the trouble were the Teutons' uncouth manners, their treatment of the Sultan's flag, their behaviour in the mosques, and their overbearing attitude to Arabs and natives alike. The Sultan wrote:

'We use courtesy in governing our people, and not force. If people become refractory through oppression of our officials, we can keep them in order. By the help of God they listen to us. We wrote to you before that, by the help of God, we can pacify these disturbances without men-of-war, but you did not agree with us. As to the materials of war, they do not come from any other places than yours. You may give orders to your subjects not to sell these things at all, and about the Proclamation, Inshallah, we will write and send it to our subjects, but as to the subjects of others, you do the same.'

All these worries and humiliations probably threw the poor Sultan's mind off its precarious balance, for he suddenly announced that he had sole power of life and death over his subjects, and would be guided henceforth only by the Koran. The suspected murderers who had been imprisoned in Barghash's reign had never been executed. They were still in jail, receiving just enough food and drink to keep them alive, and otherwise entirely neglected. Khalifa decided to have them decapitated, and condemned twenty-nine of them to death, without trial. Five were brought out to the public square, and though one escaped, the other's heads were clumsily and slowly cut off by an inexperienced and nervous executioner, who hacked away at the necks

Princes of Zinj

with a blunt sword 'as if he were felling a tree'. It took a long time, and the pleased and interested crowd of watching Africans screamed with excited laughter as the heads finally came off, and the trunks collapsed sideways in grotesque attitudes.

The horrified Europeans remonstrated vigorously, but Khalifa ignored them; next day four more prisoners were publicly and painfully killed.

Now it was discovered that some of the dead had, after all, been innocent. But Khalifa had set his heart on the executions; he knew that the spectacle appealed to his people, and was pleased at the large crowds who gathered to watch. He ordered the deaths of three more men and two women. The British Consul, Colonel Euan-Smith, demanded an audience, and cowed the half-crazy Seyyid until Khalifa sulkily and reluctantly agreed to countermand the executions. But this was one more grudge he held against the English.

The German part of the coast was still in a turmoil. At last it was decided, too late, to save many innocent lives, to attack the rebels in force. Captain von Wissman, whom Tippoo Tib was so happy to call his friend, was chosen for this mission. He knew Africa and her people; twice he had crossed the Continent, and for many years Africa had been his home. When Bushiri's Arabs heard he was coming they raided Dar-es-Salaam and Bagamoyo, looted the bazaars, frightened away the British Indians, and attacked the Germans wherever they dared. Martial law was proclaimed; the empty village of Saadani, where Mr. Brooks had been murdered, was razed to the ground by German shells.

In May 1889, Von Wissman appeared before Bagamoyo with a strong force. He had three hundred and twenty Europeans, including some German sailors, eighty Zulus, six hundred Sudanese, and several hundred native troops. He attacked Bushiri's stockade, and Bushiri departed, leaving his soldiers behind. They courageously resisted the Germans for a time, receiving and inflicting considerable losses before they were beaten.

This was the end of the campaign. Bushiri's forces were tired of it; the excitement had worn off, their leader had lost his influence when he fled from the last fight. They drifted away, becoming in a matter of hours peaceful citizens who only wished

Bushiri's Rising

to attend to their own affairs in their own homes. The deserted Bushiri wandered about, trying in vain to arouse the tribes—but by now they were bored with him. The Africans had lost their enthusiasm for a situation which had become static. They did not care in the least about Bushiri and his 'Struggle for Freedom', they were simply carried away by the excitement of the moment; and now that had died down, they relapsed into their customary lethargy. There still remained one or two points of resistance to the Germans; but by the middle of July these were reduced, and the fighting was over. Ivory caravans reappeared at the ports, the Indians hurried back to their trading centres; all was calm. Bushiri continued to roam among the villages, a weary outcast—hungry, hunted and disillusioned; until December, when he was captured and, on the 15th, hanged at Bagamoyo.

The time had come when the position of the Germans on the coast had to be stabilized. There was no co-operation between them and the Arabs, even though chivalrous Arab leaders continued to protect the missionaries at their lonely little outposts here and there along the fringe of the hinterland.

Seyyid Saïd's Empire was near its end. The ignorant savages of the interior, the indolent Swahili of the coast, the pale-faced, languid Arabs and the portly Indian traders: these now knew other rulers than the sons of the magnificent and gentle Said, the Master of Oman and of Eastern Africa, father of his people and friend of the rulers of Europe. The wild tribesmen learned of a new God, and of countless ways in which to worship Him; and they reacted, in bewildered fashion, to these strange impacts on their primitive, conservative brains. The greatest change of all, of course, was the transition of labour from the status of slavery to that of paid men. This was an upheaval from which owners and slaves had not yet recovered; although to the English the process seemed painfully slow, the Arabs felt they were being rushed into ruin, by, as one of them put it, 'reckless, high-handed innovators'. Many of their landmarks had been destroyed or removed. On the site of the old slave market in Zanzibar now stood a large Christian cathedral. This stately edifice gave great pleasure to the Christians. They thought it was an act of poetic justice that their church should stand where it did.

But the Arabs—even those sophisticated and educated ones who belonged to the Royal House—resented what they looked

Princes of Zinj

upon as a piece of ostentation in the worst possible taste. They saw in it a reminder of their ruin, of the abasement of their ruler, and of the destruction of an immemorial custom. They were hurt by the implication that they were cruel to their slaves, and were not fit to own human beings. Their Holy Book specially commanded them to be kind and gentle to all who worked for them; never reproving them before others; and freeing the deserving ones after a few years; they had always prided themselves on the care they took of them and the mutual affection which existed between so many of them. It comforted the Arabs a little when many of their forcibly freed slaves refused to leave them, saying, with that endearing African phrase:

'You are my father and my mother, where else should I live?'

The Arabs had not the constructive and adaptable minds of peoples of the West; though they realized that they ought to be able to make their plantations prosper by using more machinery, and fewer paid hands, they could not imagine how to begin such a revolutionary process. The maintenance of machinery was something quite outside their understanding, the mere thought of such a thing daunted them; they put the idea aside with a murmur of *Inshallah*, 'If Allah wills,' and went, instead, to the moneylenders with the deeds of their land. When, later, they found that they could not redeem the deeds, and the time had come to sell their wives' jewels, some of the ladies hid the most precious pieces of their finery in the secret drawers of their ornate, brass- or silver-bound Zanzibar chests, where these treasures were found decades later.

The impact of the West came hard on the sleepy island, where life moved slowly against the murmurous background of the sea; where the air was drenched with the heavy scent of cloves; and the fertile soil provided all the necessities with the minimum of exertion. The quick minds, the swift moves, the incomprehensible decisions taken by statesmen living far away were beyond the understanding of the slow-thinking Arabs and coast people; when the Occident burst violently into their lives, tearing at the very roots of their traditions as a hurricane hurls palm trees out of the ground; they were bewildered, and lost; and they suffered accordingly. They had also just now the added disadvantage of being ruled by a Sultan whom they distrusted and disliked.

Bushiri's Rising

By the beginning of the year 1889 there was such tension between Seyyid Khalifa and the leading Arabs, who bitterly resented the influence his favourites had obtained over him, that twelve nobles, led by the Sultan's brother Ali, approached Captain Euan-Smith. They were prepared to agree to almost anything, including the deposition of the Sultan, and the partition Of the Sultanate with Germany taking a share, provided Zanzibar itself could remain under the protection of the British. Euan-Smith reported all this to the Foreign Office. He, as British Consul-General, had certain powers to act against any British subject whose behaviour might be contrary to the good of the state. Peera Devji, being an Indian, came within these powers, and in March 1889 he was deported to Aden. Khalifa was furious; he refused to receive Euan-Smith on his departure for England, He even sent Lord Salisbury a telegram, asking that 'his enemy' might not be allowed to return to Zanzibar.

During Euan-Smith's leave, Mr. Gerald Portal came from Cairo to act in his place. Anti-European feeling in Zanzibar was rising all the time, and there were rumours of a general massacre if the white people. The German Consul, sure that the trouble was being fomented by Bakashumar, requested the Sultan to dismiss this man. Khalifa, rather naively, at once turned to the British for help, saying that England was 'his only protection against German threats of aggression'. But Portal told the Sultan that the British Government was in agreement with the German government over this matter, and at last Seyyid Khalifa was prevailed upon to exile Bakashumar to Arabia.

Another step forward in the anti-slavery campaign was taken when Khalifa was persuaded to sign a decree giving British and German ships a right to search all Arabian dhows, and also pronouncing that slaves' children who were born after January 1st., 1890, were free. On this, the blockade was lifted.

When Euan-Smith returned to Zanzibar in December 1889 he was very kindly received by the Sultan, who may or may not have known that in the Consul-General's luggage was the insignia of the Commander of St. Michael and St. George, destined for his own Royal neck.

This order was conferred on the Sultan at a ceremony graced by the presence of English and German naval officers, a large crowd of Europeans, and all the Arab nobles and Indian grandees

Princes of Zinj

available. The Sultan's pleasure was quite pathetic, as the Consul-General noted when he reported in his dispatch that he had never seen him so 'genuinely pleased'.

Seyyid Khalifa never went to Europe, but he sent a deputation of ministers to call upon the Courts of England, France and Germany. The visitors were received with courtesy everywhere, though naturally their stay in England did not evoke the excitement which had attended Barghash's progress.

In Germany they were entertained by the Emperor William II, who begged each one to accept a gold watch, as a mark of his imperial favour and his friendship for their ruler. Flattered and delighted, the Arabs went home with their presents. It was only when they reached Zanzibar that they found the gold of their watches was pinchbeck, and worth very little.

Khalifa's life was now nearly over. His character had been warped and embittered by Barghash's treatment of him; his mind and body had never recovered from the years of fear and misery he had endured. The incident in his youth, when, beside Majid's death-bed, he had picked up Barghash's fallen dagger and returned it to him, instead of killing him on the spot, proved that there was a strong streak of honour and loyalty in his make-up. But that forbearance had been rewarded by starvation and imprisonment, and during all his brother's long reign Khalifa must have regretted his humane act.

In February 1890 the Sultan rode out to Chukwani for a rest and some shooting; but on his return to Zanzibar he suddenly ran a high temperature and appeared to be suffering from heatstroke. He died on the 13th, only thirty-six years old, and, said Colonel Euan-Smith, 'unregretted by all'.

The Witu Murders

SEYYID ALI-BIN-SAÏD now became Sultan. He was the fourth and last of the great Seyyid Saïd's sons to be ruler of Zanzibar. During the three years of his reign and through that of his successor Seyyid Hamid, son of Thuwaini of Muscat, the coast knew no peace. None of these short-reigned Sultans was a man of the stature of Said or Barghash; and as the British, Portuguese, French, Italians and Germans advanced their various claims to spheres of influence, so the power of the Sultans diminished.

No longer did the people of the Lakes dance when Zanzibar played a tune.

Seyyid Ali, like his immediate predecessor, was perpetually harried by the European powers. The English demanded from him more and more treaties restricting the slave trade, which caused the greatest resentment among his subjects, and brought down on the luckless Sultan the wrathful reproaches of the Arabs of Royal and noble blood among his entourage. The Germans behaved with their usual arrogance, while their agents travelled far and wide annexing the Sultan's land. When they offered him £ 100,000 for the land between the Rivers Ruvuma and Umba, a valuable and fertile strip of coastal land nearly 600 miles long, Seyyid Ali was deeply offended, and asked the German Consul if he thought the Sultan's domains were like a camel, to be bought and sold in a few minutes.

'But,' said he, with dignity and sorrow, 'I am in the hands of God. If it is to be that the great Emperor of Germany will take my dominions from me, I am weak, and cannot help myself.'

At the suggestion of the British Consul, Lord Salisbury asked the German Government to deal with the Sultan more liberally. They thereupon offered - £200,000; and with this totally inadequate sum Seyyid Ali had to be content. The Sultan poured out

Princes of Zinj

his grief to Euan-Smith, blaming his half-brother, Seyyid Barghash, for not having placed the whole of his dominions under British protection long ago. Exalted, perhaps, by the humiliation and unhappiness, he prophesied that before many years had passed the Germans would lose all the land they had so basely gained.¹

These fears helped to drive the Sultan completely into the arms of England, and it was with every 'expression of joy and gratitude' that he agreed to a British Protectorate over what was left of his Kingdom, for, said he, 'if God and the English deserted him', all was lost.

After lengthy negotiations not only with the Sultan but also with the Germans, to whom England ceded Helgoland, the British Protectorate over Zanzibar was declared on November 7th, 1890, nineteen years after this had been suggested by Admiral Heath. The flags of Zanzibar and Great Britain were hoisted on British warships in the harbour. Vice-Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle and Captain Euan-Smith, with their staffs, attended upon His Highness in the palace.

The two flags were hoisted over the palace while salutes were fired from the flagship and the Royal battery of guns ashore. The G.C.S.I. had already been bestowed upon the Sultan before the ceremonies took place.

In the years preceding the establishment of the Protectorate, and while the Sultans lost their old authority over their domains, some of the outlying districts had become quite lawless. "Witu, on the mainland, had always been a dangerous spot, for to this place came the criminals, the masterless men; the thieves and murderers of the whole coast. They formed themselves into a ragged army under the Sultan of Witu and, with the forest behind them and the sea not far away, they were usually able to defy the soldiers sent from Zanzibar to maintain order.

In 1887 Seyyid Barghash had been forced by the Germans to relinquish his suzerainty over Witu. Very soon both English and Germans were claiming it. In 1889 Baron Lambermont, who had been called in to arbitrate by the respective Governments, awarded the district to England, but the Germans, believing there were profits to be made from Customs House dues and also from the

¹Euan-Smith to Lord Salisbury, September 25th, 1890. F.O. 84, 2064, No. 388 (confidential).

The Witu Murders

forest trees, were not prepared to forego so easily this desirable piece of country.

The Sultan of Witu was named Ahmed-bin-Fumo-Bakhari. He had once claimed the Sultanship of Pate, but had been driven away by Barghash's soldiers, and had had to content himself with his present smaller, less important territory. He was brave and obstinate, nicknamed 'The Lion' by his people, who loved him because he always kept them in a state of excitement, so that they never knew what would happen next.

The Germans, hoping to make an ally of him, secretly presented him with six hundred guns and a large quantity of ammunition. He received this unexpected and delightful gift with great pleasure. He and his people hated all Europeans, and Germans most of all; they hated the Sultans of Zanzibar; they hated and despised the villagers who lived in their territory. Now, at last, they were properly armed, and they felt they could do just as they wished, and that no-one could oppose them in future.

In 1890 an agreement was signed between the English and the Germans; it was arranged that at some future date Witu should definitely be placed within the British sphere. The authority of the Sultan of Witu was to be recognized by the British, who were, in any case, always ready to maintain the prestige of the local chiefs whenever they could. Before these changes took place, however, a German named Kuntzel, anxious to erect a saw-mill in the forest near Witu, began to press on with his plans, fearing, perhaps, that the English might forestall him. He arrived at Lamu, with ten German workmen and the parts of his saw-mill. He was warned by both the English and Arab authorities not to proceed, for the country was in a restless state; and until he had come to an arrangement with Ahmed-bin-Fumo it was, Kuntzel was told, unwise, and even unsafe to continue. But with typical Teutonic courage and short-sightedness, he ignored all advice. He and his followers, crossing to the mainland, began to porter their clumsy machinery towards the forest of Witu.

Ahmed-bin-Fumo sent messages refusing him permission to work in the forest, and telling him to return to Lamu. Kuntzel ignored them. The men of Witu were excited and dangerous, and the Sultan, who did not want to face the consequences of a massacre of Europeans, sent Kuntzel a last and urgent warning to go at once to Lamu, while there was still time. Still no notice

Princes of Zinj

was taken. The Germans had now reached the forest, and there they unloaded their gear. Finally even Kuntzel could not refuse to recognize the signs any longer; the scowling looks of the watching natives, the grasped weapons and the muttered threats. Leaving their machinery in charge of a young German boy and a Somali interpreter, the rest of the party returned to Witu, to find groups of armed men squatting sullenly outside the house they had rented. Now Kuntzel became alarmed, but, instead of returning to Lamu, he strode up to the Sultan's house and demanded an interview. He was told to wait. Instantly losing his temper he rounded on the guards, cursing them savagely. He and his men then went into their house, where their frightened servants had prepared food for them.

When they had eaten, they determined, after all, to leave Witu; for the situation was obviously deteriorating and, at last, they began to fear for their lives. They wondered what would become of the young boy whom they had left beside the saw-mill eight miles away; but they did not go back for him. With revolvers and rifles loaded, they walked steadily towards the town gate. It was barred. Behind it waited hundreds of angry black men, armed with the good, modern guns which the Germans' own Government had presented to the Sultan of Witu only a short time ago. The white men rushed bravely at the gate. Five of them scrambled through, but the others were killed. The five ran down the track leading to Lamu, though they had little hope of escape, for the natives were after them, shooting all the time; and Lamu was a whole day's march away.

Firing at their pursuers and being fired on as they ran, the Germans continued as best they could until all had been shot down. One, who was hit in the leg, managed to crawl into a bush and hide. Here he lay in pain and fear, hearing the screams of his dying comrades as the half-mad natives finished them off.

The lonely boy in the forest remained at his post. He could still have escaped, but he was brave; and the Somali stayed with him, courageous and faithful as Somalis so often are. Next morning some Witu natives came to the saw-mill and seized the boy. They held his arms while his throat was cut. The Somali fled, with the screeching natives chasing him, but by a stroke of wonderful luck some of his own tribesmen saw him and saved him.

The Witu Murders

In September, a month after the murders, another German was killed, some twenty miles from Witu. German camps and property were raided and looted. Herr Toeppen, a representative of the German Government, asked permission of the Sultan of Witu to bury their dead. He was refused. When news of the massacre reached Europe, there was a storm of rage. The Germans said the British were responsible, and demanded compensation and revenge. The British pointed out that they had not yet actually taken over Witu, since they were waiting for Ahmed-bin-Fumo to transfer to England the rights he had given to Germany. Having made their position clear, the English then prepared to act. Ahmed-bin-Fumo was ordered to come to Lamu, to pay for the stolen and damaged property, and to give up the murderers. But, excited by the killing, and congenitally unable to foresee the ultimate consequences of his actions, the Sultan refused to move. This had been expected, and the Navy was summoned. Ships appeared, under the command of Admiral Fremantle, who was ordered to take punitive action. There was no delay on the part of the Admiral and his sailors. Two parties of armed bluejackets went ashore and marched upon Witu, hauling a small cannon, and accompanied by angry friends of the murdered men.

The people of Witu, who had never seen a shell explode, felt nothing but contempt for the small force approaching them, whom they outnumbered by several thousands. By the messengers sent to warn them to surrender, they returned insulting answers, and prepared themselves for the attack. They were confident of killing this handful of Englishmen just as easily as they had the handful of Germans.

The sailors set up their cannon outside Witu and fired, so that the shells landed right in the middle of the town. Terrible roars rent the air, the earth shook. The ramshackle mud huts of which Witu was composed fell into dusty heaps. Chickens, cats and a few people were killed. The natives fled to the forest headed by their Sultan, while the sailors entered the town and burnt most of the remaining houses before returning to their ships.

This was only a beginning of the chastisement of the lawless men. At Kipini, a few miles south of Lamu, lay nine warships, and a steamer belonging to the British East Africa Company. These ships carried a total of nine hundred and fifty men, besides

Princes of Zinj

their crews, and Admiral Fremantle prepared to lead this force against the Sultan of Witu. But Ahmed-bin-Fumo, despite his army of three thousand men, had lost his nerve. There was a short, half-hearted resistance near what was left of the town, during which twelve of the English force were wounded; and then the defenders fled. Witu was demolished, the walls flattened, the ammunition store blown up. From among the trees the Sultan and his people saw their homes burning, but even as they watched, the Navy's shells pursued them into the forest.

When the shelling stopped interpreters called out to the people, telling them to be wise, to return, to surrender the murderers and to live quietly, under the British flag. By now the Sultan's people were tired of the situation. To murder a few outnumbered Germans was a delightful and praiseworthy occupation, but they had never imagined that the British would come and punish them. In the forest there were lions, elephant, rhino, snakes and the terribly savage little coast buffalo to beware of by day; while at night clouds of malarial mosquitoes attacked them, driving sleep away. There was very little to eat, they shivered; children and old people died.

They begged Ahmed-bin-Fumo to give up the murderers and make peace with the British. But the Lion was old and obstinate; moreover, he knew that a reward of 10,000 rupees had been placed on his head; he did not care about the sufferings of his people, he felt safe in the forest. He refused to surrender. Suddenly he died, and the problem was solved. He was succeeded by his brother Bwana Sheke, who agreed to do what the people wished surrender to the English and deliver up the murderers to justice. Instantly the men's families objected, and the volatile population turned against this decision—since the English, for the moment, had disappeared, and the people were back in Witu, putting up new buildings as ramshackle as before. Haphazard and short-sighted as ever, they believed all was already forgotten, and that the British had gone for good. When Bwana Sheke persisted with his arguments, they deposed him, and elected still another brother, called Fumo Omari, to be their ruler.

England rapidly took steps to stabilize this unsatisfactory situation. In March 1891 agreements were drawn up between the British Government, the Imperial British East Africa Company and the people of Witu. First of all, slavery was abolished.

The Witu Murders

Fumo Omari was deposed from the Sultanship of Witu, but safety, a home and an allowance were offered to him. The administration of Witu and the surrounding district became the affair of the British company. Peace, however, was still far away. Fumo Omari and his followers once more took to the forest, where they built themselves stockaded strongholds and continued to pillage and harass the frightened people of the coast villages.

The following July Captain Rogers of the police, and a man called Jackson, brave, well-meaning men, went unarmed to Fumo Omari's stronghold of Joneni, and attempted to conciliate the outlaws. They reproached them with their outrageous behaviour; and offered them peace, with forgiveness for all save the murderers. This appeasing attitude had no effect at all; indeed, it is surprising that the Englishmen were not murdered on the spot. After much talk the would-be peacemakers withdrew, disheartened.

In March 1892 an attack was made by the Company's troops on the rebuilt fort, but they had insufficient men and guns, and it was a failure. Once more the Navy was summoned. When Fumo Omari heard of the reappearance of the terrible, invincible sailors, he knew it was time to submit. The outlaw chiefs dispersed; their troops became overnight peaceful peasants; and the former Sultan retired to the village allotted to him. But when the Witu men realized that there would, after all, be no punishment for their months of banditry, they naturally and sensibly concluded, in true native fashion, that the British had again lost interest. Omari and his chiefs left their villages, while their men, bored with husbandry and longing for the excitement, raids and plunder of the old days, dropped their farming implements and withdrew the guns and cartridges, daggers and swords from their hiding-places. They joyfully reassembled in their forest fortresses, and sent to the Company defiant and insulting messages, demanding the release of their comrades imprisoned for murder and slave-trading. The Company had not expected this, nor were they equipped to deal with it. There was nothing for it but to beat an ignominious retreat, and hand the wasp's nest which was Witu, back to the Sultan of Zanzibar. News of this fresh trouble had already reached Zanzibar, a force was on its way to Lamu. Three warships with the Sultan's steamer, *Barawa*, carried a

Princes of Zinj

hundred and seventy soldiers under General Mathews, Mr. Rennell Rodd, the Consul-General, and an Arab envoy from the Sultan. This force marched to Witu and sent a message to Omari ordering him to appear.

Nothing happened.

Reinforcements were brought up and a strong contingent composed of four companies of bluejackets, one of marines, forty Zanzibari, forty Nubian soldiers and six English officers, left camp on August 6th and marched into the forest. There was desultory firing from behind trees as they advanced, the punitive forces lost two killed and fifteen wounded. Deep in the forest, at the end of the track they were following, they came to a strong gate, the centre of a stockade which ran right and left and disappeared among the trees. The gate was blown up and the sailors charged through. The place was empty.

Once more the bandits and their leader had escaped. Their crops were destroyed, their huts burnt, and the punitive force withdrew.

They knew there was another fortified village a few miles away. Mr. Rennell Rodd had sent a native messenger there, but the unhappy man was seized and condemned to death by the outlaws. His life was saved by some of his friends who managed to smuggle him away to the coast, but meanwhile, hearing nothing of their messenger, the leaders of the expedition marched on and reduced this village too, for it was obvious that the only way to master the bandits was to destroy their food supply and burn their houses.

Eventually the soldiers returned to the coast, and the sailors to their ships, leaving native troops stationed at various villages in the forest and along the shore, to guard the people from the outlaws' attacks.

Fumo Omari's men stayed in the forest, living hard lives now, short of food and shelter. They made an occasional raid, but met with sharp resistance from disciplined soldiers; something to which they were not accustomed, and which they did not like.

Omari's health and strength were failing, and when he died it was certain that the rebellion would collapse, although that did not mean that permanent peace on the coast could be hoped for yet. The centre of trouble might shift elsewhere, and give this part of the country a rest. The village natives were astonished,

The Witu Murders

and the forest outlaws bitterly amused, when written regulations appeared nailed to buildings and trees, containing lists of laws which the Company insisted must be obeyed. Few people could read! And yet the news spread, for those who understood the written word stood importantly before the pamphlets, spelling out for the benefit of their ignorant friends the edicts of the Company. The regulation which made the greatest impression was that referring to the status of slaves. Slaves could only be bequeathed to the testator's legal offspring—no adopted child might inherit them. Slaves' children were not to be parted from their parents, and no slaves could be sold. That was as far as the anti-slavery laws went for the moment.¹

In August 1892 the dynasty of the Lion came to an end. Ahmed-bin-Fumo had brought nothing but hunger, bloodshed, pain and misery to the people of Witu; and his successors, as callous and lawless as he had been, continued in his ways. Now they were gone. A distant kinsman of theirs became Sultan of Witu. He was Omari-bin-Mohamed, who had once been Governor of Witu. He was honest, loyal and brave; under his rule peace and prosperity returned to the ravaged countryside. Accredited to him was a British Resident, answerable to the British Commissioner for East Africa. Witu, with all its passions spent and all its fears allayed, became a quiet and prosperous district; the wonderfully fertile soil, the warm sunshine and the never-failing rains rapidly and unvaryingly maturing the few vegetables and fruit which the indolent peasants troubled to plant.

Omari was a successful ruler, loved and trusted by the people. He built himself a fine new mud palace which still stands in Witu, though now it is used as a native rest- and tea-house. The rooms are large and plain, except for the typical peaked arch, a Persian design said to represent a woman's breast, over the doorways. The massive entrance doors are beautifully carved on lintel and panel, and studded with iron spikes. Outside stand two squat, old-fashioned cannon; and over the threshold still hangs Omari's proudest ornament, a hand-painted, crooked, inaccurate and very touching replica of the British coat-of-arms.

¹ Slave-trading persisted for many years among the inland warring tribes of Kenya. On August 17th, 1907, the official and settler members of the Legislative Council of Kenya passed their first bill, which made all forms of slavery illegal in the Colony.

Princes of Zinj

The Mazrui family, after their defeat by Seyyid Said, had dispersed among the coast villages, where they remained in semi-obscurity for many years. But some devil of obstinate ambition was bred in them, they were enraged at the thought of anyone else being overlord of the coast; nor had they even clan loyalty, but each time a chief of the Mazrui died, several different claimants arose for the nebulous honour of being head of the tribe; ruler of whichever little village had last set itself up as the seat of governorship. In the 1880's there were two main branches of the Mazrui family; one at Gazi and the other at Takaungu. The head of the Gazi branch was Mbaruk-bin-Rashid, who proved himself just as disloyal to his lord in Zanzibar as his ancestors had been to their lords in Muscat. He led raids against the Sultan's troops, and harried the villagers in his district until, in 1882, General Mathews was dispatched against them, at the head of 1,200 men. Mbaruk-bin-Rashid evacuated Gazi, and entrenched himself behind a stockade on Mweli Hill, twenty miles to the west. The little stronghold soon fell to Mathews, but Mbaruk escaped. For some mysterious reason, later on, he was able to make his submission to the Sultan of Zanzibar, be reaffirmed as ruler of Gazi, and receive a pension from the Sultan and an allowance from the Company for certain services, which it was understood he would render. But Mbaruk's promises were never meant to be kept.

On February 13th, 1895, Salim-bin-Khamis-el-Mazrui, Chief of Takaungu, died, and the Company appointed his son, Rashid-bin-Salim, to succeed him. Immediately, another Mazrui named Mbaruk-bin-Rashid claimed the chieftainship. This man was not the Chief of Gazi, but a kinsman of the same name. He seized a store of guns and ammunition, which Salim had kept somewhere on the Kilifi River, and summoning the excitable Arabs and natives to his side he defied the Company and threatened the new Chief. Mr. Hardinge, the Queen's agent at Zanzibar, sadly realized that more fighting was inevitable.

On July 1st, 1895, at a heavy loss, the Company had finally made over to the British Government all its assets, stores, personnel and troubles. Now the rebellious Mazrui found themselves faced with a very different adversary, for the Navy was quickly summoned, and a force of three hundred and sixty bluejackets and marines, besides Zanzibari and Nubian troops, appeared on the coast.

The Witu Murders

Mbaruk-bin-Rashid, ordered to report to Mr. Hardinge, failed to obey, and the English forces were sent to invade his fortified village, which he quickly abandoned. Driven hither and yonder by his pursuers, he sought refuge with the Giriama tribe, but they refused to receive him. Pillaging, burning and killing, as they went, Mbaruk and his brother, Aziz, returned to Gazi, where their kinsman took them in and sheltered them. Now the two Mbaruks and Aziz stood openly together against the Government; though Mr. Hardinge optimistically still attempted to parley with them, and still apparently believed in their promises. When the Chief of Gazi secretly agreed to surrender the Chief of Takaungu and Aziz, it was arranged that Hardinge should march to Gazi, in order to receive his prisoners; but by the time he arrived all three leaders had vanished.

Great as was his longing for the gold with which he had hoped to be rewarded for his treachery, Mbaruk of Gazi's fear of his kinsmen's vengeance must have been even greater, for he had departed with them. The Arabs moved from place to place, fighting, fleeing, pausing to murder the undermanned garrisons of lonely outposts, and disappearing again into the bush. They continued to evade capture, for it was not considered wise to send European troops into the mosquito-haunted country in which the Mazrui were sheltering, and finally soldiers were asked for from India. But India was far away. The rebels were joined by a Swahili chief named Hamis-bin-Kombo, a bitter enemy of the British, whose suppression of the slave trade had ruined him. This reinforcement for the outlaws was a serious matter to the British. The native Africans, seeing the success of the Mazrui, believed that the British were as easy to flout as the Sultan of Zanzibar; and they wisely wished to be on the winning side. The situation was difficult enough for the Government authorities, and extremely dangerous for the missionaries and the few European traders scattered about the interior. Malindi, that ever-faithful friend to the white man, was attacked, and part of the town burnt. At last, in March 1896, the 24th Baluchistan Regiment arrived from India. The two Mbaruks and Aziz had been making havoc north and south along the coast, swooping on caravans, attacking villages, killing and kidnapping everywhere. The natives admired them and were terrified of them, believing that these fearful Arabs were invincible and indestructible.

Princes of Zinj

When a large force of well-armed and disciplined Indian troops suddenly appeared, the situation changed dramatically. The Arab forces melted away and their leaders fled into German East Africa, where they hoped for shelter; but they were seized and held by Major von Wissman. The three Mazrui apparently did not at first realize that they were beaten. They thought the Germans were their friends, for they knew of the rivalry between the two white tribes, the British and the Germans. Long ago they had suggested that they and the Germans should form an alliance to drive the British from the country, and put an end to their intolerable interference with the slave trade. Their illusions were soon dispelled; they were disarmed and handed over to the British. The rebels, brave as they were, must have trembled when they heard that they were to be sent to the camp of their enemies, for they, themselves, would have taken a barbarous vengeance on their defeated foes. To their contemptuous astonishment they were treated with great mercy. The three Mazrui and ten of their most important followers were shipped to Dar-es-Salaam, where they were kept in comfort and safety; though guarded so carefully that not even their intriguing minds could devise means of escape, and the chance once more to disturb the peace of the coast. Their three thousand followers returned quietly to their homes, and soon, in the easy African way, they forgot their excitement and their enthusiasm for war, and settled down once more as peasants, the role which suited them best.

By May 1st, 1896, the trouble was over, and the Mazrui had made and lost their last bid to become dictators of the coast. *Pax Britannica* began to prevail over these parts of the dark, distracted, land of Africa. Order had come to the administration of Zanzibar. Fresh taxes were introduced, for money to be spent on public works. The Sultan's personal retinue was reduced, and the vast horde of servants, parasites and beggars who infested the palace was weeded out. General Mathews had become First Minister; his place as head of the Army was taken by General Hatch. Wharves, roads and proper sanitation made their appearance on the island. Ships were registered, the harbour was lighted and buoys were placed at the approaches. There was even a newspaper, named the *Gazette for Zanzibar and East Africa*, and, in time, this pioneer was followed by several others, in English, Arabic, Swahili and Urdu. Zanzibar became a Free Port; which

The Witu Murders

resulted, within eight years, of a rise in the value of goods flowing in and out, to over a million pounds. All administration was carried out by Arab Governors, called Walis, under British officers. The Indian Penal Code had been made applicable to the British sphere of East Africa, as long ago as 1867, but justice was dispensed to Zanzibar natives according to the Mohamedan law, a fair and simple one which everybody understood. Justice, moreover, was now to be had free, without the former expensive bribing of judges and witnesses; and every man could be sure of it. Most of the foreigners in the island were the responsibility of their various consuls, who could try them in the consular courts; but the British Indians, the British-protected subjects, and the Christians of races other than the Americans, Belgians, Portuguese, Italians and Germans, came under British law, were defended by British lawyers, and tried by British judges.

Many conversations had been going on behind the scenes by the British and the Germans concerning their various territorial ambitions. The Germans had appropriated a large tract of Africa which formerly legally, if tenuously, had belonged to the Sultans of Zanzibar. They had turned their hungry eyes on the island more than once, and had not scrupled to use Barghash's unhappy sister, Seyyidah Salme, regardless of her feelings and without a thought for her dignity or theirs, in their efforts to squeeze Barghash off the throne.

Now they came to an arrangement with England which, as already mentioned, gave Germany, in Helgoland, the European base she vitally needed; and safeguarded, so far as could be seen, the future of the Sultans of Zanzibar, and of the English, their friends, in Africa. In return for England's cession of Helgoland, the Germans agreed to the establishment of a British Protectorate over Zanzibar and the littoral. The Sultans, under the British, maintained all their former state, minted their own coins and printed their own stamps. Their code of etiquette was as strict, their court as formal, their courtesy as elaborate as that of any other Arab monarch, but, owing to the introduction of a higher standard of living, of better sanitation and of greater cleanliness in the island generally, there was more dignity and poise in the Royal palaces now than there had ever been before. The man chiefly responsible for these great changes in the working and

Princes of Zinj

finances of the island was Sir Gerald Portal, who began his task of reorganization in October 1891.

Sometimes the administrators of Zanzibar looked doubtfully At the progress being made in the next island to the north; Mombasa. On December 11th, 1895, there had landed on that island a Mr. George Whitehouse, a master-builder of railways. In England, South Africa, Mexico, South America and India, he had been responsible for the construction of permanent ways, and now he was entrusted with the enormous task of making a line from Mombasa on the coast to Port Florence, on Victoria Nyanza. Blessed by Mr. Chamberlain, who believed that a railway would help to protect natives from slavers, viewed with grave distrust by Mr. Gladstone, and virulently attacked by Mr. Labouchere and others of the left-wing party, the line had slowly and laboriously crept on; through the forests, across the plains, and over the mountains of the highlands of Kenya until, in March 1904, it was completed, and the railway was open to the public.

Those living in Zanzibar in 1895, who loved the island, and were jealous of her position and prosperity, told each other that, in spite of everything, Zanzibar's future was safe; and that her busy population, wonderful forests of cloves, her deep harbour, her well-established form of government, her commercial agreements with Europe and America, her trade and ties with India and the Orient meant that, whatever modern schemes might stem out from Mombasa, the turbulent, truculent Island of War, nothing could now assail Zanzibar's sovereignty.

Lord Salisbury himself had said in the House of Lords, on July 10th, 1890, 'that there was no spot in all those waters of more value "to a maritime and commercial nation" ', than Zanzibar.

14

Island Ways

IN the agreement regarding spheres of influence which was reached between England and Germany, it had finally been arranged that the island of Lamu and the territory of Witu opposite should come within the British zone.

Lamu was a strange little city, living a life of its own, remote from the outer world. Its origin was lost in legend. Some said it was founded two thousand years ago by one of the seven sons of a Persian traveller, who had left their native country, after losing a war, and sought shelter in Africa. They were followed by relatives and friends who settled here, wishing to trade with the savages who brought them slaves, ivory, rhinoceros horn and hides. They found the land with the green shores, the sheltered creeks, the tall forest trees, and the gentle airs of Equatorial Africa delightfully pleasant to live in. They built their town at a place called Sheila, but in the course of time and after many battles it became engulfed by sand dunes, whence occasionally emerge, even now, a human skeleton, a Chinese jar or a brass-bound treasure-chest. As the sand caught up with them the inhabitants of Sheila moved three miles northward, and a new town, named Lamu, grew up on the island at a spot where the arms of the mainland stretched halfway around it. Here the water is deep enough for the big dhows from Muscat and India to anchor, there is always a fresh sea breeze blowing along the shore, and the townsmen are vigorous and healthy, without the languor which generally lies like a veil over the people of the coast. The men of Lamu were always fighting with the men of Pate, Witu and the Barjun islands—not very important or ferocious battles were these. Often the quarrel started over some trivial object such as the theft of a war-horn-, and would cease as quickly for some equally slight reason, like a change of weather, or the catching of a big haul of fish, in which case both armies downed weapons and hauled on the nets together.

Princes of Zinj

The town was built of tall, white houses, their windows elegant with fretwork, to conceal the females within; their doors carved and brass-studded as in Zanzibar. To Lamu came many Somalis from their wind-whipped desert towns. Very tall, very black, very good looking; arrogant, fierce and fearless, they were the traders of Africa, bringing herds of camels, donkeys, sheep and cattle to the markets of the south, and returning with amber, silver and cloths for their women; weapons, turbans and slaves for themselves.

The Somalis were a hard-living people, owning little beyond their flocks. Their chief amusements lay in fighting other tribes; and stealing their camels and cattle. Their diet was mainly of milk and meat, and of grass, which they cooked in water, like any other vegetable. At Lamu they made love to the ladies of the town, who already had in their veins the blood of Arabs, Persians, Portuguese and Swahili. The beauty of these women was famous. Their skins were of varying colours, from palest amber to glossy black; their shining hair was long and wavy, and with their large eyes, delicate bones and chiselled features, they were among the loveliest creatures on the coast.

The African Moslem women of the poorer classes wrapped themselves in the enveloping blackness of their *schele* when out-of-doors, but the wives of the traders, officials and other wealthy persons walked abroad in state, hidden by tent-like affairs which completely covered them, and were borne in front and behind by slave-girls or, if they were very rich, by eunuchs. Beneath their tents and their black *schele* they wore gay silk dresses embroidered in gold or silver; their massive bracelets and anklets were studded with turquoise and amber; from their ears hung heavy plaques dangling with tassels; round their necks were as many strings of gold and silver, beads and glass as their husbands could afford. They slept on high couches beneath which lay the female slaves; their carved bed-heads and their ebony chairs were inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory. Even their kitchen utensils were ornamented with ivory, and with small pieces of mirror let into the wood.

As ships of various periods and nationalities called at Lamu, the local carpenters loved to copy the patterns on their furniture. They made chairs and bed-heads with the thin columns and the little flowers of the elegant times of Louis XVI; later on the eagles

Island Ways

of Napoleon appeared, and later still, the weighty curves of the Victorian era. Even today these trends have continued, and in the tiny booths of Lamu one can still buy furniture hand-carved in the styles of many different reigns.

The ladies often entertained each other to parties, when the principal guests were wreathed with garlands of jasmine and frangipani; rose water was scattered over them; incense, camphor and other scented woods were burned in bowls upon the floor. On platforms set up in the main room, troupes of dancing-girls from the Barjun Islands performed. These girls were dressed in the brightest colours; their tight bodices and vast skirts, the flowers, the silver and gold pins and combs fastened in their shining hair, their betel-reddened lips and fingers and toes, the sinuous weavings of their arms as they moved them in the ritual movements of the dances, made a gay and graceful spectacle.

The male musicians were regarded by the ladies as barely human, and they did not trouble to veil their faces before them. The leader of the dances was an older woman, who directed the movements and set the time. If a lady specially approved of a dancer, she would put a coin between her lips or, when paper money was introduced, would pin a note on to her dress. Sometimes a dancer would be so overcome with excitement at the amount of money she was collecting that she would fall to the ground in a fit, and lie there rigid, mouth strained sideways, eyes rolled up into her head, stiff and unconscious for minutes on end. The others would smile and continue to dance, taking not much notice, though a little rose water or scent might be sprinkled on the twisted face. The proneness of the African to hysteria, his extreme excitability and lack of self-control, made such a spectacle too ordinary to arouse much interest or, indeed, anything more than a fleeting moment of amusement.

Only during the two monsoons would the big dhows appear in Lamu harbour. But small boats from the islands were perpetually sailing in, and as each one approached there was a burst of singing, laughing and hand-clapping from the joyous sailors, who could never bear to miss a chance to raise their voices. Every little boat carried a horn, in imitation of their grand sisters, the dhows. For a festival or holy day hundreds of small vessels would come sailing into Lamu, bringing thousands of passengers—the women sitting silent like mounds of black cloth, the men blowing

Princes of Zinj

their horns and clapping their hands, singing, shouting and laughing; the air ringing with noise. The men of Lamu are sailors from birth; even the tiniest children set out on the water in minute canoes, their sails billowing and their small craft blowing along at great speed before the wind.

With all this gaiety and colour and song, there was also suffering and fighting all the time. Slavers, running from the Allies' ships, came into the creeks nearby, bringing their cargo to be hidden in the bush; sometimes to be re-embarked and packed in suffocating lines below decks, sometimes to be abandoned on shore, where they were seized by the natives or killed by wild animals. The men of Pate made frequent raids on the men of Lamu; and outbreaks of plague would strike down the islanders, for which their healers and witch-doctors could find no cure. At certain times of year Lamu was completely cut off from the rest of the world. Monsoon rains turned the tracks to slippery quagmires in which cattle sank to the fetlocks; camels skidded about and could not keep on their feet; while strong winds and high seas prevented all shipping from entering the creek. Just before these wet seasons, the Arab landowners set their slaves to cultivate the soil and plant crops in the gardens of the mainland. The gardens stretched for several miles along the coast in a narrow belt between the forest and the sea, dotted here and there with villages and townlets each ruled by their own petty Sultans; all of whom owed allegiance to the Sultan of Zanzibar, until they came within the British 'zone'.

They frequently, however, paid him only lip service, and were often in rebellion. After Seyyid Said built his fort in Lamu and garrisoned it with Baluchi soldiers, there was peace for some time. The soldiers were dressed in rags, but like the rest of the coast people they were well-fed; for the sea teemed with fish, every sort of indigenous fruit and vegetable flourished in the gardens; and the markets were packed with cattle, sheep and goats brought in by the Somalis. Moreover, the Baluchis were reasonably loyal, being of a different race and regarding themselves as immeasurably superior to the indigenous natives of Africa.

Lamu was really at the northern end of civilization. Beyond, along the coast, there were only a few islands, before the green of forest trees, palms and bushes gave way to the dusty scrub, the blinding white foreshore and the cruel cliffs of Somalia. From

Island Ways

Lamu southward the coast was fertile and populous. Every few miles along the seas' edge stood Swahili fishing hamlets and Arab villages. The natives built their huts of the palm trees' stems, the spaces between filled in with mud. The roofs were of palm leaves. The whole affair took but a day or two to erect; it was weather-proof and cool. When a hut became too decrepit to be lived in any longer, one simply abandoned it and built another.

Canoes were cut by hand from the trunks of big trees, and carried from the forest to the shore. When the boats had taken shape they were hardened with fire, a tiny mast raised amidships, two outriggers fixed alongside—and the frail-looking, but sturdy and serviceable craft was ready for the sea.

In the villages women moved lazily about their work, without a trace of energy or vigour, but quietly and happily, nearly always smiling and usually in good health. No intellectual or social demands were made upon them. They were rarely tormented by jealousy or anxiety. Possessing very little imagination, asking almost nothing of life, their lot was, on the whole, an easy one. ' the fertile land, the fruitful sea, provided them with nearly all their needs; as slavery ceased and the mission-stations and English government services gave increased medical care, their lives became almost entirely safe and healthy. Even drought and famine were provided against, for in such times the English fed the people and cared for them, until the rains returned and the crops grew again.

The more wives a man had, the better pleased were the co-wives, since more hands meant less work for each individual woman; there was always someone to look after the children who rolled in the dust, forever under one's feet; and no-one was ever lonely.

In the Arab town of Malindi the old tradition of friendship with the white men remained unbroken. For two hundred years Malindi had faithfully and loyally stood by the Portuguese, ever since that day in 1447 when Vasco da Gama, with his three battered little ships and his tough, storm-hardened men, had first stood warily off the reef and watched the curious crowds waving to them from the shore. Now the English found Malindi a place of great charm, fresh and healthy after the hot, heavy airs of Zanzibar and Mombasa.

Princes of Zinj

At Malindi big rollers came roaring up the beach, and the sands were gold and clean. The sound of crashing waves and flowing water ran like an obbligato through the days and nights. All along the coast at low water the reef was exposed, a world of coral rock and marine vegetation. Here were left, at every tide, myriads of tropical fish of rainbow hues and nightmare shapes. Some were striped in yellow and black, some were pale pink and blue, like opals. Some had curved antennae in front of their faces, others long whiskers which trailed behind them. Some were brave and inquisitive, they swam right up to the curious object which had appeared in their pool, and touched a leg or a finger with enquiring noses. There were Portuguese men-of-war, with long, poisonous tails, and eels with a bite like a snake's. There were octopuses, seeming to be of terrifying size when magnified by the water, but in reality no bigger than a man could carry comfortably in one hand, the head in his palm, the tentacles wrapped around his arm, on its way to the cooking-pot. There were shoals of tiny fish, only one or two inches long; bright, iridescent, powder blue. All these creatures, some strange, some lovely, some horrible, some deadly, swam in the coral pools along the coast, a joy to the European scientists who were beginning to follow in the steps of the explorers.

After the explorers came the travellers and the hunters, brave and enterprising men, but by the very fact that they appeared on the scene a score of years later than such giants as Livingstone and Stanley, Burton and Speke; and that they were more numerous, they received less fame and less praise. The way, too, was for them less dangerous, since the natives were getting used to wandering white men, diseases were being slowly mastered by modern medicines, and firearms were greatly improved.

There was, of course, ceaseless slave trading among the natives. They raided each other perpetually; stealing women, children and livestock at every opportunity, and selling the humans to other tribes, or to Arabs and Swahili dealers.

One famous dealer was a man from the coast named Juma Kimameta. He called himself an ivory-trader, but he was, of course, a slave-dealer as well. He travelled away from the recognized slave routes, and camped near remote villages, bartering beads and cloths for food, ivory and copper. When he had won

Island Ways

the confidence of the villagers, there would be a midnight raid; huts on fire, the men who resisted killed, the others and the women captured; and Juma Kimameta departed with his loot to some other spot, where he repeated his tactics. His greatest success took place at Ngong, just outside what is now Nairobi. Ngong was on the border-line between the Masai and the Kikuyu country. Here Juma made his camp; and the tall Masai warriors, shining with oil and red mud, stood in haughty groups, watching with contemptuous interest the smaller, noisier people, the forest-dwelling Kikuyu who swarmed into the market-place; the men driving flocks of goats, sheep and small scrubby cattle; the women bent almost to the ground beneath their huge loads of wood, or skins, or food for the traders. One would think that no human back could stand such treatment, but ever since the tribe has existed as such, the Kikuyu women have acted as beasts of burden for their men; and their muscles are strong, their limbs arc sturdy.

Juma Kimameta made his camp on a grassy plain at the foot of the Ngong Hills. He put up little booths, where cloths and necklaces, mirrors, blankets, wire and shells were temptingly displayed. The camp was surrounded by a high, thorn fence; to protect the people from lions, and the goods from thieves. Several weeks passed—Juma had traded well, and the people were pleased. Their huts were now full of pretty and useful things which they had received in exchange for the food and skins they brought in. They liked Juma and hoped he would often come here to trade with them.

When nearly all his goods were gone he told the people that he would have one last sale, and asked them to bring as much food as their women and children could carry, to equip his men for the long journey back to the coast. They responded eagerly, and crowded into the camp with their loads.

Never had there been so many human beings inside the fence before. Juma looked at them with great pleasure. Suddenly he gave a signal; armed men flung thorn branches across the entrance and rushed into the crowd. They shot and clubbed those who resisted, seizing the men and women, the boys and girls. They chained them together in batches; the slave-yokes were fixed to their necks, and the long, sad trek to the coast began.

So Juma Kimameta became rich, and among the Africans he

Princes of Zinj

was greatly respected. He was honest and trustworthy according to his lights. He proved a good friend to the explorer, Thomson, who joined his caravan with his Maltese sailor, James Martin, and what was left of their safari after several mutinies, and some attacks by the Masai. He helped Thomson in every way; the two white men and the Swahili slaver travelled together for many months, and parted with mutual regrets. Thomson sent him a present of £100, remarking that it seemed a poor recompense for all Juma had done for him, but was as much as he could afford. Count Teleki, also, thought well of him, and wrote of his kindness to his slaves.

Many years later Sir Frederick Jackson, another famous traveller and a future Governor of Uganda, met a broken old man who said he was Juma. He had no money left, his health was gone, he was blind in one eye. A German missionary had given him a pair of glasses; he had lost one lens, the other was fastened to the frame with beeswax and a bit of string. Now that he was poor and ill he had no friends; and was dragging out his miserable existence alone.

Not far from the Ngong Hills there was a spot known as Martin's Camp. After Thomson's and Martin's successful journey to Lake Victoria and back was over, the Maltese, who loved the country and had no wish to leave it, began to trade on his own account. He naturally took no slaves, but neither did he interfere with the slavers, to whose caravans he continued to attach himself from time to time. The natives trusted him and he prospered. His camp became well-known, an established trading centre and a convenient resting stage for travelling caravans. As time went on, it grew into quite a settlement, and when the railway at last began to creep across the continent on its way to Victoria Nyanza, a long pause was made at Martin's Camp; while stone huts with, at first, thatch, and then iron roofs, were built here and there; a siding was made, a little rest house and a shack for refreshments appeared; and finally the old name of Martin's Camp was abandoned and the place reverted to its Masai name of Nairobi 'Cold'.

While the explorers, the missionaries, the traders and the railway engineers were penetrating the interior, Zanzibar and the coast were painfully making the transition from autocratic to constitutional rule. It was hard for the Arab population, the

Island Ways

Sultans and their families, the nobles and the land-owners, to become reconciled to the idea that their monarchy no longer was, and never again would be, supreme. They had seen their territory reduced, their labour and financial systems shattered, their religion undermined and their traditions uprooted. They, who had always prided themselves on their good treatment of slaves and on their exact observance of the laws of the Koran, in this, as in all other respects, were now being forced to abandon an institution which had been the hallmark of the respectable citizen, as well as a familiar and convenient means of owning capital. But they had one comfort left. Though European politicians might ruin their lives, no European missionaries were going to tear them from their faith, and their own way of worshipping the One True God. They clung to the Mosque and the Koran, and obeyed the rules they had been taught since childhood.

A custom rigorously adhered to, however inconvenient the increased tempo of life might make it, was the long fast, Ramadhan. This was practiced by every good Moslem over the age of twelve, and sometimes even nine, for a month every year. During this month no food or drink might pass their lips by day—a day which lasts for fourteen and a half hours. This, in the tropics, is a hard trial indeed, but even the smallest children did their best to obey the law, though sometimes they committed the dreadful crime of secretly swallowing one or two sips of water, to allay their raging thirst. When this sin was discovered by their mothers much tribulation followed and many tears were shed; for it is considered wrong by the extremists even to swallow one's saliva during the period of fasting.

At the beginning of the fast people were overcome by sleep, and those who could, spent as many daylight hours as possible, lost in slumber.

A gun was fired at four o'clock every morning, as a sign that the day's fast must begin; and it was not till six in the evening that the sun went down; but even then half an hour was spent in prayer before food or drink might pass a Moslem's lips. At half-past six the feasts began. Fresh fruit and cold water were first consumed; and in rapid succession there followed all those delicious and filling dishes in which the Arabs delight (the appetite, as Napoleon said, growing as one ate), heaps of rice,

Princes of Zinj

boiled and fried; peppers, onions and garlic; mutton, chickens and eggs; ground millet rolled into balls and fried; fish of many different kinds, cakes and sweets, water and coffee and still more fruit, were happily devoured all through the night.

The Arabs' instinctive hospitality increased during Ramadhan —the poor and homeless were taken into strangers' houses, rested and fed and entertained. The wardens of mosques were asked to send a certain number of poor people to various houses, that they might join in the lavish feasting. No stranger was left out of these happy evening gatherings, and no-one felt it beneath their dignity to be entertained by a host who might be less wealthy than they were themselves. The nights were spent in feasting, singing hymns and entertaining each other and the strangers within their midst. At midnight guns were fired again, this time as a signal that it was time for the last meal before daylight brought back the hours of fasting. This meal was called *Suhur*, and was eaten between three and four in the morning, usually by each person alone, in separate rooms.

During the month of Ramadhan much soul-searching and silent study of oneself took place. This was a time when the Arabs looked into their consciences, prayed for forgiveness of sins, and earnestly tried to do all the good they could, and to give all the happiness possible to others. The lives of even dangerous animals were spared during Ramadhan. The Arabs believed that Ramadhan should be a period of 'peace on earth and good will towards men'; during this month each of them felt his spirit more in communion with his God and more obedient to His laws than at any other time. As the weeks passed and the Arabs' hungry bodies became used to the long hours of fasting, they felt less fatigue and less need of sleep, during the day. They began to make ready for the end of Ramadhan; for on the first day of the following month, called *Schawal*, there would be great rejoicing, huge feasting and the distribution of presents. These varied, naturally, with the status of each family, but among the princes and princesses and the wealthy, the gifts were rich and costly. Beautiful Arab horses for the men; little white riding-donkeys for the ladies; jewels of every sort; exquisitely wrought weapons, meant only as ornaments, and with their sheaths and scabbards encrusted with precious stones, given by the ladies to their husbands and sons and brothers; and strong, willing slaves, were

Island Ways

among the gifts which the Arabs showered upon each other on this, their greatest feast-day of the year.

The Indian goldsmiths and silversmiths and jewellers, who had long ago forced Arab craftsmen out of the market, were so overwhelmed with orders during these exciting days of anticipation, that they were inclined to skimp their work, or serve other customers before the orders for the Royal family were completed. But the princesses, not to be outwitted by the Hindus, sent armed slaves to stand over the jewellers in their tiny shops, where they sat on the floor, frequently holding some part of the ornament with a big toe (just as an African does a stirrup when riding)—while they worked away at it with both hands. The slaves remained with them until the work was done, and so the ladies of the palaces, at any rate, were always certain of having their presents ready in time.

The twenty-seventh night of the fast was the holiest of all, for this was the 'night of value' on which the Prophet Muhammad received the Koran from Heaven.

Supplicants making their prayers that night had perfect faith that they would be granted. The very last day of the month was one of frenzied preparation and excitement. At the first appearance of the new moon the fast would be over. As the evening drew near, sailors swarmed up the masts of their ships, watchers ascended the towers of the forts, priests stood on the highest points of their minarets, and inland, on the farms, slaves were sent up palm trees and on to the tops of the few small hills of Zanzibar, to watch with eager eyes for the thin silver bow which would proclaim the end of the long fast.

When, beyond any possible doubt, it appeared in the sky, a gun on a ship in the harbour crashed out in salute, and then all the people cried to each other in joyful voices, 'Id Mubarak'—'A happy feast to you'—and for hours on end there would be feasting, singing and the giving of presents.

Bombardment

SEYYID ALI-BIN-SAÏD was already a sick man when he succeeded; the grandeur of Saïd his father, the fire of Barghash his tempestuous half-brother, were entirely lacking in this delicate, fretful person with the long, sad face, who was the last of the sons of Said to reign over Zanzibar. His understanding was limited, and his illness gave him an evil temper. He accepted, though grudgingly, the reforms and suggestions made to him, and did not unduly hamper the English in their ceaseless war against the slavers and the rebels.

Like his brother Khalifa, he had his palace favourite; a grasping and avaricious man named Hamid-bin-Suleiman. When Portal was sent to Uganda and Mr. Rennell Rodd took his place in Zanzibar, Seyyid Ali presented him with a lengthy memorandum in which he complained bitterly about the curtailment of his mob of shabby soldiers who used to loaf about the palace rooms and courtyards; and about the reduction in his revenue which had automatically followed the economies effected by Portal. He also said he did not wish to retain General Mathews as First Minister. Hamid was almost certainly at the back of all these complaints, for a great deal of the Seyyid's personal money had profitably passed through his hands, and he found Mathews' obstinate honesty a great obstacle. Rennell Rodd, however, took a firm and courteous line with the Sultan, who soon lost his nerve and begged him not to tell General Mathews what had happened.

Seyyid Ali died three years after his succession, aged thirty-eight, leaving no will and having made no provision for his children.

The last two Sultans had succeeded peacefully to the throne; but this abnormal state of affairs was foreign to the Arab nature; and when Ali died, there was an immediate renaissance of the usual plots and counter-plots. Three claimants appeared, each at the head of a strong party; and two of them, at least,

Bombardment

underrated the power of the English, because of their quiet ways.

The latter believed that Seyyid Hamed-bin-Thuwaini, son of Saïd's eldest son, the Sultan of Oman, would make the most suitable ruler.

Thuwaini had been murdered in his sleep by another son of his, named Salim, who, however, failed in his bid to seize his father's place, and escaped to India. The throne of Oman fell into the hands of a cousin, Azzan-bin-Kais, who soon lost his life and his crown to Thuwaini's brother, Turki. The new Sultan's daughter, the Seyyidah Turkiyyeh was married to her first cousin, Hamed-bin-Thuwaini. In a short time it seemed to Hamed that he, and not Turki, should rule in Oman; and he began to plot against his father-in-law. But the plot was discovered, and Hamed was, in his turn, banished, to India. He was forced to divorce his wife Turkiyyeh, who later married still another of Thuwaini's sons, Seyyid Harub-bin-Thuwaini. In time Hamed left India for Zanzibar, and this was the prince whose claim to the throne of Zanzibar was supported by England.

Khaled, Barghash's son, also wanted the Sultanate. The third claimant was Hamoud-bin-Muhammed, a nephew of the murdered Thuwaini, but this prince, gentle, intelligent and not inordinately ambitious, was content to abide by the decision of the British, who proclaimed Hamed-bin-Thuwaini Sultan of Zanzibar. Khaled-bin-Barghash, like his father, staged a *coup d'état*, which failed because he was not quite quick enough nor quite strong enough. The moment Seyyid Ali was dead he seized the palace, having entered through a back door opened to him by one of the princesses, whilst an excited mob, inflamed by agitators, surged towards the square. General Mathews had anticipated trouble, and he and his men were already in the square, awaiting the crowds. When the Arabs and Swahili arrived, screaming and waving sticks, clubs and swords, they were daunted by the familiar, formidable figure of the General. He paced slowly towards them as they stood there, and looked sternly upon them, until the clamour died and their eyes fell. They shuffled awkwardly about, while those in front began to edge their way backwards. For a whole hour the General, by his mere presence, kept the crowd quiet. Then the Navy appeared.

Mr. Rennell Rodd, the British Agent, and Captain Campbell, R.N., came marching into the square at the head of 160 sailors

Princes of Zinj

and a squad of marines, from the ships *Philomel* and *Blanche*. They mounted a machine-gun outside the palace, and summoned Khaled to surrender. Khaled knew he had lost; the palace doors were opened, Rodd and his men entered. Khaled was sent to his own house, where he remained for a short time. Nobody seems to have taken him very seriously, for two days later he was restored to his place in the Sultan's Court, and spent the following three years happily plotting his next *coup d'état*, which he meant to pull off when the present Sultan should die.

Hamed-bin-Thuwaini's short reign was full of troubles for the British Government, for the Company, and for the Sultan himself.

One of the worst moments came when the British Government finally decided to buy out the Company, with money which they proposed to obtain from Zanzibar. In 1890, when the Germans had taken that part of the coast over which they had established their 'sphere of influence', they had paid to Seyyid Ali-bin-Said the sum of £200,000. This was invested in Consuls, and after Ali's death the stock was transferred from the ownership of the Sultan to that of the Government of Zanzibar. In March 1894 the Foreign Office suggested using this money to buy from the Company all their buildings, ships, wharves, machinery and other assets; and to compensate them for the losses, financial and territorial, which had they incurred on the coastal belt, during the civil wars in Uganda, and in their efforts to help eliminate the slave trade. Two hundred thousand pounds was only a fraction of the expenses which the directors and shareholders had incurred, but despite their protests, the Government was adamant in its refusal to compensate them any further. The Government did, however, kindly acknowledge the benefit to the natives and to Empire politics which had resulted from the Company's prodigious efforts and expenditure.

In May, therefore, Mr. Hardinge, who had succeeded Sir Gerald Portal as Consul-General in Zanzibar, was instructed to tell the Sultan that the British Government wished him to repurchase his concessions from the Company for the sum of £150,000. He would also be expected to buy the Company's buildings, ships, etc., at an independent valuation. Hardinge's instructions said that the Company was to be bought out 'on behalf of the Zanzibar Government'; he and General Mathews

Bombardment

naturally concluded that the coastal belt would cease to be within the British 'zone' and once more become part of the Sultan's domains. He knew that this would help to restore some of its lost prestige to the throne of Zanzibar, and that it would please the Sultan and the Arabs enormously, besides providing Zanzibar with increased revenue from the coastal area, to be spent on public works. Seyyid Hamed was, indeed, delighted, and nobody regretted parting with Zanzibar's little nest-egg of -£200,000— £150,000 for the land and £50,000 for the assets—if it was going to result in some restoration of honour and glory to the Sultan of Zanzibar, besides a slight financial gain.

Hardinge was so sure of this that he and the General made plans as to the administration of the coastal belt once it was reunited with Zanzibar, which Hardinge explained in a long dispatch he sent to the Foreign Office.

In reply, he received a telegram stating that the coastal strip would not, after all, be administered by the Government of Zanzibar, but by the British Government, which was prepared to pay the Sultan £11,000 a year rent for the land, and 3 per cent interest on the £200,000.

Mathews and Hardinge were shocked and furious. Both did everything in their power to make the Foreign Office alter its decision, but in vain. One factor which strengthened the decision of the Foreign Secretary was the clamour of the extremists in the Anti-slavery Society, who were demanding the total annexation of the Sultan's dominions, and would have raised a great commotion had they heard of the return of some coastal land to the Sultan's administration.

Sir Lloyd Mathews angrily wrote an official letter of protest to Mr. Hardinge, as Consul-General. He pointed out with perfect truth that Zanzibar might have spent the .£200,000 on public works in the island; and that the buildings and assets, on which £50,000 was being spent, would simply be taken over by the British Government, and would bring no benefit whatever to Zanzibar.

Hardinge sent seven telegrams in a few days to the Foreign Office, frantically trying to get the Foreign Secretary to change his mind. He pointed out that the Sultan would be 'bitterly mortified' and would think that he had been deceived by the British Government, in whom he would lose all confidence.

Princes of Zinj

The Foreign Secretary replied that His Highness was merely exchanging a bad tenant for a good one. Perhaps the officials in Whitehall could not realize that in Arab eyes prestige matters more than money, and the fact that the Sultan would feel he had been wounded in his dignity and honour in a way which hurt far more than the loss of the money, did not mean very much to them.

All the efforts of Mathews and Hardinge were of no avail, and at last Hardinge was faced with the difficult task of breaking the sad news to the Sultan. He decided to take all the blame upon himself. He said it was entirely his own fault if the Sultan had been given the impression that the honour of once more administering the coastal belt should revert to the throne of Zanzibar. The British Government, he said, felt that the strain on Zanzibar's resources was already extremely heavy, and they believed they should take upon themselves the burden of ruling the coastal belt. He continued to apologize and explain, while Seyyid Hamed listened quietly, looking distressed. When at last he spoke, it was with all the dignity of a great Arab gentleman. He assured Hardinge that he knew it was not his fault. He was entirely in the Government's hands. They had got his coast, and his money as well. He had believed that the revenues of the coast were to be used for Zanzibar, but now it seemed he had acquired them merely to present them to the Government of England.

'So be it! He was merely a little bird in the claws of an eagle. As the eagle could either release the little bird or rend it to pieces, so could England, as she chose, either restore his dominions or tear them from him!'

Seyyid Hamed added that for long he had found his 'monthly civil list', in other words his personal allowance, insufficient for the state he was expected to maintain—shorn though it was of his predecessors' pomp and power, and their retinues of courtiers and slaves. He had many debts; perhaps, now, the Foreign Office would increase his allowance.

'My body is covered with sores; you can procure the ointment to heal them.'

The Foreign Secretary did, later, sanction an increase of the Sultan's civil list by £3,000 a year; but nothing the English could do would ever soothe the wounded pride of Seyyid Hamed and his Arabs. As long as the men of that generation lived, they 'mistrusted all Englishmen, Consuls and Government, for ever

Bombardment

afterwards', and Seyyid Hamed 'never regained his faith in the good will and sincerity of the British Government'.

Although at the beginning of his reign Seyyid Hamed had been very co-operative with the British, and had made an excellent impression on Rennell Rodd, who reported that he found him to be a 'man of much intelligence, who was not afraid to act with decision and courage', he now began to change.

He never forgave the British Government for what he considered had been a piece of sharp dealing. He became difficult to deal with, suspicious, excitable and unpredictable. He was much influenced by an Arab named Sheikh Hilal-bin-Amur, who hated the English, and took every opportunity to foster the Sultan's bitterness against them. Seyyid Hamed soon increased his private bodyguard, composed of former slaves under Persian and Swahili officers, until there were nearly 1,000 men. He liked to see them drill in the square under his balcony. Perhaps this was a slight balm to the wound inflicted on him by the English. There were clashes between the forces of the Sultan and the forces of the Government. Hamed, of course, said that his soldiers were being deliberately ill-treated and bullied, that outrages against them and insults to himself were taking place. At last Hardinge had to threaten him with the Navy. This was too much for Hamed's nerves. He kept the palace guards awake and armed all night, and in the morning he fainted.

On his recovery he received a visit from von Wissman, and took care to pay him special honour; hoping, perhaps, to show the English obliquely that there were other Europeans who were friends of his, and worthy of his favours. The tension in Zanzibar grew, the influence of Hilal-bin-Amur became more sinister, until at last Hardinge wisely exiled him to Aden. Hamed was furious at this high-handed behaviour, though he had already begun to tire of Hilal and to favour his chief steward, Pera Dewji.

But, much as he may have wished to, he could not show too much anger. Although his behaviour to Mathews and Hardinge was cold and unfriendly, he was never openly hostile. It was during his last year of life that the Mazrui made their final effort to break away from the Sultan of Zanzibar, and rule Mombasa themselves.

The apparent unwillingness of the British Government to protect its nationals in Zanzibar, where Arabs were jostling

Princes of Zinj

Englishmen on the streets, and showing a dangerous insolence and defiance, naturally caused the Mazrui to suppose that the English had lost their grip. They saw with delight the signs of approaching chaos. Whilst Hamed was encouraging his subjects against the English, Khaled was encouraging them against Hamed. The Arabs could not live without intrigue; it was not the cause which mattered so much to them, as the means they could employ to put it into effect. Secret meetings, hidden arms, muffled messengers, mysterious signs and passwords were irresistible to these young-minded people; and they took themselves with deadly seriousness.

To keep him company in Zanzibar, Hamed had summoned from Muscat his favourite nephew, the Seyyid Khalifa-bin-Harub-bin-Thuwaini. This young man was a grandson of Thuwaini, and son of Hamed's brother. Wary, courteous and grave; brought up in the hard school of the Muscat Royal Family, used to riding for hours across the desert, a splendid master of horses and a quick shot, he found it very hard to settle down in the formal atmosphere, and the languid air of the Zanzibar Court. Life in Muscat, his home, was dangerous and exciting; the winds stung with small arrows of sand; the sun was brilliant and burning; the people were fiery-tempered, thin, handsome and vital. Everything there was totally different to this island with its heavy heat, its round, black African faces, its gently waving trees, its lush green vegetation; and for a long time he chafed at the inactive life he had to lead, and he was very homesick. He bought a bicycle, and tried to get some satisfaction out of this poor substitute for a horse.

He was modest and quiet, fond of his uncle the Sultan, whom he knew to be failing, and quite uninterested in the intrigues and the undercurrents of excitement with which the island was seething. He had no idea then, and nor had anyone else, that he was destined some day to fill the highest position which had ever been accorded to his family.

While Hamed was dying, Khaled was busy buying over the Royal Persian bodyguard to his own side. Besides the Persians, he had a large number of Arab supporters, for many of the Arabs still cherished the memory of his father Barghash, and were ready to elect Khaled to the Sultanate.

But the British—who seemed to the Arabs so slow and lethargic, so gentle and unassuming—were yet not going to be

Bombardment

dictated to by anyone. They disapproved of Khaled; they wished Hamoud-bin-Muhammad to become Sultan. He had lived quietly and behaved loyally during Hamed's reign; they thought he would be a good ruler. So the scene was set for one more of those typical Arab dynastic outbursts, which were such a trial to the English, but as the very breath of life to the Arabs and the natives.

Hamed died, very suddenly, on August 25th, 1896, after a life which had had more, perhaps, than its share of frustration, disappointment, and humiliation. Hardinge was on leave in England, and Mr. Basil Cave was acting in his place. He and Sir Lloyd Mathews hurried to the palace when they heard of the Sultan's serious illness; they were barely in time to have the doors barred, before Khaled arrived, with about sixty armed men, and began to hammer on the gates. Unable to force them, they broke some windows and climbed through.

Sir Lloyd, who had known Khaled since he was a child, angrily told him to go home and be quiet, but Khaled ignored him. The thought passed through the General's mind to shoot this truculent Arab on the spot; and had he done so, many lives and much property might have been saved. But he shrank from taking such a drastic step, and a few moments later Khaled and his rabble were threatening the two Englishmen, who had to withdraw. Khaled had plotted every move for that day, but, typically, he had failed to foresee or imagine what the reaction of the English and the other foreigners would be.

Hamed-bin-Thuwaini's palace guard was armed with a Strange assortment of weapons—antiquated firelocks, even Hotchkiss and Krupp guns, two maxims (presents from Queen Victoria) and some muzzle-loading cannon, brought from Muscat by Seyyid Said, and probably of early Portuguese origin. In the harbour lay the Sultan's armed corvette, the *Glasgow*. Khaled took command of these forces himself, adding rapidly to their numbers, so that in a few hours two thousand Persians, Arabs, Comoro Islanders, Swahili and slaves were crammed in and around the palace. The excitement was intense; discipline non-existent; everyone milled around shouting, spitting and looking into the dirty muzzles of their ill-kept guns; in a delightful state of anticipation of they did not quite know what. There was a great deal of noise, movement and self-importance; and that made them very happy.

Princes of Zinj

Khaled ordered the *Glasgow* to fire a salute in honour of his accession, and then lie bethought him of the foreign consulates. Their flags were all at half-mast, in mourning for Hamed-bin-Thuwaini; but he sent them messages ordering them to recognize him as Sultan. The consuls took no notice; the flags remained at half-mast.

The only two British ships in the harbour, the *Philomel* and the *Thrush*, had landed guards of marines and bluejackets, who marched to the British Agency and the Customs House. But the rest of the foreigners scattered about the town were dangerously situated, so they moved over to the English Club and gathered on the roof, whence they had a clear view of the harbour and the palace. Thirty feet away, on another roof-top, a few elderly Arabs, with ancient and disintegrating guns, were waiting to destroy the Europeans when the moment should come.

The native troops under the two British officers, General Mathews and General Raikes, remained loyal and steady; they had learned the dignity of discipline, and despised the noisy, dirty, nearly hysterical rabble which threatened them. More British ships-of-war were on their way, having been informed of the situation. H.M.S. *Sparrow* arrived first, and took up her position 150 yards from the shore, opposite the palace. H.M.S. *Thrush* moored in line ahead of her. From Khalid's point of view, the situation was rapidly deteriorating. He, like the rest of the Arabs, feared the Navy, and he must have wondered what would happen next, as he watched from the palace windows the ships maneuvering into position.

In the town all was wild confusion. European women from the outlying districts began to arrive at the British Agency, where they were received by Mrs. Cave. The rebels' guns were trained on to the Club, the Agency, the Customs House and the British ships; while the bridges and the principle roads were held by General Raikes and his men. Tuesday, August 25th dragged by, and then came a long, fear-filled night, which passed, however, without incident. On Wednesday morning the tired Europeans, straining their eyes to seaward like their predecessors the Portuguese, when they were besieged in Fort Jesus by the Arabs of Muscat, had the joy of seeing speeding towards them two more British warships, *Raccoon* and *St. George*, flagship of Rear-Admiral Rawson. This man-o'-war had not been expected for two days,

Bombardment

and the Admiral, unaware of trouble, was on the point of making the customary salute to the Sultan's flag, when he received a signal warning him of the situation.

Khalid by now was desperate. This was the end, and he knew it; but he had neither the greatness, nor the dignity, to surrender while there was still time. In the town he saw British bluejackets and marines moving quietly into position, strengthening the guards already disposed at the vital points. He saw the warships' guns elevating their long necks until their muzzles pointed directly at the palace. Messages arrived from the Admiral, ordering him to submit; but this he could not bring himself to do.

All through that long day everyone waited for someone else to make a move; but nothing happened, and the hours slowly passed with Khaled still defiant, the English still patient, and with the Arab and the British guns still trained on each other. The night was full of suspense; the silence deep and uncanny. On Thursday morning, all agreed that 'never had they known such a soundless night'. The noises of shrill laughter and of children's high-pitched voices, of barking dogs, of the endless shuffle of feet and the clattering and rustling made by thousands of human beings as they eat, work, play and move about; all these were stilled, as though the town was breathless with fear and tension, and lay there motionless and dumb, lest a sudden sound should loose some unknown terror. The slow night passed at last, and with the light the British took action.

When the sun had been one hour in the sky, Admiral Rawson sent Khalid an ultimatum. He was to haul down his flag, have the arms of his followers piled and abandoned, and then leave the palace and present himself at the Customs House before nine o'clock. Otherwise the ships would open fire.

At eight o'clock the frantic Khalid sent an envoy to Mr. Cave, asking for a parley, but this was refused, and no further word came from the palace. It was obvious that force must be used. English women and children, and any British and Portuguese-Indian subjects who wished, were taken off to the various ships. Missionaries and natives at the outlying missions had so far remained where they were, but now they also were brought in, to save them from the dangers of fleeing looters and rebels.

The Arabs and natives in the palace did not really believe that the English would fire at them, nor, if they did, that the guns

Princes of Zinj

would shoot anything but water, for so their priests and witchdoctors had said. The shore was lined with thousands of people, laughing and yelling with excitement, delighted at this new form of entertainment which was about to be presented to them, something like fireworks, they told each other, but bigger and noisier. The square of the palace became a forest of guns, manned by slaves; to and fro through the galleries went crowds of Arabs, shuffling along in their large loose slippers, safe, as they thought, from the British guns, which, if by any chance the priests had made some miscalculation, would of course fire only on the hundreds of slaves who stood by the cannons in the courtyard below.

The bombardment was due to start at nine o'clock. At five minutes to nine the signal was made—Prepare to fire. Two minutes later two bells sounded, then three breathless minutes passed, until suddenly the palace clock began to strike three—the Arab hour for nine o'clock.

The massed guns of three ships flung their shells at the palace walls. There came the crash of falling masonry, the shrieks of horror and fear and pain as the stricken Arabs and natives fell or fled in all directions. The brave little Glasgow instantly fired upon the British ships, and Admiral Rawson was compelled to rescind his previous order to spare her. After several warning shots had been ignored, St. George fired on the Glasgow with a 6-inch gun. Only as the little ship was sinking did she strike her flag, and hoist the Union Jack. Most of her crew were rescued by the British sailors, who were full of admiration for such courageous enemies. The bombardment of the palace lasted for thirty-seven minutes, then the Sultan's red flag was hauled down and the firing ceased.

The courtyard was a shambles, covered with dead slaves lying among the wrecked remnants of their guns, and the bodies of Arabs who had fallen from the galleries whence such a short time ago they had looked down on those whom they believed would be the only victims. Mangled men were pinned under fallen masonry, and many of the poorer houses had crumbled into heaps on top of their owners.

The British marched into the palace; but Khaled had gone. He was trying to escape through the narrow, twisting streets of the town, horrified and terrified by the violence of British wrath. He could hardly believe that his cause was lost, and that he still lived. As he ran through the streets he suddenly came face to face

Bombardment

with a party of British marines. This was the end, thought Khaled. But they did not recognize him; they took his arms and let him go. He made his way to the German Consulate; believing, like Mbaruk before him, that there he would find asylum. And he was right. The Germans refused to surrender him to the British; despite all England's requests that he should either be handed over, or at least removed from Zanzibar, it was not until October that he was taken from the Consulate in a boat belonging to the German man-o'-war *Seedler*, out to that vessel. Thus Seyyid Khaled left Zanzibar without stepping outside German property, and he lived on for twenty-one years, in Dar-es-Salaam, a bitter and frustrated man, trying whenever he got a chance, but without much success, to hurt the English.

In 1917, however, they had the last word. They had driven Von Lettow and his troops out of Tanganyika, and when they marched into Dar-es-Salaam they found Khaled, their old enemy, and took him prisoner. He was sent to St. Helena for four years, and thence to the Seychelles Islands. In 1925 Khaled, now a wise and dignified person of a certain age, whose only wish was to return to the coast of East Africa, managed to convince the authorities that he would never again cause trouble. He was allowed to go to Mombasa, where he lived quietly, until he died in 1927, aged fifty-three.

The short rebellion was over. The English went quickly to work removing the wounded, burying the dead, and clearing up the debris. Not only had the shells caused great damage and many casualties, but the survivors of Khalid's force, fleeing through the streets and firing wildly as they went, had killed and wounded many more people.

The correspondents of the English papers, many of whom had never been to Zanzibar, aired their various views on the bombardment.

The *Daily News* said that 'to bombard one would-be Sultan out of a palace and to install another in his stead' would not bring the end of slavery. The *Friend* hoped that 'a prudent pause' would precede the appointment of another Sultan who would only represent 'the slavery interest'.

Mr. J. A. Pease, of the Anti-Slavery Society, disapproved of the accession of a Sultan 'little more than a puppet', whose function would be to 'blind the British Public to its responsibility'.

Princes of Zinj

Later on the *Spectator* described Mr. Hardinge as 'a devoted adherent of slavery'. *The Times* regretted the smashing of the chandeliers and mirrors in the palace.

These opinions cannot have been very encouraging to the men on the spot, who had dealt as best they could with a situation full of danger and future difficulties. However, they continued quietly in their duties, and succeeded in bringing peace to Zanzibar.

As soon as order was restored, Seyyid Hamoud-bin-Mohammed-bin-Saïd was formally brought to the Customs House, and there proclaimed Sultan of Zanzibar. The ships' guns fired once more, this time ceremonial blanks, in honour of His Highness' accession to his ancestors' throne; and the sound may have conveyed to the minds of the listening Arabs and natives, the fact that this new ruler was supported by the might of England, and had better be honoured and obeyed. But there was no fight left in the Arabs. They had, for the first time, seen the effects of British power unleashed; they were deeply impressed and readily agreed to recognize as their new master, Seyyid-Hamoud-bin- Mohammed.

This demonstration of English determination meant the end of palace intrigues and family murders. Sultan Hamoud resolved to do everything possible to please the British, for he felt sure that their removal would mean the ascendancy of the Germans. Whatever Khaled may have thought of the Germans as allies, Hamoud was determined to keep out of their power.

On April 5th, 1897, a new decree was signed, abolishing the legal status of slavery. But for the bombardment of Zanzibar, the forcible removal of the usurper and the shock received by the people, this decree would probably have been delayed for many more months, or even years. But the Arabs had had their lesson, and the decree was put into force and took effect at once. There is nothing the Arabs and the Africans admire and respect more than the strong hand. Those who show weakness are utterly despised. They are not considered as men, but as cowardly fools, put into the world by a Merciful Allah to serve the purposes of those who are cleverer and braver than they. Many times have England's politicians shown hesitancy, and a leniency which is frequently mistaken for weakness; resulting in outbreaks of rioting and killing which cause much suffering to the innocent, and many unnecessary deaths.

Bombardment

In Zanzibar men had at last seen England's power and might explode with destructive force, and the Arabs were glad, for they had found their master, and from now on they loyally obeyed him.

Hardinge still wished to slow up the pace of total emancipation. He feared that the sudden and complete disruption of the age-old custom of slavery would ruin the finances of the island and the Arabs; and the lives of the slaves themselves. He wanted compensation paid to the former owners, and he also wanted them to be allowed to keep their concubines. This latter clause upset the Anti-Slavery Society very much, they called it the 'virtual slavery of the greater portion of the female population'. but perhaps Hardinge realized, better than the members of the Anti-Slavery Society did, that the women themselves had no wish to move from their homes, where their children (unlike illegitimate children elsewhere) were given the same advantages as the children of the four legal wives allowed by Mohamedan law, and they themselves were regarded as having almost exactly the same status as the real wives. In any case, there were not a great many concubines in Zanzibar, where the majority of the population could not afford the luxury of a large harem, with all the presents and clothes and food for the various women and children and their servants which this entailed—to say nothing of the jealous scenes which sometimes took place.

According to one clause of the decree any slave, other than a concubine, could gain his freedom simply by going to the nearest District Court and asking for his freedom papers. Concubines could claim their freedom if they were unkindly treated, or—if they had no children—by an order of the Court. Much to the surprise of the Anti-Slavery Society, by the end of the first year, only two thousand slaves had asked for freedom, out of the whole vast slave population of Zanzibar and Pemba. The explorer and naturalist J. T. Last, remarked that most slaves had 'little or no sense of the degradation of slavery'. The African, in fact, is a thoroughly practical person, untroubled by those ideas and fancies which so often haunt the minds of other, more 'enlightened' races; and when he finds a comfortable home he likes to stay in it. The number of slaves seeking freedom slowly rose and then fell again. In 1898 there were 2,735. In 1899, 3,657. In 1900, 1,720, and in 1901, 844. By this time some of the freed slaves had had enough of emancipation, and wished to return, as

Princes of Zinj

slaves, to their former masters. They were very annoyed when they found that Government refused them this liberty of action. Others formed themselves into bands of 'prostitutes, vagrants, drunkards, and thieves'. They roamed all over the islands, stealing food and terrifying the inhabitants.

In 1896 the Quaker Society of Friends sent a former farmer from Lincolnshire, named Mr. Theodore Burt, to Pemba. He and two other missionaries bought a plantation, and began to work it, with paid labour. Mr. Burt was an idealist, who saw himself as the appointed instrument of God to bring relief to suffering humanity. He was the spiritual descendant of Captain Owen. He knew nothing of local customs. He could not speak Swahili. He regarded every Arab as a brutal, sadistic oppressor of the helpless blacks, an Oriental Simon Legree; and every black as a noble savage, suffering and virtuous, whose only defender was Mr. Burt. He got all his information from the mission interpreter, who knew little English. He could not understand why there was no wild rush for freedom on the part of the oppressed slaves, he could not bear to think they preferred to continue as they were; and soon he was writing to the English papers, accusing the Arab Walis and Government officials of withholding the news of their freedom from the slaves in Pemba (a quite impossible feat to achieve, as everyone in the islands was discussing the decree) and of being 'utterly incapable of administering justice'. The Wali of Chake-Chake, he said, had committed a grave dereliction of duty, adding that he should be replaced by an Englishman. There was uproar from the Anti-Slavery Society, and Mr. Hardinge had to go to Pemba and investigate the conduct of the accused Wali. Burt, perhaps losing his nerve a little, would not come to the investigation, nor would he let the mission interpreter appear, although all his information had come from this man.

Hardinge examined all the evidence carefully, and completely cleared the Wali. Then he wrote to Lord Salisbury, saying in the course of his dispatch, that he now understood why otherwise quite kindly Roman Emperors had 'so cruelly persecuted the early Christians'.

Mr. Burt and his two helpers had succeeded in alienating not only the Arabs and the English officials, but the other missionaries as well. One of them, Mr. Farler, who had been in Pemba twenty

Bombardment

years, wrote privately to the editor of the *Friend*, saying that their Pemba mission was completely isolated, and that Mr. Burt's place should be taken by a person with 'some acquaintance with the more elementary laws of truth'. Captain Gill of H.M.S. *Phoebe* wrote that it was a pity these men could not retire 'into the obscurity for which they are so eminently fitted'.

The homeless and destitute slaves wandering about the islands soon caused more difficulties. Mr. Farler tried to insist that no slave should be freed until he could prove he had a home and an employer to go to. There was no difficulty about this, for by now some of the Arabs were beginning to adjust themselves to the new conditions, and could offer paid employment, homes and gardens, to any slave who truly wanted to work. But the Anti-Slavery Society was up in arms at once, with the result that slaves received their freedom with no future protection, and then joined the bands of vagrants. Farler, in his annual report, mentioned the great increase in vagrancy, and suggested a stronger police force. He wrote, 'The ordinary African does not like work, and will never willingly do more than enough to keep himself alive.'

The last of the slaves were set free. Among the older ones there was sorrow and fear, for they were incapable of looking after themselves, and they did not want to leave their masters and their homes. The older Arabs, too, suffered as much as their slaves; the world they knew had passed away, and they could not adapt themselves to the new order.

Some of the younger ones tried to make the best of things, reorganized their plantations, and did much of the overseeing themselves. But others sold their quiet country homes and went to live in the towns. Most of the elderly slaves, on gaining their freedom, went straight to their former owners, begging not to be turned away. But often the Arabs could not afford paid labour, for their incomes had dropped with the loss of their slaves and their lands, and they had become poverty-stricken and shamed. The experienced and travelled Seyyidah Saline, now Emily Ruete, had this to say on the outlook of the Arabs and the future of the negroes:

'When I revisited Zanzibar after a nineteen year's absence all came to meet me with the greatest friendliness—the people even left the mosques to welcome me and to wish me all

Princes of Zinj

blessings; and if my countrymen had really been the religious fanatics they are reported to be, I, as a renegade, would have deserved and roused their indignation much more than a born Christian. It is therefore not intolerance which governs them, but a sense of self-preservation, increased and intensified by the fact that their most vital interests and rights are encroached upon by reckless, high-handed innovators, and often by utterly worthless, inefficient representatives of civilization and Christianity.

The negro, however, is at present still very indifferent to religious matters, and certainly such is the case in Zanzibar with the greater part of the black race. Many become Christians merely from selfish motives. An English missionary who has worked for many years at Mombasa complained to me once that the number of his converts had always risen and fallen with the duration of the supplies he received from England. Hence I regret that, before familiarizing the negro with higher doctrines, his religious sense must first be awakened and nursed with an untiring care! For this reason many of those brave men may have failed after risking their strength, their health, and their lives even in the attempt to deepen the shallow level of the negro soul, and then to lift his race into culture and Christianity.'

Under Sultan Hamoud, Zanzibar became a city turned away from the primitive savagery and treachery of Africa, the murders and intrigues, famines and plagues of the past; towards light and hygiene, mechanization and modernization, political ambitions and unrests, and the frustrations and mature sorrows of the West. Many more white people came to live and trade here, more and larger vessels rested in the harbour, roads became passable, houses less odorous. Although slavery was officially abolished, secretly there existed a tacit arrangement among a very few of the oldest people, whereby certain ancient retainers occupied their accustomed positions in the traditional fashion, and were fed, clothed, housed, cared for; given all the little things they said they wanted, and frequent small presents of money, in lieu of regular wages. They were, in fact, slaves and therefore lawbreakers, but they were happier that way and they felt safe.

Seyyid Hamoud was devoted to the English; his only desire

Bombardment

was to please them and to do all that they wished. During his reign Zanzibar was a prosperous and law-abiding place. Palace intrigues had ceased to exist. Even the dhow Arabs were kept in order, much to their disgust, and sailed on their lawful occasions carrying only their legal cargoes of salt, mangrove poles for building, skins and cloths, as they traded from island to island, and finally returned to Muscat.

Seyyid Hamoud's reliability and loyalty so pleased Queen Victoria that she conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

This great honour, the first ever to be accorded to a Sultan of Zanzibar, was as highly prized as it was well deserved, and from now on Seyyid Hamoud became, if possible, an even more faithful and devoted ally of England than he was before. He sent his son, Seyyid Ali-bin-Hamoud, to school at Harrow, hoping, ., that the boy would become completely Anglicized. This step did not meet with the entire approval of Lord Salisbury, who wrote to Hardinge:

'Our educational efforts have made many bad Orientals. Have they made one truly Europeanized Oriental?'

When the young prince returned to Zanzibar, legend says that he had forgotten his native tongue, and the faces of his mother and sisters; he himself, clad from head to foot in English clothes, was quite unrecognizable. Indeed, the danger of the spread of ugly, hot and unhygienic European garments among first the elite and finally the masses in Zanzibar, seemed, for a time, a very real one. Even the young Prince Khalifa favoured these dark, clumsy clothes, and was photographed at the age of fourteen holding his bicycle, wearing an Arab head-dress above a Victorian suit. Happily the fashion soon passed, and in a short time the Princes of the Royal House reverted to their own graceful, dignified, flowing white garments.

Not only had Zanzibar become quiet and respectable, safe and peaceful; she was also clean.

During her transition period from the unassuming little fishing village first seen by Seyyid Said in 1828 to the flourishing and crowded town which it had now become, there was a time when African ideas of hygiene and the burial of the dead produced scenes of unimaginable filth and horror; described by Dr. Christie in graphic terms;

Princes of Zinj

"The part next to the sea is covered with bush and is the place usually selected by the negroes for exposing their dead . . . Nazemodya ... is a place of many horrors, and those who have explored that narrow neck of land seldom think of it without a shudder. It is rather a trouble to dispose of the dead body of a large animal, so that dying dromedaries, aged and infirm horses and donkeys, and hopelessly diseased cattle of all sorts are led out to Nazemodya in the evening to shuffle off the mortal coil, and there become food for the wild dogs before morning.

When the supply is greater than the dogs can dispose of, portions of the putrid carcasses defile the atmosphere, and Europeans are scared away for a time. Few natives and fewer Europeans however, visit the precincts of the sea-beach in the neighbourhood, although it is but a few yards distant, for sights may be seen there sufficient to shock even those who have been familiar with the dissecting-room. I have seen on many occasions human remains lying there in the bush, membra disjecta, the fragments of the last night's meal of the shamba dogs.

When the death-rate is low among the negroes the wild dogs become ravenous and dangerous after sunset, and they have frequently attacked human beings trespassing on their haunts. At such times it is dangerous to be in the streets at night, as they parade the town in troops in search of garbage; but without their excellent services as public scavengers the town would scarcely be habitable.

Countless millions of ants and beetles, millions of rats and armies of wild dogs, aid in removing the garbage of the town and suburbs, and the rain sweeps away to the ocean much of the filth of the place. Thus the beach all around the town is made, at every available part, the site of a dung-heap, and the lanes leading to the shore become impassable to any but natives, from deposits of filth and rubbish. These dung-heaps fringe the entire shore in the native quarters of the town, and in many cases a solid, permanent deposit has been formed, upon which native huts are erected.

When such deposits become inconvenient or offensive beyond endurance in the European quarter of the town, it is necessary to employ a gang of negroes to remove them; but

Bombardment

a fresh accumulation begins immediately. . . . There are few points of the shore, even at high tide, where a European can get into a boat without crossing one of these dung-heaps, and no one would ever think of doing so except from urgent necessity.

No stranger ever lands at Zanzibar without expressing extreme disgust at the odious state of the sea-beach, even in the best-kept part of the town. To some it occasions nausea and vomiting, and both olfactorys and optics are most painfully affected. Except at high tide no one ever thinks of boat exercise, and it is only at that time that European ladies can approach the shore.

When the plague was at its very height, raging in every quarter of the city like a devouring element, threatening all with destruction, praying parties and Koranic chanters were organized, and they perambulated the streets by night invoking God to stay the pestilence and spare the living. . . . The only sounds that broke the stillness of the night were the footsteps of the negroes passing along the bridge bearing a dead body to be thrown into the tide below; but from no great distance much more disagreeable sounds greeted the ear, and sent a shudder through the frame, proceeding from the wild dogs at Nazemodya, growling and fighting over the bodies of the dead. The stench from the dead bodies penetrated the outskirts of the town; and this combined with the horrid effluvia from the sea-beach and lagoon, before the morning breeze had set in motion the stagnant air, was often overpowering and caused nausea. . . .

The ground set apart for burial was soon filled up; and fresh fields had to be opened in the suburbs. When the violence of the epidemic was somewhat abated, I had leisure on one occasion to walk over part of the suburbs devoted to interments at Nazemodya, and the entire space was red like a newly ploughed field. Thousands must have been buried there within the preceding two months; fresh bones and skulls were scattered about on the surface of the ground; and in the vicinity of the sea-beach, headless and limbless trunks were lying in the bush, emitting a dreadful odour. It was about this lime that the negroes commenced to throw the dead bodies over the bridge and to expose them on the sea-shore within

Princes of Zinj

reach of the tide. . . . The town and suburbs at this time was a reeking mass of abomination.'

All this was long ago. Could Dr. Christie have seen the island now he would not have recognized it.

In 1901 a blow struck Zanzibar which stunned her, when she lost the one man who, more perhaps than any other, had been responsible for the rebirth of the Island City. Sir Lloyd Mathews was still a young naval lieutenant when his superior officers first noticed his courage and tact. Of him and two other young officers, O'Neill and Lang, Captain T. B. Sullivan had written in a report dated August 2nd, 1876:

'Although constantly brought into contact with the Arab slave owners at Pemba who have suffered these losses, such has been the tact shown by these officers that in no case has friendly intercourse between them been affected.'

Ever since those far-off days, when the young man volunteered for service in Zanzibar, and remained to become the friend and adviser of Sultans and subjects, the adored, the venerated, the feared of all the peoples of the islands, Mathews had devoted his entire time and skill to the service of Zanzibar. He literally worked himself to death, for he was only fifty-one when he died. In those days quinine as a preventative and cure for fever was not so well-known, and Mathews, like all the other Europeans, had malaria again and again, each succeeding bout leaving him a little weaker than before. He never spared himself, but attended to every detail of his work personally. He was as painstaking and conscientious when arranging the Christmas party he loved to give each year to the European children in Zanzibar, as when leading His Highness's troops against His Highness's enemies. In his twenty-six years' service he had learnt much of the Arabs; he also knew the African's faults and virtues; his laziness, his instability and the evil emotions which sometimes ruled his mind; his lack of reasoning powers and foresight; and his fidelity and devotion to those who aroused his affection. He had watched the scheming of the Germans, the Portuguese and the French, the rise and fall and the deaths of Sultans; the courage and perseverance of the English in their pursuit of that which they believed to be

Bombardment

their duty; their obstinacy and refusal to admit the Arabs' viewpoint over the abolition of the slave trade, and their ultimate triumphant success. From the natives he commanded love and fear, the magic keys to their minds and hearts. He never turned a plaintiff away, nor failed to listen to a lengthy tale of woe told him by some half-naked little brat who might stop him in the street. His manners, always excellent, had perhaps acquired an extra polish and courtesy from his daily contact with the Arabs, who are probably the best-mannered people in the world. He was loved for his kindness and Oriental generosity, and he was feared for his shrewdness and courage. His sense of justice was immaculate. Having seen the corruption and dishonesty which permeated every government department in Zanzibar, he determined to handle each situation, and attend to all the details of administration, himself. He was incapable of de-centralizing, and of entrusting important work to others.

So in the end he wore himself out, and his health, weakened by the hard life he had lived, the years of overwork and the recurring bouts of malaria, gave way completely in 1900. He went to England for a long rest, arriving there in February and leaving again in November. Though at first the change did him good, the cold and damp of the English climate ate into his bones, used for a quarter of a century to the warmth and sun of Zanzibar. He could not get accustomed to the chilly air which seemed to pierce his lungs with every breath he drew, and he was still subject to recurrent attacks of malaria.

Sir Lloyd was happy to be back in the lovely island which had become his home, and the rapturous welcome he received from his Arab and African friends warmed his heart. But during his absence his beloved army had gone to pieces.

'The native officers neglected their duties and except on pay days, seldom went near their men, while uniforms and equipment had been allowed to fall into a disgraceful condition.' General Mathews exerted all his powers to reorganize the island's armed forces, and bring them back to their former efficiency. He exhausted himself with work, and after a year he was as tired and weak as before his trip to England. The following October he had another attack of malaria; on the 11th, he died. His death was a terrible shock, under which the island reeled. Everyone, from the Sultan downwards, had come to rely so completely on the

Princes of Zinj

General, whose heart and mind were full of understanding and wisdom, whose arm was strong, and whose courage was unfailing, that they could not imagine what they would do without him. In the tiny hamlets, far way in the bush; in the little fishing villages at the opposite end of the island; in the houses of the nobles and the huts of the peasants, there was weeping and the wailing of death-songs, when the news of his passing became known. People flocked in their thousands to his funeral, and as the cortege wound its way through the narrow streets, past the harbour full of dhows, to the English cemetery, it was joined by mourners of every colour and degree, from the fierce-eyed Arab sailors to the black, bewildered ex-slaves—each one lamenting in his own way, with sad cries or in stricken silence. His personal servants were beside themselves with grief, and so was his master and friend, Seyyid Hamoud.

With the death of Sir Lloyd, the Sultan seemed to lose his grip on life. Sir Lloyd had perhaps come closer to him than to any of the other rulers under whom he had served. Seyyid Hamoud was devoted to him and to the English; that they were his friends was his greatest pride. The Sultan himself was greatly loved, he had all the charm and tact, the courage and princely bearing, of a typical Arab gentleman. Besides all this, he had grown enormously fat, a sign of dignity, great prosperity and high estate in Oriental eyes. His huge girth was not, however, a sign of perfect health, and as he sorrowed for Sir Lloyd, and tried to carry on the government as he thought his friend would have wished, and to adjust himself to the kind, though strange, presence of Mathews' successor, Mr. A. S. Rogers, he began to feel his years and weight, and he became very tired. Rogers arrived in Zanzibar from Witu in January 1902, three months after Sir Lloyd had died. During those three months, despite the help offered the Sultan by the other English living in the island, who genuinely loved him, he had felt himself bereaved and alone. Rogers and he did their best to work harmoniously together, and they succeeded, for both were good, true men. But Hamoud missed his lifelong friend more and more as time went by, and in July 1902, feeling he could carry on no longer, Seyyid Hamoud died.

Present Peace

BY the turn of the century Mombasa was beginning to catch up with Zanzibar in wealth and importance. ' It was not a beautiful town. The streets were filthy and smelly; in the Indian quarter the shabby little booths crowded together, bearing poor, tawdry wares and heaps of foodstuffs, always covered with flies. Fort Jesus still stood at the top of the main street; apparently impervious to time and decay, a lasting monument to those Portuguese designers and workmen who had built it so long ago. In contrast to the mean and squalid town was the beauty of the land itself; the glowing colours of flowering wild bushes, the feathery plumes of palm trees tossing their heads at the sea; the sweep of green headlands guarding the mysterious interior, and, stretching long arms among the hills, the blue creeks and inlets of the Indian Ocean.

Of the foreigners living in Mombasa there were, besides the Indian traders, a few officials of the British East Africa Company, who helped to furnish the safaris with porters, arms and stores; who checked the furtive smuggling of slaves in visiting dhows; and upheld *Pax Britannica* and the law. Perhaps the most important of all the expeditions starting for the interior was that which set out in 1891 to survey the route for the railway. The spot most favoured for the bridge which was to be built to the mainland lay right across the island from the town of Mombasa—only a narrow track led there through thick bush, so infested with puff adders that high boots were *de rigueur*, and a thick stick, as protection against the reptiles, was never out of the traveller's hands. The Company's officials who bought plots of land from Arabs in the centre of the old town at .£15 an acre, could not guess that, less than fifty years later, a shop-site on the same plot would sell for .£38,000, nor could they visualize the future busy port of Kilindini, with its miles of wharves and

Princes of Zinj

railway lines, and its crowds of big steamers tied alongside, taking on and unloading thousands of tons of cargo every week.

But all this was far away. Before the railway could even be started, suitable labour must be found. It was obvious that the natives of East Africa were quite incapable, as yet, of anything approaching skilled manual labour. Nothing would make the intelligent and untamed Masai set their hands to anything more menial than a spear. The men who reported on the proposed railway route had this to say about the Masai: 'As a nation the Masai have always borne a great reputation for straightforwardness and courage. If they mean to fight they say so, and they have seldom, if ever, been known to attack at night.'

The tribes of the coastal belt were too lethargic, the Wakamba too wild to work, while the clever, avaricious Kikuyu remained in their forest glades. They were far too wary of the Masai and Wakamba, their hereditary and contemptuous enemies, to emerge; however strong the temptation might be to increase their wealth by hiring out their women and children—as they would have liked to do—to carry the loads of stone used beneath the rails, on their bowed, unbreaking backs. It was therefore decided to import Indians to build the railway; ships arrived at Mombasa, bringing thousands of coolies, most of whom, once the railway was built, settled in the country and became the fore-runners of the three-quarter million Indians now living in Kenya.

The importance of Mombasa grew; more and more ships entered the harbour; wharves and offices, houses and shops were built, the English population increased, and various foreigners and then their consuls appeared on the island. As these things happened the Sultan and the Arabs, the Indian traders and the English living in Zanzibar, sadly realized that Mombasa was well on her way to superseding Zanzibar in prestige and prosperity.

Although Seyyid Ali was now Sultan, his Kingdom was governed by the Regent, Rogers, until he should reach the age of twenty-one. Ali had not known that he would succeed his father, for according to local law a ruler is followed by his brother, or the eldest men of the royal line, until that generation has passed away. Seyyid Khaled-bin-Muhammed, brother of the late Sultan, might well have thought that he would now become Sultan, and most of the influential Arabs would have preferred this. But Seyyid Hamoud had pinned all his hopes on his son's

Present Peace

succession; for this reason he parted with him when he was a charming, handsome little boy of eleven, and sent him to school in England. In deference to Seyyid Hamoud's wishes this Europeanized youth was chosen by the British to fill his father's place, and Rogers had the difficult task of breaking the news to Seyyid Khaled-bin-Muhammed that it was not he, after all, who would become Sultan of Zanzibar.

Rogers took every precaution to avoid trouble during the Proclamation of Seyyid Ali; seven warships arrived in Zanzibar harbour. Gone were the days when the death of a ruler meant that ambitious rivals would scheme and intrigue to contrive each other's death, so that the one who was quickest, strongest and most cunning might seize the throne. Now the British representative, backed by the British Navy, announced the name of the new Sultan; and Khaled accepted his disappointment with quiet and graceful dignity. When his brother died Seyyid Khaled had taken charge of the funeral arrangements, and had been shown all the honour by the Arab nobles which a future Sultan might expect to receive. But he had always known of Seyyid Hamoud's wish, and had probably had his doubts about the possibility of his own succession; this may have softened the blow.

On July 19th, 1902, Rogers told Seyyid Khaled that the following day his nephew Ali would be proclaimed Sultan. Khaled did not protest, but he was not present at the ceremony, sending a message that he was not well.

There are moments when a man must be alone. The disappointment, after years of alternating hope and doubt, must have been severe; and perhaps Khaled felt not quite equal to appearing in public, with the appropriate expression of joy, so soon after receiving the news that he had been passed over. Seyyid Ali was not told that he was to be Sultan until shortly before he landed. Mr. Basil Cave, who was escorting him home from England, broke the news of his father's death and his own succession when they reached Djibouti, a few days from "Zanzibar."

By the time Seyyid Ali came home, Khaled had recovered his poise, and led the Arab nobles who greeted their new Sovereign when he landed. Seyyid Ali was only seventeen. He had had experiences in his short life which might easily have disturbed the emotional equilibrium of men of firmer character than his. Up to the age of eleven he had lived among the typical surroundings

Princes of Zinj

of an Arab prince. The flattery of men and the cajoling of women, the lazy lethargy of life in a palace of Zanzibar, the fattening Oriental foods, and the enervating climate had all helped to sap the strength of his mind and body. From this atmosphere of ease, warmth and indulgence, the little boy was sent to Harrow. He suddenly found himself pitchforked into the rough, harsh life which was that of the English public school of those days. The other boys called him Snowdrop, they made him fight, fag and play games. Winter gave the shivering little Arab agonies of gooseflesh and chilblains. At the same time a sense of his own importance grew, for he knew that his social standing, as son of a reigning sovereign, was far higher than that of his schoolmates; while he realized that when he returned home he would be, probably, the only Arab in the island who had received his education at an English public school.

When Seyyid Ali did, in fact, find himself, to his surprise, actually Sultan of Zanzibar, a certain nervous tension came upon him which caused slight epileptic fits; while at the same time he felt an understandable and urgent desire to dispense with the advice of the Regent, and to demonstrate his own capabilities; intelligence and knowledge.

Those who know the East sometimes wonder how much good and how much harm is done by subjecting Orientals to a European type of education, in Europe. In her book, , Violet Markham says:

'In Egypt, as elsewhere, we brought with us two gifts on which we rightly insisted as the bulwarks of our own greatness—the democratic ideal, and education. . . . Though education in such lands may have scratched but the surface of; the ground, it is sufficient to fulfill education's eternal task as' the breeder of discontent.

Any idea that education makes people nice and amenable and grateful to those who provide its benefits is a childish illusion. Education, in its first impact, is a disruptive social force, and that fact, if better recognized, would save many heart burnings.'

Two hundred and fifty years before, the same mental turmoil and frustration was wrecking the peace of mind and warping the

*Present Peace*⁷

character of that other Arab boy, Yusuf-bin-Hassan, who had been removed from his natural surroundings and given a European education; so that on his return home he bitterly resented all restraint, while at the same time feeling himself immensely superior to the people of his own race and blood; whom he had come to despise. The bloodshed and ruin with which this Occidentalized Arab took his revenge on life were not repeated in Seyyid Ali's reign. But he suffered; for he felt himself, in spite of his English education, and his resulting superiority over his subjects, thwarted, frustrated and humiliated by the actions of the Regent and the attitude of the British Government. There was little trace of the child whom Viscountess Cave, his hostess in England, once described as a happy, jolly boy, 'as good a lad as I have ever seen', in the conceited, self-important, self-indulgent young man who was now the ruler of Zanzibar.

In June 1905 Seyyid Ali came of age, and the Regency ceased. For a time he tried to take a real interest in the affairs of the island. One of his innovations was to open a school in one of the palace rooms, where the sons of a few leading Arabs received an education of sorts from an Egyptian teacher. He had often complained to the Foreign Office about the lack of schools for Moslems in the island, and in 1908 plans were made to open Government 'schools in both Zanzibar and Pemba. But the Arabs' early enthusiasm for this plan quickly died when they found they would be asked to pay a very small sum, up to five rupees a month, towards the cost of their sons' schooling.

Before long the Sultan had become so restless and dissatisfied that he found it impossible to stay for long in Zanzibar. Every year he went to Europe for several months, spending some of the time in Paris for relaxation, some in Switzerland, where he recuperated. He also visited Constantinople, where he was treated with the tremendous honour and deference which he so longed for. Each time he returned to Zanzibar his Kingdom seemed smaller and less interesting than before; his duties more boring, his people more naive and unsophisticated. In 1911 he was back in England, to attend the Coronation of King George V. By now his personal expenses had grown enormously, and he was always financially embarrassed. He sent messages to the Foreign Office asking for money, and he made things difficult for the official attached to him by entertaining him to champagne

Princes of Zinj

luncheons at his hotel, although the official knew that it was not his princely host who paid for them, but the British taxpayer. After one of these lavish meals, thinking he had got his escort in an amiable frame of mind, he asked him to apply to the Foreign Office for more money. But the official refused.

'As a diplomat,' said the Sultan, 'do you know your first duty?'

'I hope so.'

'Tell me what it is.'

'To lie for my country.'

'There you are,' cried the delighted Ali. 'While you are attached to me, my country is your country. Now you know your duty, go and do it. I must have some money.'

This straightforward reasoning, however, did not appeal to the official. Nor was the Foreign Office pleased with Ali's ideas of his duties and responsibilities. A little later, when the Sultan was at a German Spa, his escort was entrusted with the delicate and unpleasant task of telling His Highness that it was the desire of the Foreign Office that he should abdicate. Seyyid Ali was thunderstruck; he protested violently and with Arab volubility and eloquence at his sentence. But, tactfully, gently, relentlessly, the official pursued his course, until at last the Sultan was persuaded that his health would no longer permit him to fulfill his duties in the way he ought. He agreed to relinquish the throne. Perhaps, once the step was taken, he felt a certain relief that he would never again have to return to that small island where life was so simple, abstemious and boring.

On December 9th, 1911, Seyyid Ali-bin-Hamoud's subjects were informed that His Highness had asked the King of England to relieve him of a burden which he could no longer support, on account of his failing health. And indeed, he had not much longer to live. For seven more years he travelled about the capitals of Europe. In December 1918 he died in the kind, gay city of Paris, where any man of wealth and position is made to feel eternally young, handsome and virile.

The empty throne was offered to the ageing Seyyid Khaled-bin-Muhammed, who had acted wisely and loyally for his nephew during his long absences. But Khaled felt that his moment had passed, and with the gesture of a great gentleman he put aside the honour in favour of Seyyid Khalifa-bin-Harub, that brave,

Present Peace

intelligent and understanding prince who had come in his youth from Muscat, to keep his uncle Sultan Hamed-bin-Thuwaini company. Seyyid Khalifa had married Seyyid Ali's sister, the Seyyidah Ma'tuka, and he knew England, having been to the Coronation with his brother-in-law, where he had made an excellent impression on the Foreign Office officials.

In all the centuries of England's administration of the countries in the Empire, in all the heavy responsibilities she has borne in choosing rulers, Governors and advisors for the foreign members of: the Commonwealth, she probably never made a happier choice than when she asked Seyyid Khalifa-bin-Harub to become Sultan of Zanzibar. The Sultan's domain was transferred from the foreign Office to the Colonial Office on July 1st, 1913. Seyyid Khalifa had at first feared that this step might undermine his prestige with his subjects, and result in Zanzibar being administered as part of the mainland, thus losing her individuality. But he trusted the English when it was explained to him that it was not the status of Zanzibar which would change, but that of the English officials in the island. There would now be a British Resident, acting under the Governor of the East Africa Protectorate; a Protectorate Council, of which the Sultan would be President and the Resident Vice-President; a Chief Secretary, an Attorney-General, and a Treasurer.

For several years great changes and improvements had been taking place under the energetic direction of Mr. Edward Clarke, who, after visiting the island for a few weeks in 1906, had become H.M. Agent and Consul-General in 1909. He did not spare himself in his efforts to improve the living conditions of the islanders, and the state of Zanzibar's finances. Even when his health gave way and his heart became strained; even when warned by his doctors in England not to return to Zanzibar, he would not stop working, for he could not bear to leave unfulfilled the programme he had planned.

Under his regime a network of roads spread all over the island. Corpses no longer lay rotting on the beach waiting for pariah dogs, or the tide, to carry them away. The streets of the town were swept daily, swamps were drained, thousands of plague-carrying rats were killed, and anti-plague inoculations were introduced. Hospitals and an abattoir were built, and all food exhibited for sale was inspected. Thousands of trees were

Princes of Zinj

planted along the streets and in the Palace Square. The Agricultural Department concentrated not only on producing new crops, but on the management of clove and coconut plantations. The finances of the island were put in order. The Sultan agreed to the plan that his personal income should be limited, and the endless pensioners and beggars who had once been supported out of the Sultan's largesse should be put on another list, with their allowances paid from a separate Government Department. In all these reforms Mr. Clarke's was the guiding hand. He never rested from his labours, but at last his heart failed, and in February 1913 he died.

Seyyid Khalifa continued to take the greatest interest in his people's welfare, and is now even more beloved than was the great Seyyid Said himself. Since his accession his domains have flourished and his subjects are peaceful and prosperous.

The Arabs have lived on the Azanian coast for two thousand years or more. Their ways may not be our ways, but who can say that they have not been at least as successful in their administration of Africans as we have been? The Africans worked for them in peace-time and fought beside them when they went to war, but they never rose against them, or asked for self-government. Nobody had a complex about education; nobody was urged to become a politician, though any child who wanted to could go to the mosque schools, and anyone of ability could better himself if he tried.

Under Arab rule there were few welfare schemes and little peace; each man went his own haphazard way, unless he was a slave, when his lot was sometimes easier and his life certainly safer than in his own tribal village.

Perhaps one reason for their success as administrators was that the Arabs did nothing consciously to debase the negro's inborn respect for those whose skins are lighter and whose wits are perhaps quicker than his own. In the hereditary background of the Eastern Africans there was no history of an ability to organize, or the urge to be industrious. Nor were they fond of taking responsibility.

They preferred to let someone else think of what to do and tell them how to do it, when they were quite ready to obey, slowly and unenergetically.

Though no-one could call the Arabs of Zanzibar a people of

Present Peace

abounding vitality* they did have more initiative than the Africans, whose masters and leaders, as a matter of course, they were.

Arab settlers, at a very early stage, had imposed their religion on the indigenous blacks, who received it contentedly. The religion of Muslim (which means the surrendering of self to God) taught that all men are equal under God, and when praying in the mosque. In daily life, however, class differences continued; the mental worker directing the manual worker, and having, himself, a higher standard of living. In almost every case the mental worker was purely or partly of Arab blood.

This situation was accepted by the Africans as easily as changes in the weather. They took it all for granted; no-one questioned the supremacy of the Arabs, or resented it. If the Africans had been unhappy, or had felt themselves to be ill-treated and underprivileged, they would, presumably, have risen against their rulers. This, however, never happened once in over two thousand years.

When the English came to live among them, the Arabs did not regard themselves as socially inferior to the Europeans, although they quickly admitted their superiority in matters of organization, invention, military skill, and so on. For their part, the best of the English did not, and do not now, consider themselves socially superior to the Arabs. The Africans looked up to them both, regarding them as being on an equal plane. There was very little of what is now called 'racial discrimination', as such, but there was cultural and mental discrimination, a society in which the most honourable, intelligent and gracefully mannered people in the community attained and retained positions which were the highest in the social scale. The consciousness of 'racial discrimination' is a fairly recent importation into East Africa. An example was shown in 1949 (when there was a world shortage of rice) by an African member of Legislative Council. He had just heard, he said, that Europeans did not get a ration of rice. He had already strongly expressed his disapproval of colour prejudice and racial discrimination. He continued: 'I see no reason why they do not get that ration. I still contend that the diet of the majority of the people in the country should be determined by their purchasing power and not by their colour or their race.' It was explained to him that Europeans were not allowed to

Princes of Zinj

buy rice because if they did those communities whose staple diet it was might go short.

The impact of Western civilization, Warfare, hygiene and politics, has borne heavily on the Island of Spices, and yet, despite its progress in Western ways, an atmosphere of the leisurely past still lingers in Zanzibar. It is a place where men and women of: different races and colour meet and mingle happily, and where the beauty of tall, white Arab houses, quiet, tree-shadowed family graveyards, dim mosques and narrow, twisting streets has remained unspoiled and undisturbed by the passing years.

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Index

- Abdu-l-Aziz, 119, 120, 121, 123, 124
 Abdullah-bin-Hamed, 36-7, 38
 Abdullah -bin-Sleyum, 43,44,45
 Abdullah Salim el-Kheimri, 158
 Aberdeen, Lord, 94, 96
 Aberdare forests, 138
 Abu-Saiddynasty, 27; saved, 162;
 German attempt to depose, 168
 Abyssinia, 102, 191
 Aden, 95, 102, 125, 165, 173, 193,
 203, 235
 Ahmed, Muhammed (The Mahdi),
 177
 Ahmed-bin-Fumo-Bakhari, Sultan of
 Witu, defies British, 206-10
 Ahmed-bin-Muhammed-bin-Hassan-
 el-Alurib, 81, 82-3
 Ahmed-bin-Said-el-Ba-Saida, Imam,
 20-1, 24, 27, 28, 30, 32, 35
 All-bin-Hamoud, Seyyid, at Harrow,
 247,256; becomes Sultan, 254-5;
 financially embarrassed, 257-8;
 advised to abdicate, 258
 All bin Mohamed,' 180-1
 Ali-bin-Nassir, Seyyid, 95, 96, 107
 Ali-bin-Saïd, Seyyid, 190,203; Sultan
 of Zanzibar, 205; sells territory to
 Germans, 205-6; agrees to British
 Protectorate, 206; receives G.C.S.I.,
 206; 230, 231, 232
 Ali-bin-Saud, regent of Zanzibar, 149
 Anti-Slavery Society, 91, 109, 233,
 241, 243, 244, 245
 Antongil, Madagascar, 23
 Arabia, slave trade, 96, 106, 128, 173,
 203
 Arab rule intolerable, 25
 Azanian Sea (East African), 130, 166;
 coast blockaded, 195; lifted, 203; 260
 Azrail, the Angel of Death, 94 Azzan-
 bin-Kais, Seyyid, murdered,
 145, 231 Azze-binti-Seif, Seyyidah,
 68, 69, 71,
 73, 163
 BADGER, Rev. G. P., 140, 141, 151
 Bagamoyo, 183, 188, 193, 196, 198,
 ■ 200
 Bahrain Island, 96
 Bakashumar, anti-European schemer,
 199, 200
 24th Baluchistan Regt., 215
 Bantu tribe, 167
 Baptist Mission, 146
 Buraimi, 113
 Barghash, Seyyid, 112, 115, 116, 117,
 118; banished, 120-4; returns to
 Zanzibar, 134; 135; indulges in
 luxury, 138-9; provides pure water,
 139; 140; slave trade treaty, 141-4;
 145, 148; visits Europe, 149-52; 154-
 5; daily life, 158-9; 160, 161, 162,
 164; signs away territory to Germany,
 166; 168; German demands, 169;
 kingdom split up, 170-2; a fine
 record, 173; his death, 174; 186,
 190,193,199,204,205,206,207, 217
 Barjun Islands, 221
 Berthelot, Major, 180, 181, 182, 186
 Basra, 32
 Bateman, Captain, R.N., 143
 Bedr-bin-Seif, Seyyid, 34, 35, 162
 Belgian Anti-Slavery Society, 187
 -- expedition members murdered,
 153-4
 Belgians, King of the, 178, 185
 Benadir coast coveted by Italy, 191-2
 Beni Bu Ali Arabs, 36

Index

- Binti Imam, 34, 35; born fighter,
162-3
---- Irich Mirza, 72-3
Birmingham, 151
Bishire, 30
Bismarck, Prince, 167
Bissell, Captain, R.N., 28
Black Fathers, 197
Bombay, 124, 172
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 28-9, 36
Bondei district, 166
Bonny, William, 180, 182
Borneo, 180
Boteler, Lieutenant, R.N., 40-2
Brawa, port, 106
Brazil, slave trade, 85, 93
Bremer, —, explorer, 137
British East Africa Association, 168
----- Company, 178, 209,
210, 211, 253
---- India Line, 179
---- Museum, 151
---- Navy stamps out slave trade,
87-101 Brooks, Mr., murdered, 198,
200 Brown, Eleanor, 23 Brownrigg,
Captain, R.N., 155-6, 157 Bulow, Freiherr
von, 187 Bunce, naval officer, 108, 109
Bandar Abbas, 32, 66, 113, 114 Burton,
Sir Richard Francis, quoted,
49, 79, 86, 87, 126-7, 130-2;
137, 224 Burt, Theodore, 244, 245
Bushire, Muscat, 173 Bushiri, an Arab,
defies the Germans,
196; forbids attacks on mission
stations, 198; loses influence, 201
Butchers Island, Bombay, 88
- CAIRO, 203
Cameron, —, explorer, 176 Campbell,
Captain, R.N., 231 Cape Delgado, 19
----- Town, 179, 188
Castillo, Captain, 171, 172
Castor, H.M.S., 100 Cave, Basil,
237, 239, 255
- Cave, Mrs. (Viscountess), 238,
257 f
Chagga tribe, 146, 166
Chake-Chake, Pemba Island, slave
trade, 128-9
-----, Wali of, 244
Chamberlain, Joseph, 218
Khole, daughter of Said-bin-Sultan,
112, 119, 120, 121, 123, 124
Christian, Commodore, 51 Christie, Dr.,
quoted, 247-50 Church Missionary
Society, 146
---- of Scotland missionaries, 146
Churschit, a Circassian, 68
Clarke, Edward, 259, 260
Clive, Colonel, 22
Cloves Island, 27
Colomb, Captain Philip, quoted, 99,
100 Comoro Islands, 24 Congo,
upper, discovered, 138; 178,
186 Coptic Ethiopians, 102
Cuba, slave trade, 85, 93, 128
- DA GAMA, Vasco, 223
Daily News, 241
Dar-es-Salaam, 119, 165, 188, 198;
raided, 200; 216, 241 Decken, von
der, explorer, 137 Deinhard, Admiral, 195
Derby, Lord, 152 Devji, Peera, anti-
European schemer,
199; deported, 203 Dewji, Pera,
235 *Dhow-chasing*, quoted, 100-1
Djibouti, 255
Dogs, European, in demand, 130-1 *Dryad*,
H.M.S., 99 Dunga, 83
- EAST India Company, 22, 30; slave
trade, 95; 98, 232-3 Education of
Orientals, 247, 256-7 El Harthy tribe, 118,
119 Emin Pasha, 176, 177, 178, 179, 183,
184 England, Captain, 23
English Point, Mombasa, 47

Index

English titles adopted by sultans, 24
Euan-Smith, Colonel, 141, 190, 191,
200, 203, 204, 206 Every,
Henry, pirate, 22, 23 Exploration in
E. Africa, 135-8

FAIRFAX, Captain, R.N., 141
Farler, Mr., 244-5
Fatima, Queen, 139
Filonardi, Signor, 191
Fort Jesus, Mombasa, 19, 25, 30, 37,
40, 44, 47, 52, 54, 57, 62, 63-4,
66, 238 Fraser, Captain, 142 Free
Kirk missionaries, 146 Fremantle, Rear-
Admiral (Vice-) Sir
Edmund, 195, 206, 209, 210 Frere,
Sir Bartle, 105, 140, 141, 142,
143, 144, 151 *Friend*, the, 241,
245 Friends' African Mission, 146
Funga, Sultan, 166

GALLA tribe, 102
Gazette for Zanzibar and East Africa,
216 Gazi,
214
George V, King, 257 Geriah fort, 21,22
German penetration in E. Africa,
165-7,169-70; attempt to annex
Zanzibar fails, 168; detested by
Arabs, 193 Gill, Captain, 245 Giriama
tribe, 215 Gladstone, Ewart, 177, 218
Gordon, General, 176; murdered, 177
Grant, —, explorer, 137 Granville, Lord,
141, 167 Grey, Mr., 141
Guillain, Captain, quoted, 70, 109 Guinea
Coast, 23

HALL, Captain Basil, 24 Hamed, Ameer,
110 Hamed-bin-Salim, 118 Hamerton,
Captain, R.N., 94, 97, 99, 115, 123

Hamid-bin-Ahmed, Commander, 54
Hamid-bin-Muhammed (*see* Tippoo Tib)
Hamid-bin-Suleiman, 230
Hamid-bin-Thuwaini, Seyyid, 145;
Sultan of Zanzibar, 205; 231, 232,
234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 259
Hamis-bin-Kombo, a Swahili chief, 215
Hamoud-bin-Muhammed-bin-Saïd,
Sultan, 231, 237, 242, 246; receives
G.C.M.G., 247; 252, 254, 255
Hardinge, Mr., 214, 215, 232, 233, 234,
235, 237, 242, 243, 244
Harems, 68-9, 161, 164
Harrow, 247, 256
Hart, Captain, R.N., quoted, 70, 77; 78
Harub-bin-Thuwaini, Seyyid, 231
Hassan, Captain, 79
Hatch, General, 216
Heath, Admiral Sir Leopold, 129; quoted
134-5; 206
Helgoland, 206, 217
Hilal-bin-Amur, Sheikh, 235
Hill, Mr., 141
----, Sir Clement, quoted, 89
Hillyar, Admiral, 134, 135
Hindi-bin-Hattam, slave trader, 154, 155,
156-7
Hitler, Adolf, 29
Holmwood, Mr., quoted, 157
Hova tribe, 58, 61
Hyderabad, Nizam of, 96

Imam, s.s. (*see* *Liverpool*, s.s.)
India, slave trade, 87
Indians in Kenya, 254
Italy covets Benadir coast, 191-2
Ivory trade, 187, 196, 201

JACKSON, Sir Frederick, 226
Jacques, Captain, 187
Jamieson, —, 180, 182, 188
Jesuit priests, 145
Johnstone, Sir Harry, quoted, 147-8
Juhkle, a German, signs treaties, 166-7

Index

- Kaya, 126
 Kember, Captain, 113
 Kenya, 104,218; mountain, 165; slave trade, 213fn.
 Kenzellach, explorer, 137
 Khalid-bin-Barghash, 112, 113, 116; stages *coup d'état* and fails, 231-2; intrigue, 236-7; attempts to accede to Sultanate, 238-41; sent to St. Helena, 241-2
 Khalid-bin-Muhammed, Seyyid, 254, 255, 258
 Khalid, son of Saïd-bin-Sultan, 65-6, 68,71, 112, 113
 Khalfan bin Muhaisan, 34, 35
 Khalifa, Prince, 135, 159, 172, 230, 247
 -----, Seyyid, 186
 ----- bin-Harub-bin-Thuwaini, 236; becomes Sultan, 258-9; 260
 ----- bin-Said, Sultan of Zanzibar, 190; loyal to British, 191-2; 193, 194; hostile attitude, 199; dislike of Germans, 199; cruelty, 199-200; turns to British, 203; receives C.M.G., 203-4
 Khamis-bin-Osman, 79
 Khartoum, 177
 Khedive of Egypt, 177-8
 Kikuyu tribe, 105, 138fn., 225, 254
 Kilifi becomes British zone, 168
 — River, 214
 Kilimanjaro mountain, 104-5, 137, 146, 165, 166, 168
 Kilindini, 253-4
 Kiloa, 25
 Kilwa, slave trade, 85, 86, 128, 129, 148; 97, 171, 194
 Kimameta, Juma, slave dealer, 224-6
 Kimaya Kegnia (*see* Kilimanjaro)
 Kipini, 209
 Kipsigis tribe, 167
 Kirk, Dr. (Sir John), 125, 133, 140; quoted, 143; 149, 150, 153, 154, 155, 159, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 172
 Kismayu Island 97; coveted by Italy, 191-2 *Kitorie*, s.s., 111,112, 115, 133 Kivoi, Wakamba chief, 104, 105
 Krapf, Ludwig, 102-5, 135
 ----, Mrs., 102-3
 Kuntzel, a German, meets opposition, 207-8

 LABOUCHERE, Mr., 218
 Lairgerie, Cardinal, murdered, 145-6
 Lake Albert, 184
 ■■■■ Elementia, 85
 ----- Mweru, 175
 ---- Tanganyika, 137, 138
 ---- Victoria, 167, 226
 Lambermont, Baron, 206
 Lamu Island, 37, 38-9, 61, 81; slave trade, 86, 97, 128; 110, 111, 137, 165, 222; becomes British zone, 168; 207, 208, 209, 211; its people, 219-20, 223
 Lang, naval officer, 250
 Lettow, von, 241
 Leven, H.M.S., 43, 45, 47, 79
 Lisbon, 149, 150
 Liverpool, s.s., 52, 54, 63, 77; presented to British, 78-9; 111
 Livingstone, Dr., 86, 135, 137, 138, 224
Livingstone and Stanley, 138fn.
 Luther, Martin, 146

 MADAGASCAR, 22, 58-62
 -----, Queen of, 71
 Mackinnon, Sir William, 178
 Mafia Island, 97
 Mahdi, 178 (*see also* Ahmed, Muhammed)
 Muhammed-bin-Juma, 154
 ----- bin-Nassir, Sheikh, 56-7
 ----- bin-Osman-el-Masrui, 19, 24, 25 (*see also* Seif-bin-Sultan)
 Majid-bin-Saïd, Seyyid, 71, 112, 113, 116,117,118,120,122,123,124, 128, 129; visits India and dies, 133; 134, 138, 140, 159, 172, 204
 Malcolm, Captain, R.N., 143

Index

- Malik-al-Tagar, Surat, 22
 Malindi, 215, 223-4
 Manda Island, 110, 111
 Mandara, Chief of Moshi, 167
 Manpoint, Dr. Amand, missionary, 137
 Manyema tribe, 188
 Mao-tse-Tung, Chinese general, 29
 Markham, Violet, quoted, 256
 Marseilles, Zanzibar, 122
 Martin, James, Maltese sailor, 226
 Martin's Camp (now Nairobi), 226
 Masai tribe, 84-5, 126-7, 166, 167, 168, 225, 226, 254
 Masrui tribe, 20, 31, 39-42, 45, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57; rule of Mombasa ends, 63-4; 80, 214-16, v 235-6
 Mathews, Lieutenant (General Sir Lloyd), 153, 154, 156, 157, 166, 167, 170, 190, 191, 193, 194, 212, 214, 216, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 237, 238; a tribute, 250-2
 Ma'tuka, Seyyidah, 259
 Mau-Mau Kikuyus, 138fn.
 Mauritius, slave trade, 85, 93, 141
 Mbaruk, a Masrui, 37, 39, 40
 -----bin-Rashid, Chief of Gazi, 214, 215, 216, 241
 Mbweni, 49
 Mecca, Sherif of, 107
 Meye, half-sister to Khole, 119, 120, 121, 123, 124
 Miningari River, 170, 171
 Mirza-Mehdi-Ali-Khan, 30
 Missionaries, 136, 137, 145, 146-7; cause trouble, 148; 197; murdered, 198; 245-6
 Mkumbi, 48
 Mocha, 30
 Mogadishu, 170, 173
 Mombasa, 24, 26, 27, 30; assigned to Oman kingdom, 31-2; 36, 37, 38, 39; British possession refused, 40-1; Mazruis hoist Union Jack, 42; 44; 'British Protectorate', 45-6 and disowned by British Government, 51-2; 53,
 Mombasa—cont.
 54, 56; Masrui rising, 57-8; captured by Seyyid Said, 63-4; freed from Mazruis, 65-6; 67; slave trade, 84-5; 102; Christians, 103; 137, 145; becomes a British zone, 168; missionaries annoy, 198; progress, 218; 223, 241, 247 Moresby, Captain, R.N., 92
 -----Treaty, 44, 92, 94
 Moshi, 167 Moslems, 102, 103 Moza-binti-Hamed-bin-Salim, Bibi, 161 Mozambique, 19, 81, 107, 170, 171, 172 Mulatto Tom, 22, 23 Muscat, 19; Persians massacred 20; 25, 27, 30, 36, 43, 51, 52, 54, 58; palaces, 71; slave trade 87, 96-8, 154; 111, 113, 118, 162-3, 173, 219, 236, 259
 -----, Imam of, 19, 43; prohibits slave trade, 96-7 Mweli Hill, 214 Mwenyi Mkuu tribe, 53, 81, 82, 83, 139
 NANDI tribe, 167
 Nairobi, 225
 Nassir-bin-Said-bin-Abdullah, 144
 Nasser-bin-Sulaiman, 53, 54, 55
 Nassir-bin-Ali, 117, 118, 156
 Nassir-bin-Sulaiman, 198
 Nelson, Horatio, 27
 New, Charles, missionary, 105, 137 *New York Herald*, 137
 New Zealand, 180
 Ngong, 225
 ----- Hills, 225, 226
 Nguru, 166, 169 Nile River, 177, 180 Nourse, Commodore, 58
 Nyangwe, Sultan of, 175 Nyasa, slave trade, 86; 137
 OGLE, Captain, 23

Index

- Oldfield, Captain, 128
 Oman, 19, 20, 24, 31, 36, 84, 96;
 slave trade, 98; 111,114,145,162,
 231
 -----, Gulf of, 22
 -----, Imams of, 169
 Omari-bin-Muhammed, Sultan of
 Witu, 213 Omari, Fumo, Sultan of Witu,
 210,
 211-12 O'Neill, naval officer, 250
 Owen, Captain, R.N., 43-7; action
 disowned, 51; 79
- PAGODA Point, 97
 Palaces in Zanzibar, 55, 67-8, 70-3,
 79; intrigue and revolution,
 118-25 Palmerstone, Lord, 99; 107,
 109, 113 Pangani, 48; slave trade, 154;
 193,
 194 Paschen, Commodore, 169 Pate
 Island, 25, 37, 38-9, 56, 110,137,
 219, 222
 -----, Sultan of, 57
 Pease, J. A., 241
 Pelly, Colonel, 141
 Pemba Island, 25, 37, 38, 42, 53, 54,
 97; slave trade, 86, 148, 154;
 156; becomes British zone, 168;
 195; slavery abolished, 243; 244;
 slave owners, 250; school
 opened, 257 Persia, slave trade,
 87,96,98,128 Peters, Dr. Karl, 165-6
 Phillips, George, midshipman, 47,
 49-50, 51 Piracy, 21-3, 127-8
 Plantain, John, 23 Politics in East Africa,
 147 Pomba Bay, Mozambique, 107 Port
 Florence, Victoria Nyanza, 218 Portal, Sir
 Gerald, 203, 230 232 Portuguese rule, 19,
 25; slave trade,
 93-4; 170-1 Pugu, missionaries
 murdered, 198
- QUAKER Society of Friends, 244
- RABAI, 148
Raccoon, H.M.S., 238
 Radama, king of Madagascar, 58
 Raikes, General, 238
 Railways, 218
 Rajapore, India, 21
 Ramadhan, 227-9
 Ranavolena, a ruthless queen, 58-62
 Ranger Bay, 23
 Rashid-bin-Salim, 214
 --- -, son of Salim-bin-Ahmed, 62-6
 Rawson, Rear-Admiral, 238, 239, 240
 Rebmann, missionary, 104, 105
 Reichard, P., quoted, 91
 Reitz, Lieutenant John James, R.N., 47, 48,
 49
Return Passage, 256
 Rigby, Colonel, 123
 Roberts, Bartholomew, 23
 Rodd, Rennell, 212, 230, 231, 232, 235
 Rogers, A. S., 252; regent of Zanzibar,
 254;255
 -----, Captain, 211
 Roman Catholic missionaries, 146
 Royal Geographical Society, 168
 Ruete, a German, 124, 125
 ---- , Emily, 168 (*see also* Salme,
 Seyyidah)
 Rimalisa, a chief, 187, 188
 Rustak fortress, 28
 Ruvuma River, 205
- SA'ID-BIN-AHMED, Imam, 27, 28
 ----- bin-Sultan, Seyyid, 33, 34, 36,
 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 46, 51-2, 53,
 54; his palaces, 55; 56-8, 60-1; treaty with
 U.S.A., 62; captures Mombasa, 63-4; 67-8,
 69-71, 72; presents ship to British, 77-8;
 80, 83; agrees to abolish slave trade, 92-4;
 presents from Queen Victoria, 95-6; 97, 98,
 100, 102, 105, 106, 107, 110; embarks for
 Muscat, 111; 113, 114; his death, 115-16;
 128,132,162,163,164,222,247; empire
 nearing its end, 201; 205

Index

- St. Mary's Cape, Madagascar, 22
 St. Thomas, Bahamas, 22
 Saleh-bin-Rhabish, slave trader, 157
 Salim-bin-Khamis-el-Mazrui, chief of Takaungu, 214
 -----, son of Thuwaini, 145
 Salisbury, Lord, 172, 173, 203, 205, 206fn., 218, 244
 Salme, Seyyidah (Ruete, Emily), 68-9, 70, 73, 79; quoted, 91; 115, 119, 120, 123, 124, elopes with a German, 125; quoted, 161-2, 164; intrigue, 168-9; 217; quoted, 245-6
 Sambhoo Angria, 21
 Schesade (*see* Binti Irich Mirza)
 Schmidt, German Governor, 188
 Schnitzler, Edmund (*see* Emin Pasha)
 Seif, son of Tippoo Tib, 186
 Seif-bin-Sultan, Imam, 19, 20, 21
 Salim-bin-Ahmed, Governor of Mombasa, 62
 Semail, 34
 Seringapatam, 30
 Seventh Day Adventist missionaries, 146
 Seychelles, 115; slave trade, 141; 241
 Seymour, Admiral, 149
 Sheke, Bwana, 210
 Shepherd, William A., quoted, 70
 Shimoni, 127
 Shirazi Persian temples, 26
 Siu, Pate Island, 110
 Slave trade, 43-5, 46, 47; British intervention, 84-101; 127, 128-9, 134; treaty, 141-4; 148-9, 152, 154-6, 172-3, 175, 191, 192, 193; coast blockaded, 194-5; missionaries annoy Arabs, 197-8; 205, 210, 213fn., 222, 224, 242, 243
 Slaves resent freedom, 245
 Smee, Captain, 89
 Smith, Mackenzie & Co., 189
 Society for German Colonization, 165, 166
 Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 146 Soden, Freiherr von, 188
 Sohar fortress, Oman, 20 Somalis, 26, 208, 220, 223 Songo Mnara, 97 Speke, John Henning, explorer, 137, 224 Spurreir, Dr. A. H., 83fn. Stalin, Joseph, 29 Stanley, Sir Henry Morton, explorer, 129,137,138,175, 176,178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185,186, 187,188,190,224
 -----Falls, 180, 181, 182, 185, 186
 Steere, Dr., missionary, 137 S'ud-bin-Hilal, 123 Sudan, 176, 177 Suez Canal, 149 Sulaiman-bin-Ali, 38, 39, 45 Sullivan, Midshipman (Captain) T. B., 100; quoted, 250 Sultan-bin-Ahmed-el-Ba-Saida, 28, 29,30-1,32-3,51 Surat, 22 Swahilis, 26
 TABORA, 185, 187
 Takaungu, 214
 Tana River, 137, 165, 169
 Tananarive, 61
 Tanga, 48, 154, 193
 Tanganyika, German penetration, 165; 241
 Teleki, Count, 226
 Thames Steamboat Company, 151
 Thompson, Joseph, traveller, quoted, 90-1; 167,226
 Thrush, H.M.S, 238
 Thuwaini, Seyyid of Muscat, 113, 117; attempts to capture Zanzibar, 118; murdered, 133, 145, 231; 141, 205
Times, The, 242
 Tippoo, Sahib, Sultan of Mysore, 29-30
 Tippoo Tib, 175-6, 178-9, 181, 182, 183-4; quoted, 185; 186-9, 200

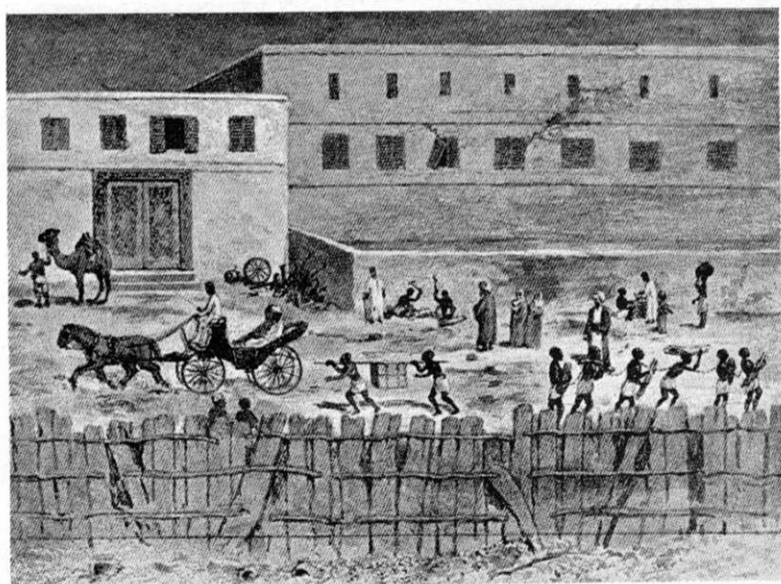
Index

- Toeppen, Herr, 209
 Tozer, Bishop, 119, 137
 Troup, John Rose, 180, 182
 Tsu Hsi, Empress, 58
 Tunghi, Portuguese E. Africa, 171,
 172 Turkey, Sultan of, 32 Turki,
 Prince, 117, 145, 173, 174, 231 Turkiyyeh,
 Princess, 145, 231
- UGANDA, civil war in name of
 Christianity, 146; 165, 176, 230, 232
 ----, king of, 177
 Ukami, 166, 169
 Umba River, 205
Uncle Tom's Cabin, 91
 Universities Mission, 146
 Unyamwezi, 132, 196, 197
 Uzagara, 166, 169
 Utetera, Sultan of (*see* Tippoo Tib)
 Uzeguha, 166, 169
- VAUSE, Mr., quoted, 153 Victoria, Queen,
 95-6, 97, 134, 151, 237, 247
 ---- Nyanza, 90, 218
 Vidal, Captain, R.N., 39, 40-1, 45
- WADELAI on the Nile, 177, 184 Wahabi
 tribe, 35, 96, 111, 113 Wakamba tribe,
 104, 127, 254 Wakefield, missionary, 137
 Wanyika tribe, 93, 104, 126, 146 Ward,
 Herbert, 180, 183 Watson, Admiral, 22
 Wellesley, Marquis of, 30 Wellington,
 Matthew, 138 Wesleyan Methodist
 Missionary
 Society, 146 West Indies, slave trade,
 85, 90 Wete, Pemba Island, 156 White
 Fathers, 187 Whitehouse, George, 218
 Wilson, Captain S., 30 Wissman, Major
 von, 176, 189, 200,
 216, 235
- Witu, 169; home for criminals and
 murderers, 206; unrest, 207-9;
 German camps raided, 209; village
 demolished and rebuilt, 209-10;
 British avenge defeat, 211-12; 213;
 under British influence, 221; 252
 ----, Sultan of, 169
 Woolwich, 151
 Wyvill, Commodore, 109
- YA'ARUBIN, Seyyidah, 21
 Yambula, 188 Yates, coxswain,
 155 Yusuf-bin-Hassan, 257
- ZAMBEZI, 145
 Zanzibar, 19, 25, 27, 28, 30, 37, 38, 52-3;
 palaces, 55, 67-8, 70-3, 79; 57, 63,
 65; weddings, 73-7; 80, 81; slave
 trade, 84, 85, 88, 92-3, 98, 128-9,
 132, 141-4, 148, 152; 90, 95, 96, 97,
 98, 102, 103, 106, 107, 111, 114, 118,
 122, 125; Indian population, 131fn.;
 centre of E. African world, 133; 137;
 pure water, 139; hurricane damage,
 140; blockaded, 142-3; 145;
 missionaries cause trouble, 148; 156,
 165, 166, 167; German annexation
 fails, 168-9; 172, 173, 174, 176, 178,
 179, 185, 186, 188-9, 190-
 1, 193, 194, 195, 201; hidden treasure,
 202; nobles demand British
 protection, 203; anti-European
 feeling, 203; 204, 205; British
 Protectorate, 206, 217; 218, 220, 223,
 226-7; Ramadhan, 227-9; 230, 232-i;
 palaces bombarded, 238-41; slavery
 abolished, 242-4; 246; burials, 248-
 50; 254; school opened, 257;
 improved conditions, 259-60; impact
 of Western civilization, 262
- Zerka, 25
 Zulu country, 180

Index

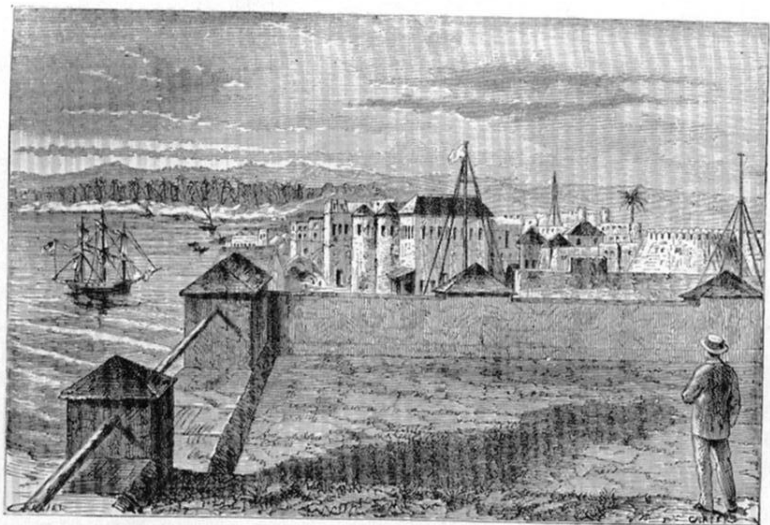


Woman of the harem

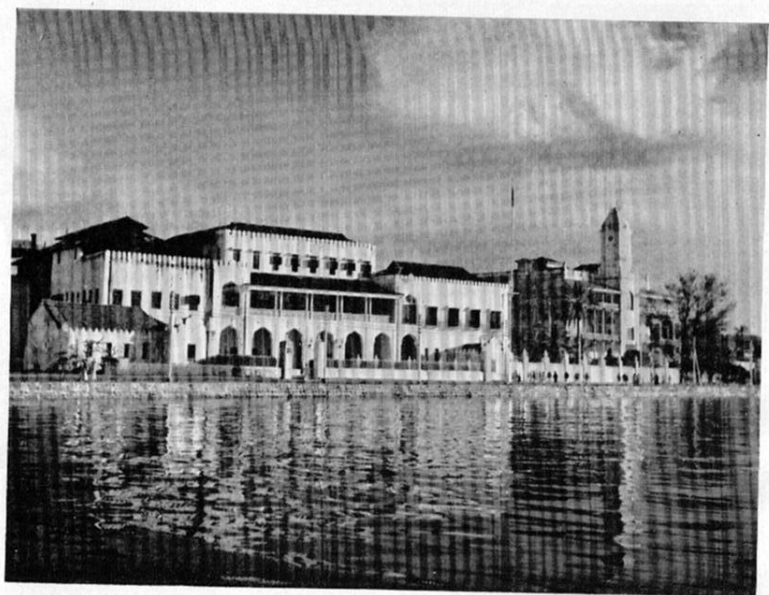


Zanzibar in the last century

Index

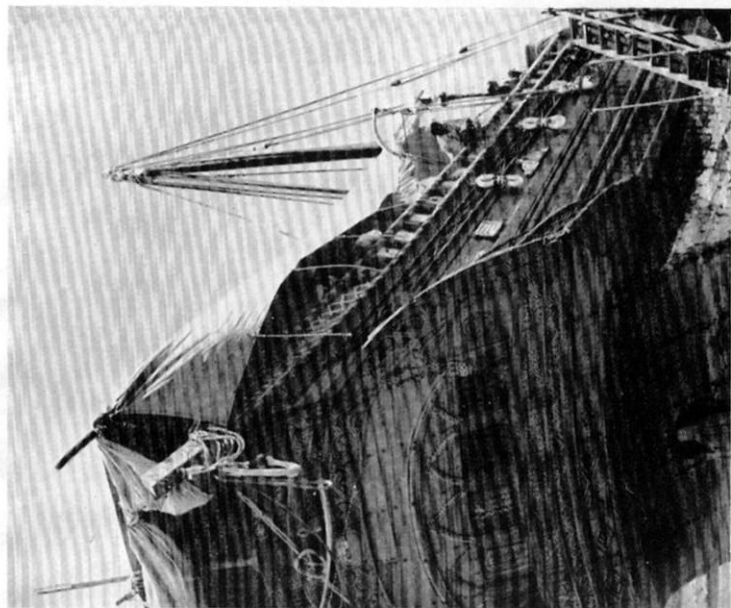


A view of Zanzibar

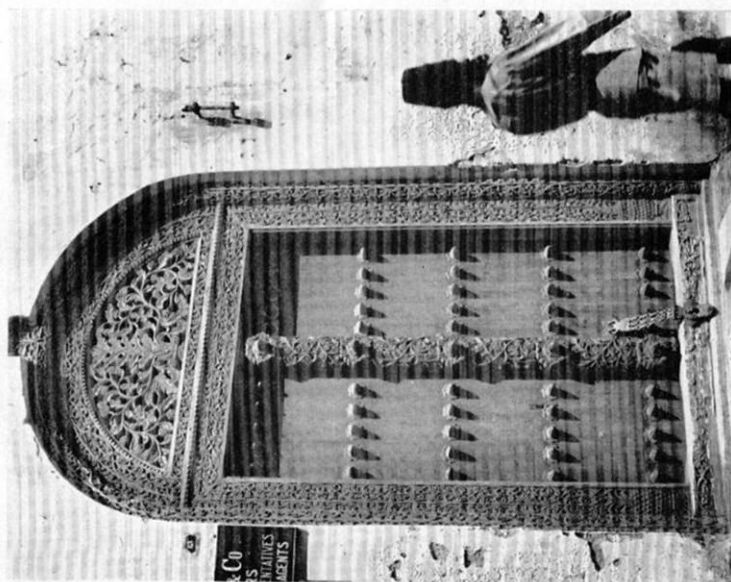


Zanzibar today

Index

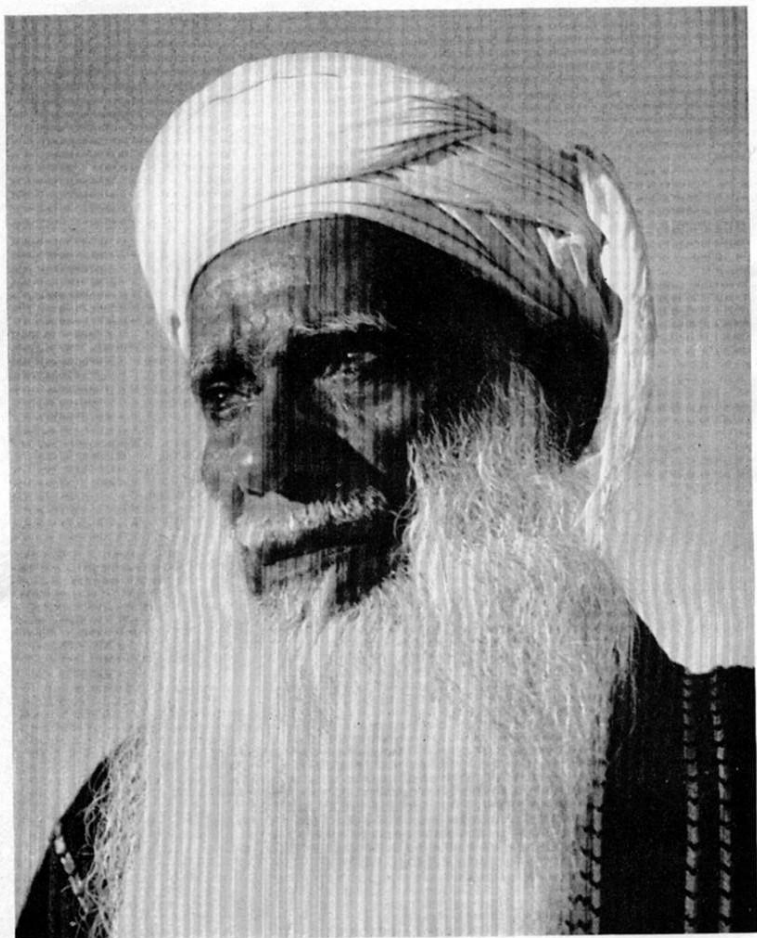


Detail of carving



A brass-studded door

Index



A sheikh of Zanzibar

Index



Tippoo Tib,
he who blinks

23

Seyyid Bargash-
bin-Saïd



Index



Seyyida Salmé-
binti-Saïd

1- f16 - 1
1- f16 1
3- f11
4- f11 1
5- "
6- f8
6- "

Three sheikhs



Index

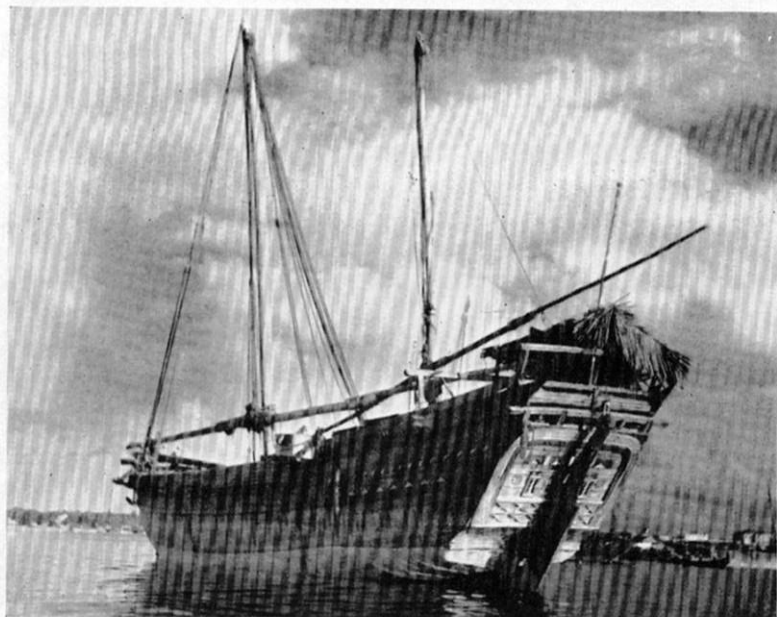


A sailor from Oman

Index



A dhow at sunset



The carved stern of a two-masted dhow